The Saturday Evening
POST
June 20, 1959 – 15¢

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Are We Retiring People Too Early?

REVOLUTION ON MAIN STREET By Stewart Alsop

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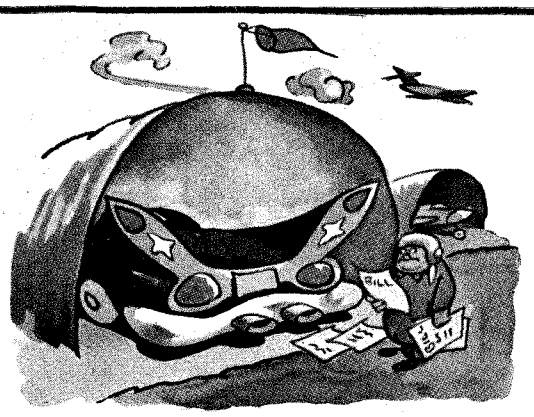
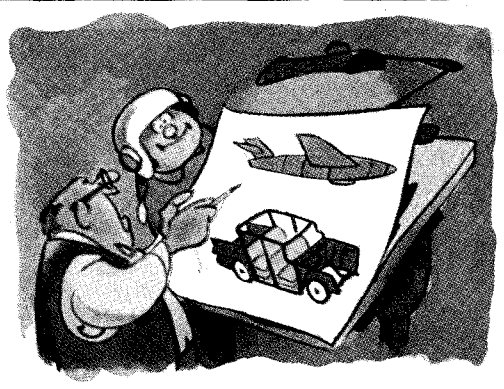
Once an iron-nerved test pilot was thrown for a loop by an oversized '59 car. It was bigger than a blimp . . . and burned up even more gas—super-premium, at that.

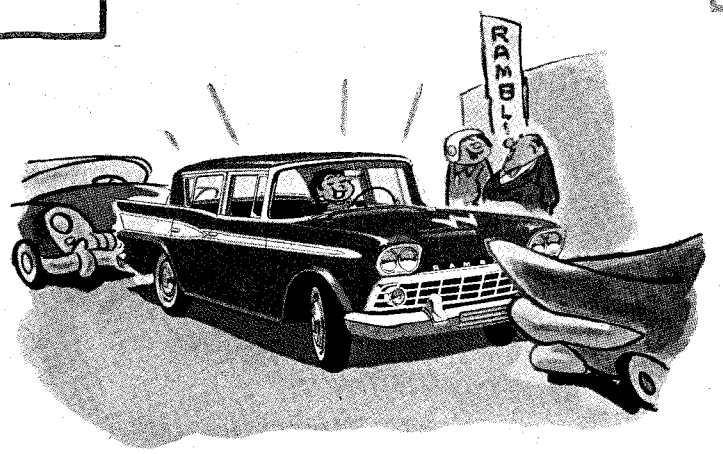


He had to rent a hangar because its fancy fins wouldn't fit his garage. Bills poured in for gasoline, insurance, repairs, etc., and his finances went into a tailspin.

It rattled and shook as though it were falling to pieces. "Why don't they give up this nuts and bolts construction," roared the pilot, "and build cars the modern way like jet planes?"



"A few," said an engineer friend, "do have modern, stronger, rattleproof Single Unit Construction like the newest aircraft—Rambler, and two high-priced makes."

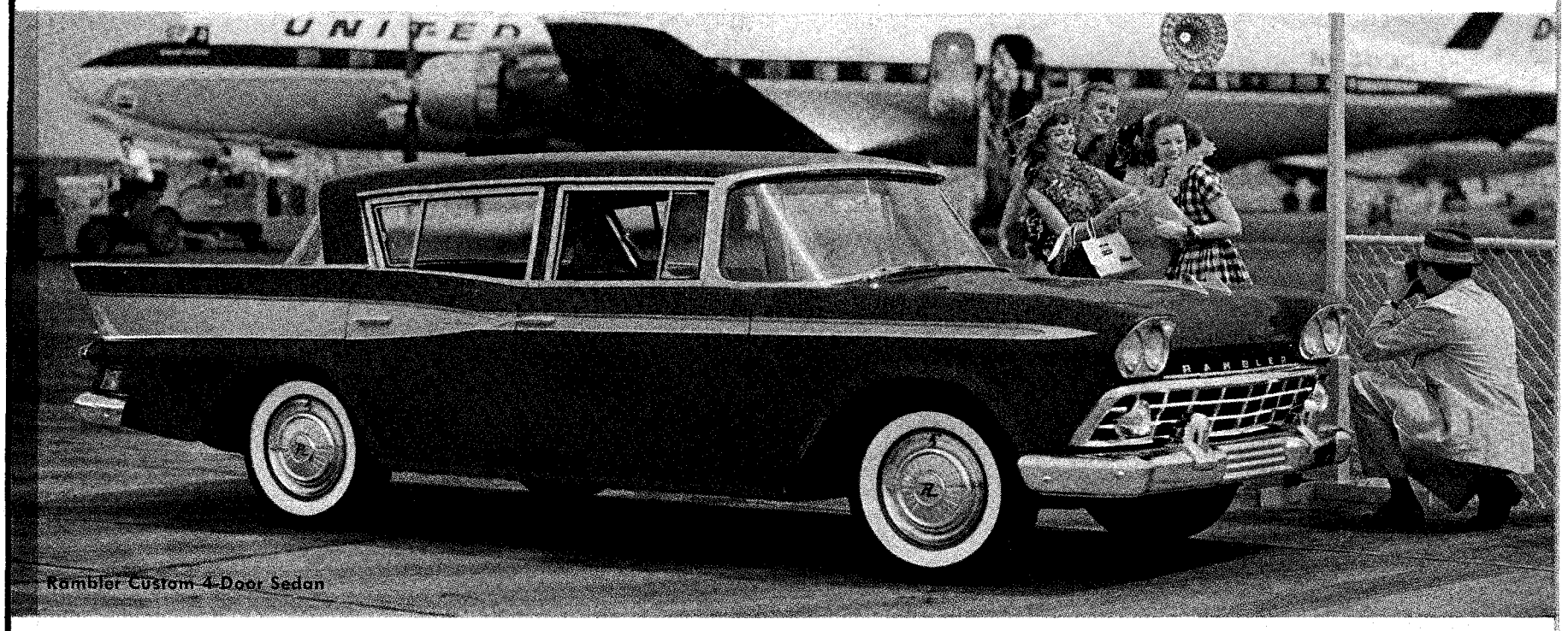


So the pilot and his wife flew to their Rambler dealer's and discovered the best of both: big car room, small car economy. "No rattles," said the pilot. "Easy to park," said his wife.

Now they save with every mile . . . and enjoy Rambler Personalized Comfort: sectional sofa front seats that glide back and forth individually. You can save, too, with Rambler.

GO RAMBLER—the COMPACT* car

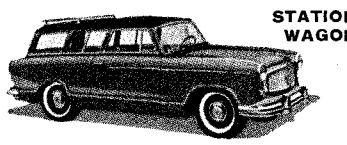
Get the best of both: Big car room, small car economy



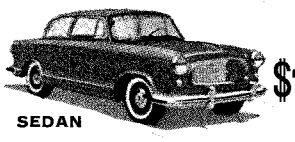
Rambler Custom 4-Door Sedan

Now the smart new Rambler not only outsells most big cars, but also outsells the top five foreign makes *combined*. Here's why: Rambler saves you more than ever on first cost (hundreds of dollars on most comparable '59s), on gas, on upkeep. Highest resale, too. Safer, sturdier, rattleproof Single Unit Construction* gives you big car room with small car economy and parkability. Enjoy Personalized Comfort: sectional sofa front seats glide back and forth individually. See the success car at your Rambler dealer.

New 100 inch wheelbase
Rambler American



STATION WAGON



SEDAN

$1835

Suggested delivered price at Kenosha, Wisconsin, for 2-door sedan at left. State and local taxes, if any, automatic transmission and optional equipment, extra.

SEE YOUR RAMBLER DEALER

Rambler 6 or V-8 • Ambassador V-8 • Metropolitan

*TRADEMARK AMERICAN MOTORS

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PHOTO BY MAXWELL COPLAN

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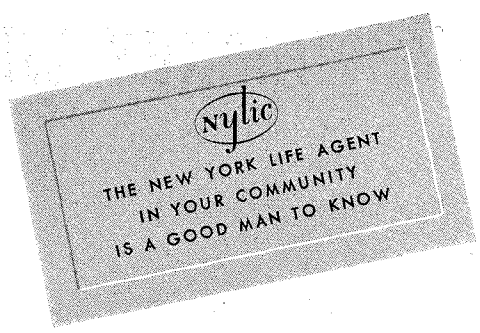

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A WHISKEY WITH SO MUCH POWER TO PLEASE!

The lanterns are up . . . empty glasses wait . . . the doorbell rings. Now pour Calvert Reserve—*and the party is on!* This is the golden moment, the moment when friends are warmest, when life is more vivid, more rewarding. Calvert always adds to the fun because it has the full strength you want in whiskey, the easy-going taste you look for. No other whiskey has such power to please!

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clear heads agree it's better

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THE COVER

After years of observing ancient chairs tremble and sway and utter squeaks of alarm, and then have nothing more happen, we are relieved to see one of them (with somebody else in it) go ahead and decompose. Artist John Falter's scene evolved from his once seeing a massive man sit down in a drawing-room chair and go right through, all the way into the kindling wood. The Windsor-type chair on the cover was popular with colonial Americans, but it doesn't enchant that seated American, whose name is Mr. Downey. If Mr. D. loathes power tools and rebuilding sick furniture, what he has left would make a fine back rest in a rowboat. Or will he declare that the chair isn't his, but still belongs to Mrs. Antique? If there's going to be a fight, let's get out of here.

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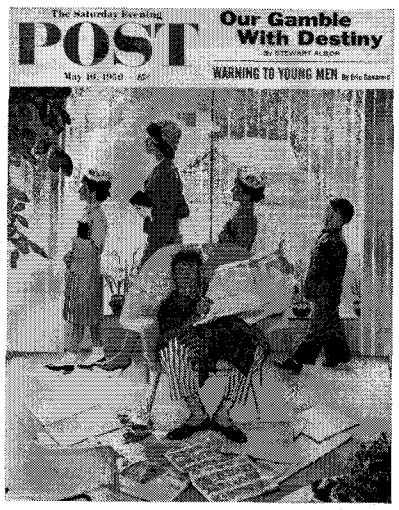
Letters

Pastor Rockwell

Dear Sirs:

Norman Rockwell has done it again! [May 16 cover, below.] . . . His brush does some mighty good preaching.

REV. GENE STONE
The First Presbyterian Church
New Castle, Pa.



Dear Sirs:

We did *not* like the cover a few weeks back [Feb. 7] of the boy sticking his tongue out at the principal, but liked even less the idea of father trying to get out of church.

Both these ideas are sneaky.

MR. AND MRS. J. SOBCZAK, JR.
Milwaukee, Wis.

Dear Sirs:

Wonderful cover. . . .

Unfortunately but true, this scene is re-enacted every Sunday in many homes all over America.

REV. PHILEMON PAYIATIS
Greek Orthodox Church
Dayton, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

Norman Rockwell's genius depicts a scene that is supposed to be cute. Instead, it's a sad commentary on the prosperous American. He takes his wealth, his home, his family, his freedoms for granted. He seldom says, "Thank you, God." America without God is not America.

REV. OWEN J. MCENANEY
Rectory of St. Helena
Bronx, N.Y.

Relatively Speaking

Dear Sirs:

Regarding James Newman's article on Einstein and relativity [Adventures of the Mind, 27: EINSTEIN'S GREAT IDEA, May 16]:

There was a young lady named Bright,
Whose speed was far faster than light;
She set out one day
In a relative way,
And returned home the previous night.

—Punch, Dec. 19, 1923.

CHUCK Y. FARLEY
Cambridge, Mass.

Dear Sirs:

"Einstein's Great Idea" must have quenched a long thirst of many a thinking layman. We have been repeatedly told that Einstein's theories were too complicated to understand. Your article was superbly written and demonstrated.

REAR ADM. W. C. BLINN, *USN (Ret.)*
Colton, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

I . . . make the suggestion that Mr. Newman write another article to explain the statement, "Space-time is gently curved, finite, but unbounded." If it is finite, how can it be unbounded?

PERCY H. WHITING
Chappaqua, N.Y.

● *"There is nothing contradictory about a surface which is finite but unbounded," says Newman. "The sphere is an example: one can keep traveling on it forever in any given direction without reaching a boundary; similarly, the space-time of the universe may form a gigantic sphere."—ED.*

Dear Sirs:

In his excellent article Mr. Newman makes the parenthetical observation that "the poor wretch in tomorrow's space ship, suddenly thrown to the floor, will be unable to tell whether his vehicle is starting its rocket motor for the home journey or falling into the gravitational clutches of Arcturus."

I submit that being "suddenly thrown to the floor," the "wretch" can only conclude that his vehicle is starting its rocket motor for the home journey. Were it true that the space vehicle was entering the gravitational field of Arcturus, the resulting gravitational acceleration would affect the motion of the body of the space traveler (floating weightlessly within the vehicle) in precisely the same manner as it affects the motion of the vehicle itself. Hence, there would be no cause for relative motion between the traveler and his vehicle and he could not be "thrown to the floor."

J. L. SAMUELS
Edwards, Calif.

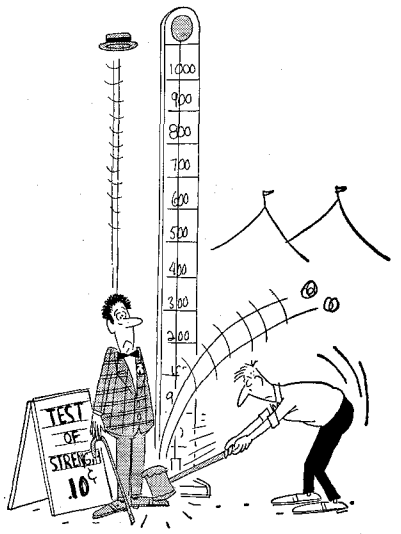
● *Reader Samuels is right. —ED.*

Amusing, Confusing

Dear Sirs:

I was rather amused to find out how the prices have gone down for some amusements at the carnival. According to the cartoon [by Scott Taber] on page 73 of the May 16 Post, it costs one tenth of a cent for each swing at the Test of Strength.

JAMES MAJOR
Lansing, Ill.



● *Cartoonist Taber believes carnivals are responsible for inflation. "My sign is in protest. We gotta start at the source! Besides, I never did understand decimals—until now." —ED.*

(Continued on Page 6)

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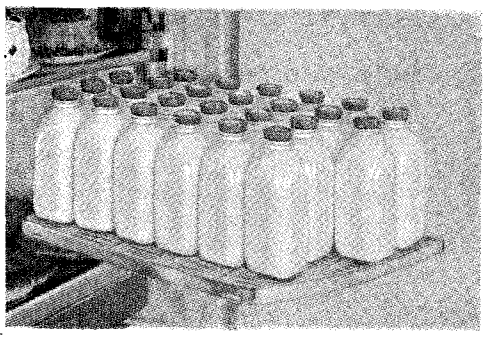
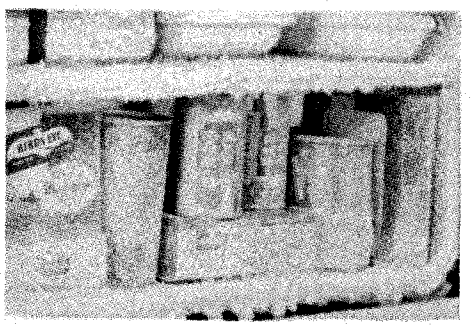
Shelves swing out...
for easy pickings! So big and sturdy, they can hold a full shelf load of 25 milk bottles with ease!

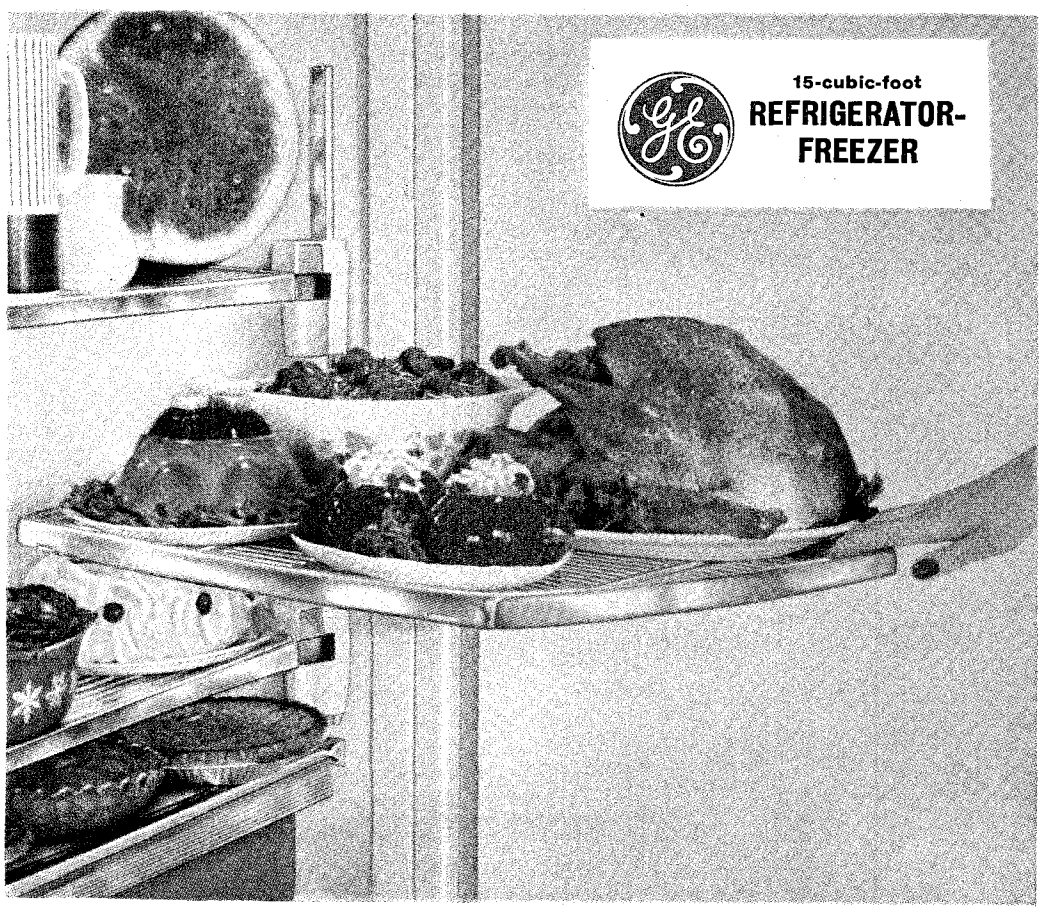




Frost never forms like this...
G.E.'s new Frost-Guard System in *both* freezer and refrigerator ends messy defrosting forever.

New Swing-Out Shelves...and All-Over Automatic Defrosting

in the new 15-cubic-foot General Electric Frost-Guard Refrigerator-Freezer



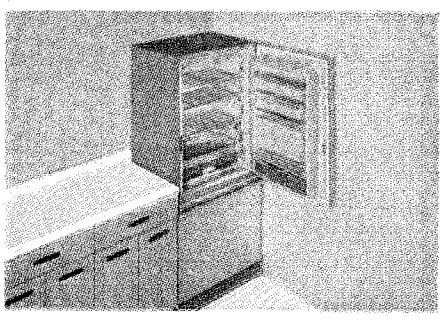
HERE are two wonderful new convenience features from General Electric!

Swing-Out Shelves. Now you can select food even at the *back* of the shelf without spilling or fumbling. All three shelves swing all the way out and practically *hand* you the food.

So easy to adjust, too! You just press the button, slide a shelf up or down to get the exact spacing you want. You can even *lift* the shelves right out to clean the refrigerator interior, or the shelves themselves. Each shelf can be taken to sink for washing.

All-Over Automatic Defrosting. You never have to worry about frost build-up. Frost never collects on frozen foods or on freezer walls with General Electric's Frost-Guard System.

Your G-E dealer can show you these new features—and others in the many new G-E models. Ask about budget terms and trade-in allowances. Household Refrigerator Department, General Electric Co., Appliance Park, Louisville 1, Ky.



Straight-Line Design fits flush into corner. No coils on back mean no dirt-collecting waste space. Front lines up evenly with cabinets—does not stick out. And there's no waste space at side for door clearance with G.E.'s Magic Corner Hinge.

Automatic Defrost Freezer, in 15-cubic-foot model above, rolls out at a touch. It's a zero-degree freezer with a 4.8-cubic-foot capacity. Two large storage compartments. New Freeze-N-Store Ice Service stores extra cubes.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

LIVE BETTER ELECTRICALLY

GENERAL ELECTRIC

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LOWE BROTHERS PAINTS

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WONDERFUL NEW COLORS! Write today for free High Standard, Super One-Coat and Shingle 'n Shake color cards and dealer's name. The Lowe Brothers Company, Dayton 2, Ohio.

Letters

(Continued from Page 4)

Okla. and Ore. and Ont.

Dear Sirs:

Author [Milton] MacKaye relates [in THE OKLAHOMA KID, May 16]: "Will Rogers, a brilliant Oklahoman, once predicted that his state would stay dry as long as the voters could stagger to the polls. Will was wrong. On April seventh repeal was won. . . ."

On the contrary, Will was right. It was so dry and liquor was so hard to get that the voters *walked* to the polls this time and voted wet.

HENRY T. LIPPERT
Tulsa, Okla.

Dear Sirs:

Bravo! Encore! and hats off to you for the fine article about our beloved Gov. Mark O. Hatfield [OREGON'S GOLDEN BOY, by Milton MacKaye, May 9]. Loved every word of it! . . . You bet he's handsome, but "there's more to the pie than meets the eye," and we know with the steering wheel in such capable hands, the future of our state looks great!

MARIAN LINSCHEID KLIEWER
Corvallis, Ore.

Dear Sirs:

We may blame anyone we wish, including Wayne Morse, but Oregon's adolescent Golden Boy seems pure and simple a hazard of the Nineteenth Amendment [granting suffrage to females].

J. H. BOND
Monmouth, Ore.

Dear Sirs:

Doubtless the Post would be banned in Boston should one of your authors dare refer to proper Bostonians as Bostoans. We Torontonians will be more lenient, but please . . . refrain from using such a horrid name as Torontoans. This latter misnomer marred an otherwise interesting article [I SAILED THE EIGHTH SEA TO EUROPE, by Roul Tunley, May 16].

RONALD G. BROWN
Toronto, Ontario

$30,000,000 HOUSE

Dear Sirs:

Your story about Hearst Castle [THE INCREDIBLE HOUSE THAT HEARST BUILT, by Frank J. Taylor, May 9] is delightfully factual.

CRAIG P. SMITH
San Francisco, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

So far I have read the first sentence . . . and so far Frank Taylor is batting 1.000 in the error department. Highway 1 from Monterey to San Luis Obispo is California State Highway 1, not U.S. Highway 1.

KEMP L. FARLEY
Oakland, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

Thirty million dollars! It would be interesting to know what kind of a mansion Mr. Hearst has now.

REV. U. G. MURPHY
Seattle, Wash.

Dear Sirs:

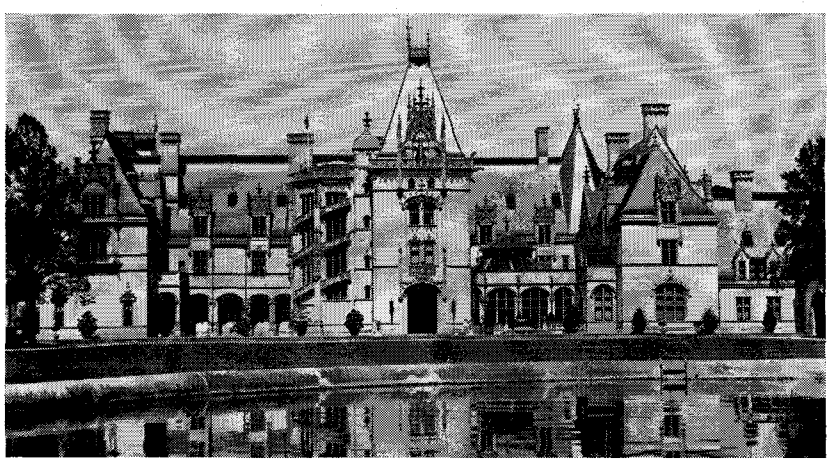
George W. Vanderbilt's "Biltmore" [below] near Asheville, N.C., atop the Blue Ridge Mountains, is certainly "a genuine castle," notwithstanding Mr. Frank J. Taylor's claim that San Simeon is the "only genuine castle in the United States."

Biltmore's 250 rooms tops San Simeon by a round 150, although the estate was originally only 145,000 acres, exactly 100,000 acres smaller than Mr. Hearst's. Like San Simeon, Biltmore is filled with Old World treasures. . . .

Special railroad tracks were built from Biltmore, N.C., . . . to convey the building materials to Biltmore. It was completed in 1895. The structure stretches 780 feet from stables to summerhouse, and magnificent forests and gardens surround the limestone castle. The landscape architect was Frederick Law Olmstead, who designed New York's Central Park.

Much of the forest has been given to the Government and became the nucleus of Pisgah National Forest. Seventeen miles of paved roads and 120 miles of equestrian trails and earth roads are cared for by the 800 employees who work full time maintaining the mansion, grounds and Biltmore Dairy Farms.

CHARLES E. THOMAS
Greenville, S.C.



Biltmore: a castle—or simply a mansion?

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

6–Wide World. • 19–Anonymous; two by Frank Ross. • 20–Anonymous; Frank Ross. 21–Frank Ross. • 22, 23–Cal Bernstein. • 24–Dick Stone. • 25–Paris-Match. • 26–Jacob Lofman. • 27–Grossinger's; three from Wide World. • 28, 29–Coby Whitmore. 30–United Press International; Larry Obsitnik. • 31–Fred Otnes. • 32, 33–Gene Lester. 34, 35–George Hughes. • 36–Frank Ross. • 37–Wide World; The Tella Company; two by Frank Ross. • 38, 39–Austin Briggs. • 42–James R. Bingham. • 79–Wide World. 83–Paris-Match. • 108–John Bickel; Dick Pratt; anonymous.

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WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

Hundreds of thousands of families have already made the magnificent change to the

MOST TALKED-ABOUT STYLE OF TODAY

Right from the start there was talk about this '59 Buick's style. Clean, fresh, totally new, designed to stay new for years to come . . . and as the year rolls on, more and more we hear enthusiasm from owners for the pleasures beneath the eye-stopping style.

Owners tell of 15 to 18 miles per gallon from the ablest engines and transmissions Buick ever built. They talk of the amazing quietness of these cars and of their superb riding comfort and roadability. They like the extra safety of brakes found only on Buick in America today . . . big, fast-acting, sure-feeling brakes with aluminum front drums, fin-cooled both front and rear. Take it from these hundreds of thousands of owners . . . more that's new will happen to you in Buick '59 than in any other car. Let your Quality Buick Dealer show you The Car . . . today!

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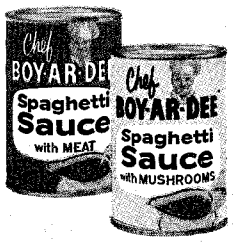
Flavor is king in the CHEF

No-work meal idea

SAUCES

RAVIOLI

SPAGHETTI and MEAT BALLS



CHEF SAUCES

Delicious blend of tender Meat or Mushrooms, sunripe tomatoes and true Italian seasonings. They're ready to heat and glorify steaming spaghetti, rice, meats, fish—almost any dish!

CHEF RAVIOLI

Famous Italian delicacy — now an American favorite! Plump macaroni pies filled with beef, smothered in savory tomato-cheese sauce. Makes a hearty meal in minutes for only about 15¢ a serving.

CHEF SPAGHETTI an MEAT BALLS

Dinner's ready in jigtime! Real Itali style spaghetti and juicy beef meat b in rich tomato sauce. It's kind to y budget, too. Only about 15¢ a serving.

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What get a royal welcome:

Everywhere in U. S. and Canada.

CHEF PIZZA

The complete fixings for a big 13-inch pizza. Flaky crust, tasty sauce—even grated cheese for the top. Makes more pizza than other brands—and the new one-bowl method is *15 minutes faster, too!*

CHEF BEEFARONI

Wonderful, nourishing one-dish meal with Chef's incomparable Italian touch: meat, macaroni and tomato-cheese sauce. Kids love it — you'll love it. Just heat and there you are! Only about 14¢ a serving.

CHEF SPAGHETTI DINNERS

An Italian-style feast all in one box—nothing else to buy: spaghetti, cheese, *complete* meat or mushroom sauce. Only about 15¢ a serving.

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Editorials

The Two-Term Tradition Is Worth Saving

Some of the reasons being advanced for repealing the anti-third-term amendment to the Constitution seem addressed to very young people or older people with failing memories.

Take the main argument for repeal—namely, that the third-term ban curtails the influence of a President in his second term because Congress knows he can't run again. But in the pre-F.D.R. days Congress always knew that about a President in his second term. No constitutional barrier was needed. The President couldn't run again because the tradition against a third term was too powerful.

Washington established it, refusing to accept a third term. Thomas Jefferson, James Madison and James Monroe served two terms each. No more. So the tradition became unwritten law.

Even Presidents who had not served eight years, having been Vice Presidents who came to the White House following a presidential death, could not be candidates for a third term. Theodore Roosevelt was enormously popular. He had an electrifying personality. He lived for action. Yet he left the White House in 1909 after serving only seven years and five months.

True, he tried for the presidency again in 1912 and failed, but that was after a four-year interval. Roosevelt ran as a private citizen, not as a President in office with power to command his party to nominate him. A President should not be allowed to hold office permanently. This is what the anti-third-term tradition formerly prevented, and what the Twenty-second Amendment prevents today.

Almost certainly Calvin Coolidge, the symbol of "Coolidge prosperity," would have run for another term in 1928, were it not for the tradition. Entering the White House on Warren G. Harding's death in 1923, Coolidge served only five years and seven months. It was argued that he was a one-and-a-half-termer and that another term for him would not really be a third term. In the end he concluded that the tradition was too strong. He bowed out with the statement, "I do not choose to run in 1928."

It was the Second World War that enabled a President to buck the tradition. In 1940 the people were shaken by the horrors of the European war. President Franklin Roosevelt was depicted as a wise leader who could guide the nation safely. This was the excuse offered for a third term. In 1944, the people feared to change Presidents while the country was at war. So they elected Roosevelt a fourth time, despite obvious physical disability.

Now the anti-third-term tradition has been broken. This is why the Twenty-second Amendment was adopted. Behind it was a widespread apprehension that some President might contrive to perpetuate himself in office. The amendment was adopted as a barrier.

Michigan's Record Ought to Curb the Zeal for Spending

Many of our state governments are troubled and are preparing to borrow more money or raise taxes or both. The states have been trying to be as generous in the welfare field as Uncle Sam is—until some of them are in real financial trouble. Probably the worst off is Michigan, one of the nation's wealthiest states in terms of agriculture and industry.

Michigan's government, after ten years of liberality under New Dealish Gov. G. Mennen Williams, a favorite with Walter Reuther and his United Auto Workers, now is flat broke and literally begging. In February, when Michigan didn't have enough money on hand to pay state-university employees and even owed its teachers' retirement fund, Governor Williams persuaded seventeen big corporations, including General Motors and Ford, to pay some $31,500,000 in advance on taxes that wouldn't be due until June.

This didn't solve things, of course. On May first, state employees had to go unpaid. The state has been forced to trim normal expenditures uncomfortably. Schools and other departments have been hobbling along, hoping. With unemployment serious, especially in Detroit, the state has been able to meet welfare payments only by running deeper into debt. A deficit of $89,000,000 is estimated for the current fiscal year. Governor Williams has advocated an 18-per-cent tax increase and the state's first income tax.

Plausible excuses for this state of affairs include the recession, inflation and higher costs of government owing to greater public demand for state services. The odd thing about it, though, is that a few of our states are not broke, aren't seriously in debt and aren't asking for more taxes. New Hampshire is actually reducing its budget for the next two years by $366,500 and expects to end up with a $2,500,000 surplus. Gov. Wesley Powell, with New England notions about thrift, has turned down spending programs which he considers nice but unnecessary.

Governor Williams might well consult Republican Gov. Harold W. Handley, of Indiana, who isn't raising taxes and whose administration is sitting on a comfortable surplus of $35,000,000.

"We try not to overspend," the Hoosier governor recently told columnist-reporter Irving Leibowitz, of The Indianapolis Times. Indiana's 1851 constitution forbids state debt. "This has spared us from many temptations to embark on programs which we cannot afford."

The meaning of all this should be obvious to any ordinary citizen, regardless of politics, even if it doesn't seem plain to some of the men we elect to run our various states' affairs. Spend and spend, borrow and borrow, and you're sure to get in trouble.

Science Students Should Know One Foreign Language

By MARIO PEI

"If you read our scientific journals, you would have known all about our plans to launch the first Sputnik at least a year before it was launched."

The speaker was Prof. A. I. Mikhailov, Director of the Institute of Scientific and Technical Information of the U.S.S.R. Academy of Sciences. His listeners were a group of American scientists attending a news conference in Washington.

His words came as no surprise to them. Russian scientific journals revealed that the Russians had made no secret whatsoever of their intentions and experiments. Since Sputnik, there has been a spasmodic, belated effort to arouse more interest in language study.

Acquisition of a foreign language does not automatically make you a qualified translator in the technological fields. Each scientific and technical field has a terminology of its own—generally clear, precise, unmistakable to the specialist in the field. But this terminology is so much Choctaw to the nonspecialist that it might as well be an unknown tongue.

We must have linguists who know the scientific fields in which they work. In other words, we must have a scientist and a linguist combined in the same person.

As things are, our science specialists may take a year or two of some foreign language, then promptly forget what they have learned, because there is so much for them to learn in their own field. Our language majors, on the other hand, practically never have an interest in science. Technical translators who know a scientific field thoroughly and at the same time know a foreign language are a handful.

Russia's future scientists are required to take eight to ten years of one foreign language in addition to specializing in a scientific branch. This means they learn that foreign language well enough to translate into it and from it the special jargon of their scientific specialty. The Russians receive some 13,000 technical periodicals from all foreign lands—including about 1400 from ours—but they also read them carefully, and if they find anything of particular interest, translate it at once and bring it to the attention of the proper authorities. This we don't do.

What we need is a different slant on our very belated and somewhat frantic attempts to expand language learning. It is not enough to get a few more students into our high-school and college language classes, and teach them how to read Françoise Sagan in the French original or even Doctor Zhivago in Russian. What we have to do is to make thorough specialization in at least one foreign language an essential part of our scientific and technological training.

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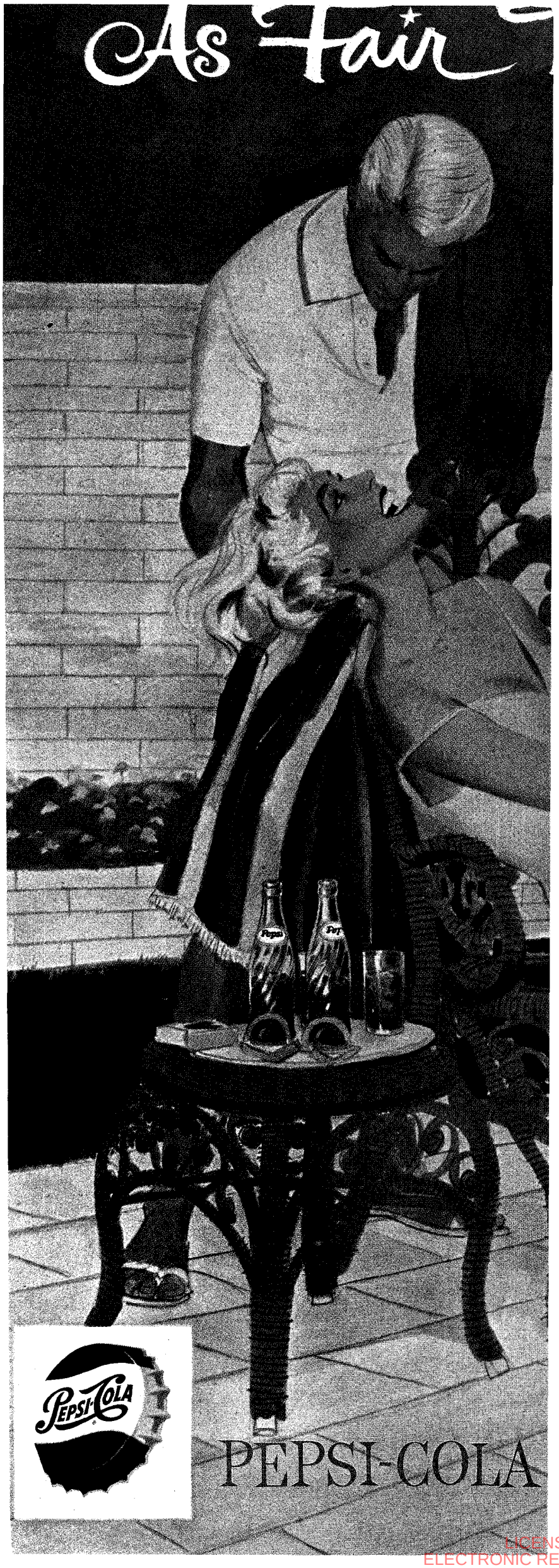

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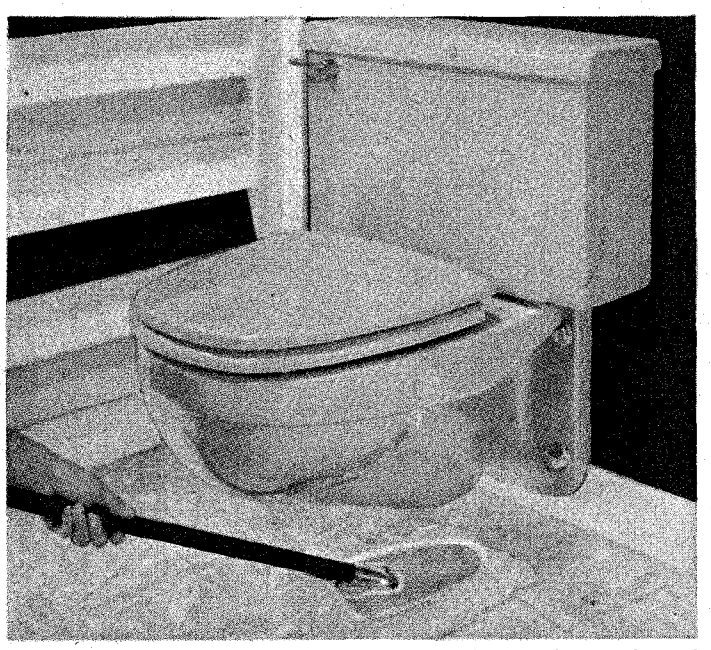
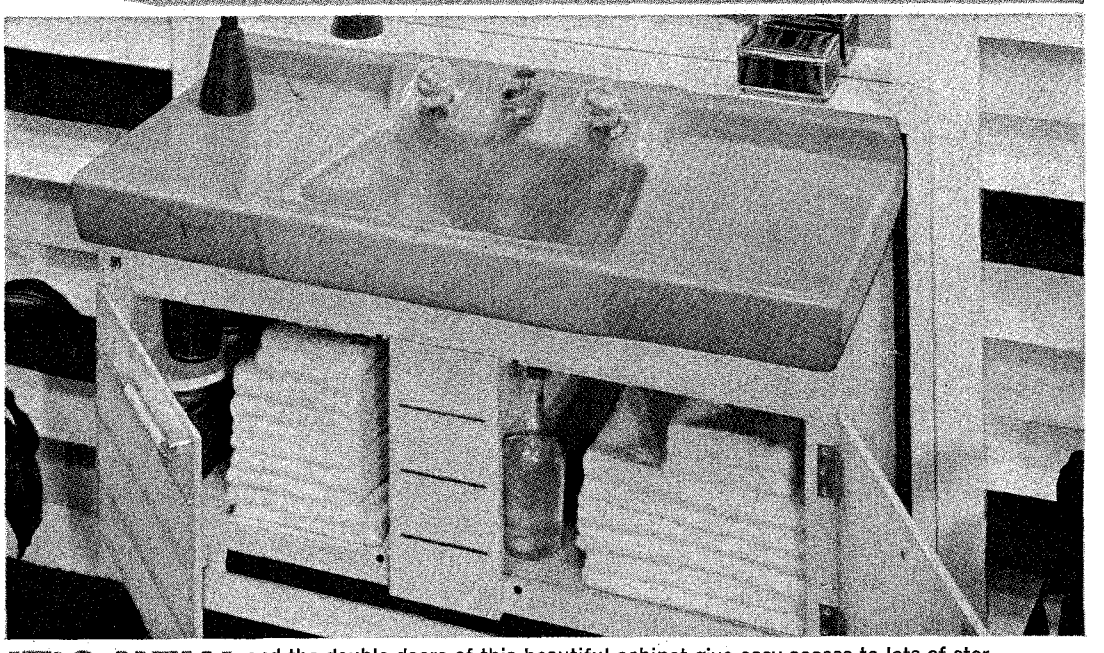
IT'S NEW and so roomy! The unique design of the new Contour bathtub provides extra space where needed . . . brings the back of the tub close for easy cleaning. One wide ledge holds toiletries, the other is a handy seat.



IT'S NEW and see how easily you clean under and around this off-the-floor toilet. Seat and cover snap off for thorough cleaning.



IT'S NEW and the double doors of this beautiful cabinet give easy access to lots of storage space for stacks of towels and bath accessories. The big, one-piece top is of sparkling, easy-to-clean vitreous china and comes in eight colors and white.

SO NEW—SO BEAUTIFUL—SO EASY TO CLEAN

Beautifully styled American-Standard fixtures add extra convenience, extra value to your new or modernized home . . . cost less than you think. As little as $4.98 a week plus installation puts these three American-Standard fixtures in a smart color in your bathroom. So for extra beauty, style and quality at no extra cost, insist on American-Standard. See your nearest retailer soon.
AMERICAN-STANDARD, PLUMBING AND HEATING DIVISION, 40 West 40th Street, New York 18, New York.

Remember . . . with American-Standard fixtures you get extra quality at no extra cost

AMERICAN-STANDARD, Dept. PP-69, 39 W. 39th St., New York 18, N. Y.
Please send me your 1959 Bathroom Planning Booklet. I enclose 10¢ to cover mailing. I am modernizing ☐. I am building ☐.

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EXTRA BLOWOUT PROTECTION: Nylon has lasting strength to guard against blowout. Nylon protects against the four kinds of unseen tire damage that can lead to sudden tire failure: (1) heat, (2) bruising from bumps, (3) moisture, (4) flexing. All tire makers use nylon cord in their better tires. Why risk a dangerous blowout? Have your tires checked regularly. And whenever you need new tires, be sure they're made with nylon cord!

THE SAFEST, STRONGEST TIRES ARE MADE WITH NYLON

LOOK FOR THE NYLON IDENTIFICATION ON TIRE SIDEWALL.

DUPONT
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING ... *THROUGH CHEMISTRY*

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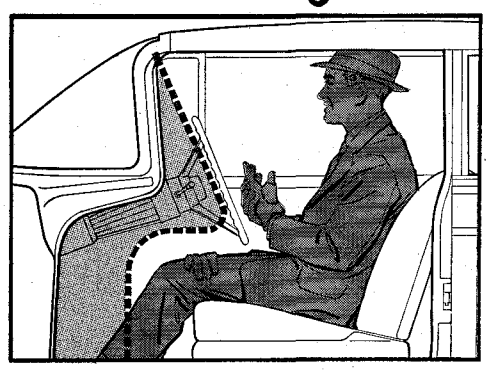
Look

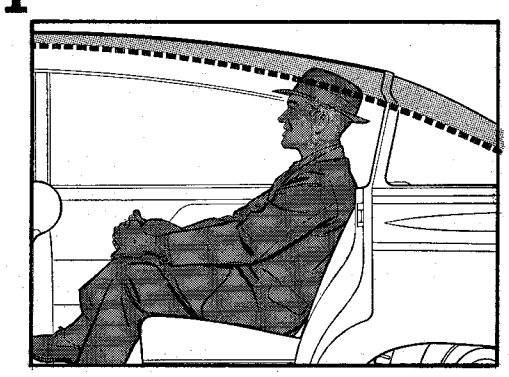
No jutting pillars to guard against when you get in and out.

No squirm

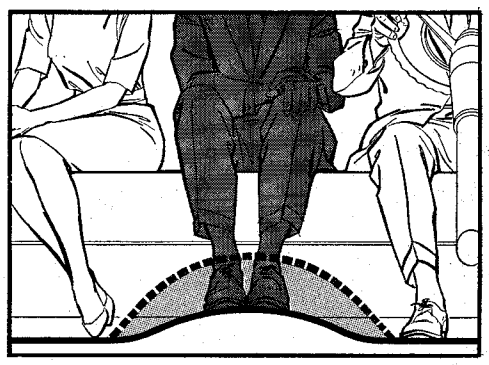
Make these comparisons with any competitive car



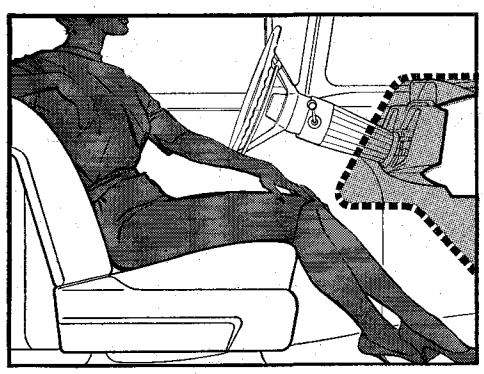
Door openings have been widened—makes getting in and out much easier. And no jutting door post.



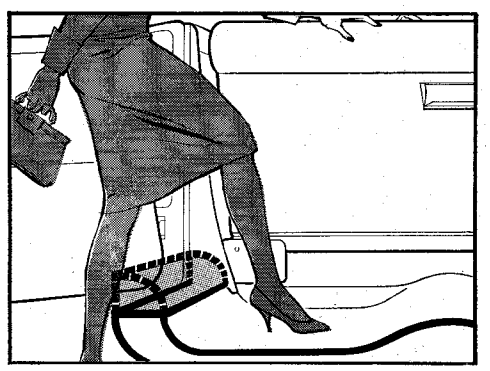
See how much more head room there is in the Ford Family of Fine Cars—even for six-footers.



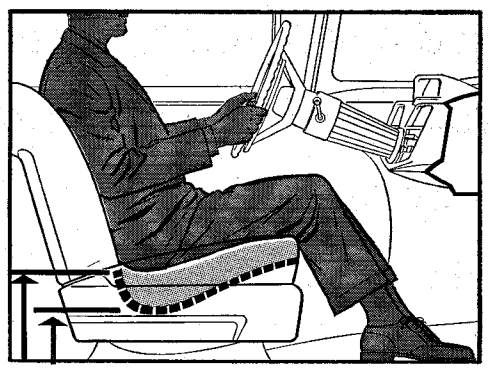
A break for the "middle man"—the floor hump has been cut way down to provide plenty of leg room.



Look at all the knee room up front. No overhanging instrument panel to crowd front seat passengers.



Notice how many new cars you have to step down into? Not in the Ford Family of Fine Cars.



Seats in the Ford Family of Fine Cars are designed to be chair-high. You sit in a natural sitting position.

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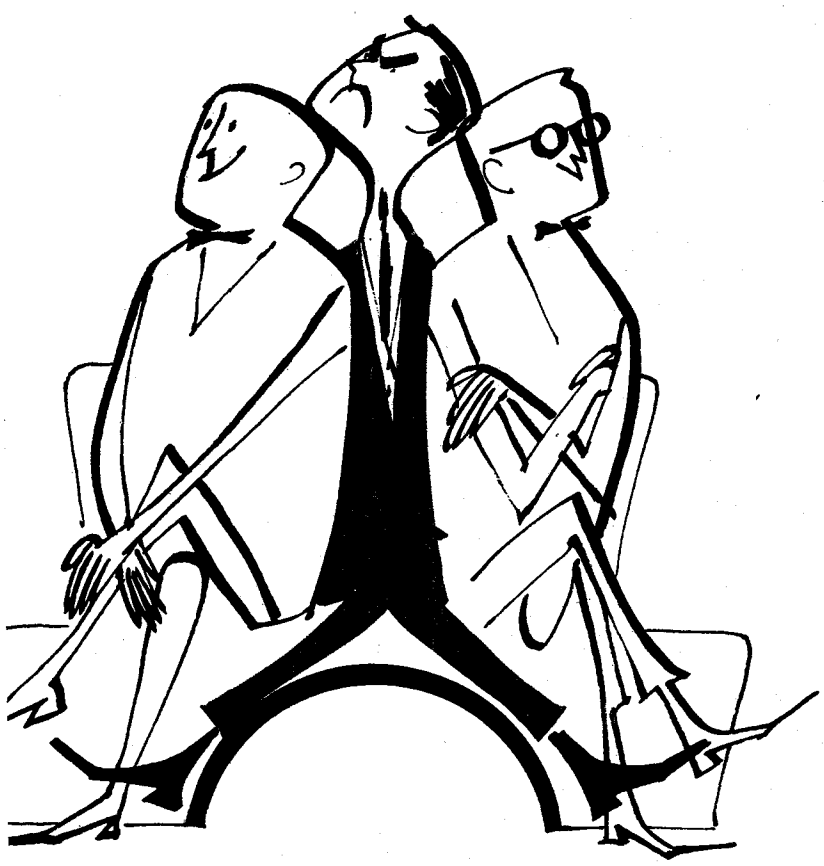

No lack of comfortable seating space
even for the man in the middle.

No uncomfortably low roof line
to make you duck your head.

No squeeze, No squash

No compromise with comfort in the Ford Family of Fine Cars

Measure any of the 1959 Ford Family of Fine Cars against other cars. You'll be amazed at the difference in interior spaciousness. You'll be equally astonished at the ease of entry and exit.

That's because at Ford Motor Company we design cars to fit people. Not people to fit cars.

We know Americans love their comfort. They hate to be hemmed in. That's why we've done everything possible to provide more head room, more elbow room, more leg room than ever before.

See for yourself. Visit any of our dealers' showrooms. Compare and be convinced. There's no compromise with comfort in the Ford Family of Fine Cars.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY
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PROTEIN!

Kellogg's Special K—

more than a flake or a puff—a wonderfully delicious new way to get your protein

Why is the package with the big red K on the front coming in for so much attention these days?

Maybe it's because Special K delivers more protein to the breakfast table than any other leading cereal—hot or cold. (And, of course, breakfast is when you need protein the most.)

Then, too, as you can read in black and white on the back of the package, Special K now contains an extra amount of a vital protein element called *lysine*. This element is being added to a cereal for the first time.

We suggest you decide for yourself why Special K is so popular. All the nourishing ingredients are listed on the back of the package. And inside, you'll find the taste that's made friends with millions. Have some Special K for breakfast tomorrow.

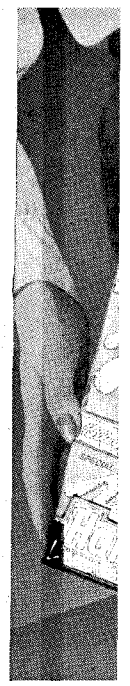
Kellogg's *OF BATTLE CREEK*

KELLOGG'S SPECIAL K—PROTEIN PARTNER FOR MILK

The chart shows how the eight (8) essential protein components of Special K and milk fit together to form a biologically complete protein —the kind that builds, maintains and repairs body tissues!

© 1959 BY KELLOGG COMPANY

New mothers (and mothers-to-be) must have extra protein. The kind in Special K is easy to eat, easy to digest.



New Special
generous
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your groce

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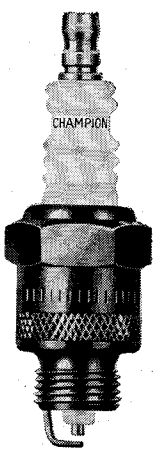
Jim Rathmann in his Champion-equipped racer at Monza, Italy, after winning the world's fastest 500-mile race (average speed 166.788 mph).

Q. Why do 9 out of 10 racing car winners use Champion spark plugs?

A. Because Champions deliver the consistent performance racing cars need to *win!* Put a set of new Champions in your car every 10,000 miles. You'll get an immediate boost in power, and save gas, too!



World's favorite spark plug. There's a Champion spark plug specifically engineered for every car built by Ford, General Motors, Chrysler, American Motors, Studebaker-Packard and every major foreign maker.

CHAMPION

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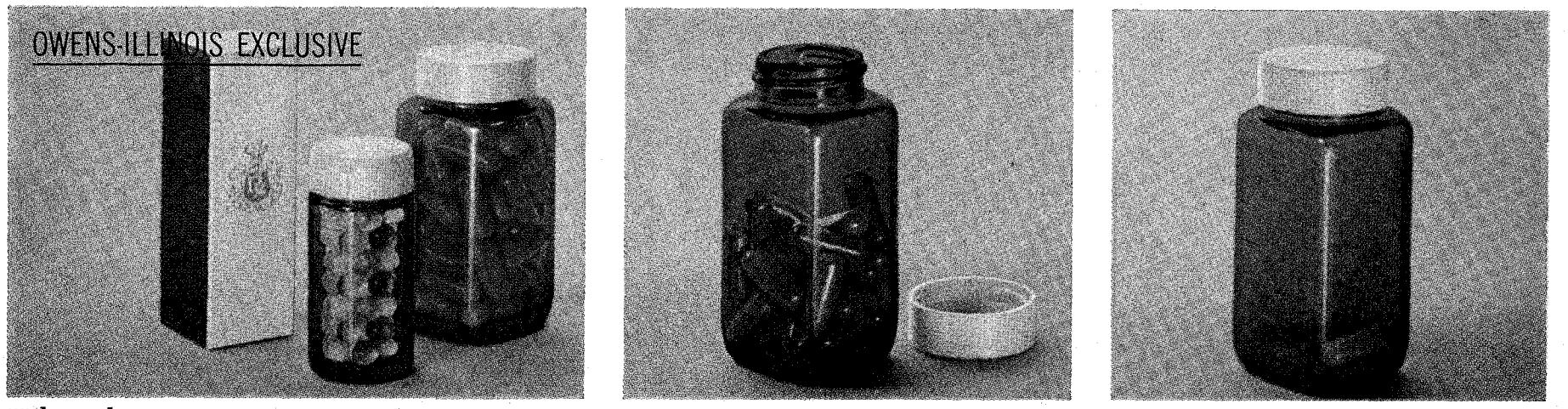

When the prescription is in glass, you can be sure it's protected . . . even the last remaining pill

When the prescription bottle is Emerald Green you can be sure it was made by Owens-Illinois

Owens-Illinois offers your pharmacist the most complete line of prescription containers in the world, including many shapes and sizes in beautiful Emerald Green. The fact is, no other company makes Emerald Green prescription bottles. So when you see one, you can be sure it came from us.

Green has been a symbol of healing since the days of Ancient Greece. Today's pharmacists prefer traditional Emerald Green bottles for the soothing and refreshing effect of the color. They prefer O-I prescription containers for their uniformly high quality and professional appearance, whatever the color.

Of course, nothing beats glass for bringing medicines to you safely, and protecting them until you've taken your last drop or pill.

O-I Emerald Green prescription containers are designed and manufactured to the same high standards you find in all Owens-Illinois products.

PRESCRIPTION CONTAINERS
AN (O) PRODUCT

CONTAINER	Duraglas bottles & jars • closures plastic containers • plastic fitments corrugated & fiber paper shipping boxes multiwall bags • kraft paper for boxes
INDUSTRIAL	Kimble all-glass television bulbs glass insulators • glass tubing & rod
SCIENTIFIC	Kimble laboratory glass • vials • ampuls
TABLEWARE	Libbey Safedge tumblers & stemware
BUILDING	glass block • hardwood panels & doors

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Revolution on Main Street

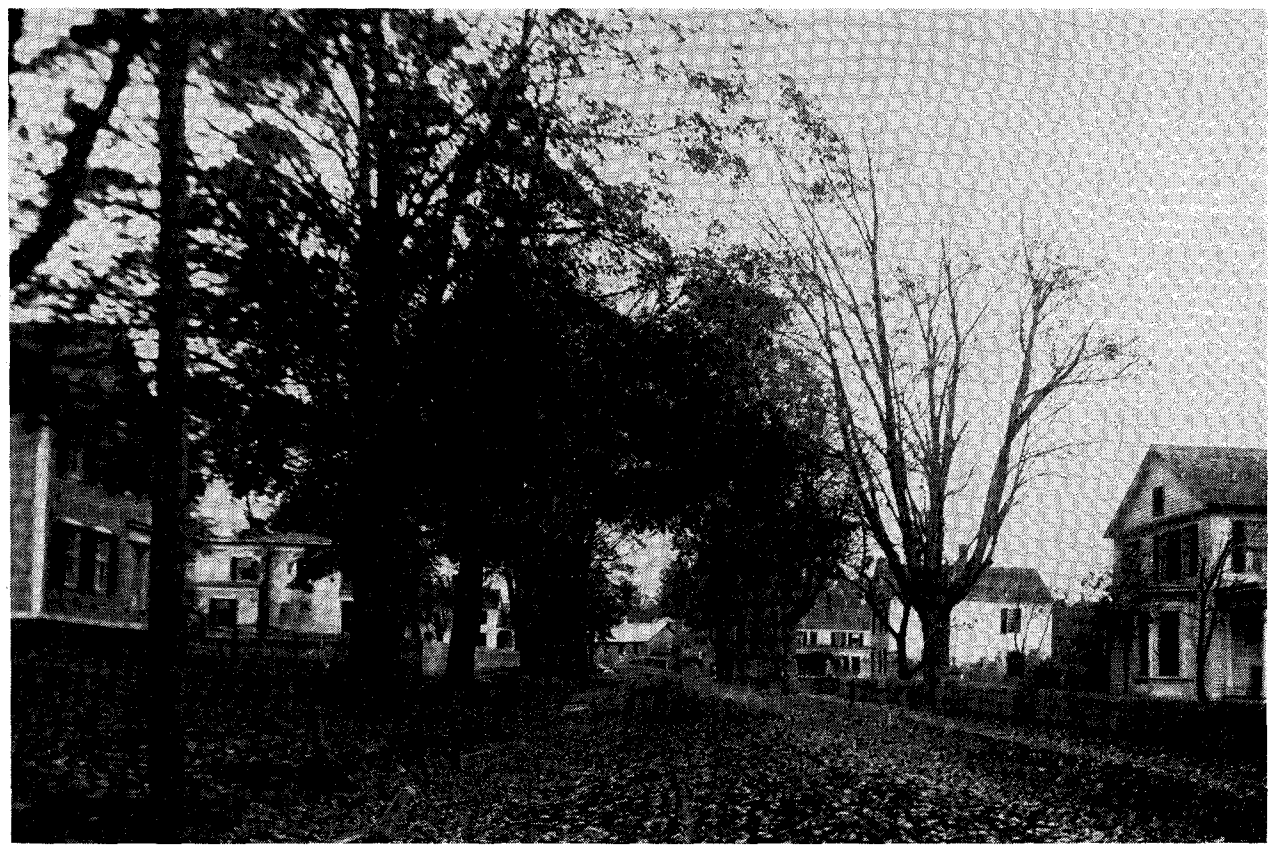
The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY Benj. Franklin

A Post editor describes the town of his boyhood and the forces that have profoundly altered the uncompromising independence of its New England way of life.

By Stewart Alsop

All over the United States there must be tens of thousands of small towns like Avon, Connecticut. Avon, which has fewer than 6000 persons, never has made any great splash in the world and never will. And yet, perhaps because I was born and brought up there, Avon seems to me a remarkably interesting town. It is interesting especially because of the way it has changed in the half century or so since my family settled there. The way Avon has changed reflects the process of tremendous revolutionary change which is always going on, largely unnoticed, year after year after year, all over the United States.

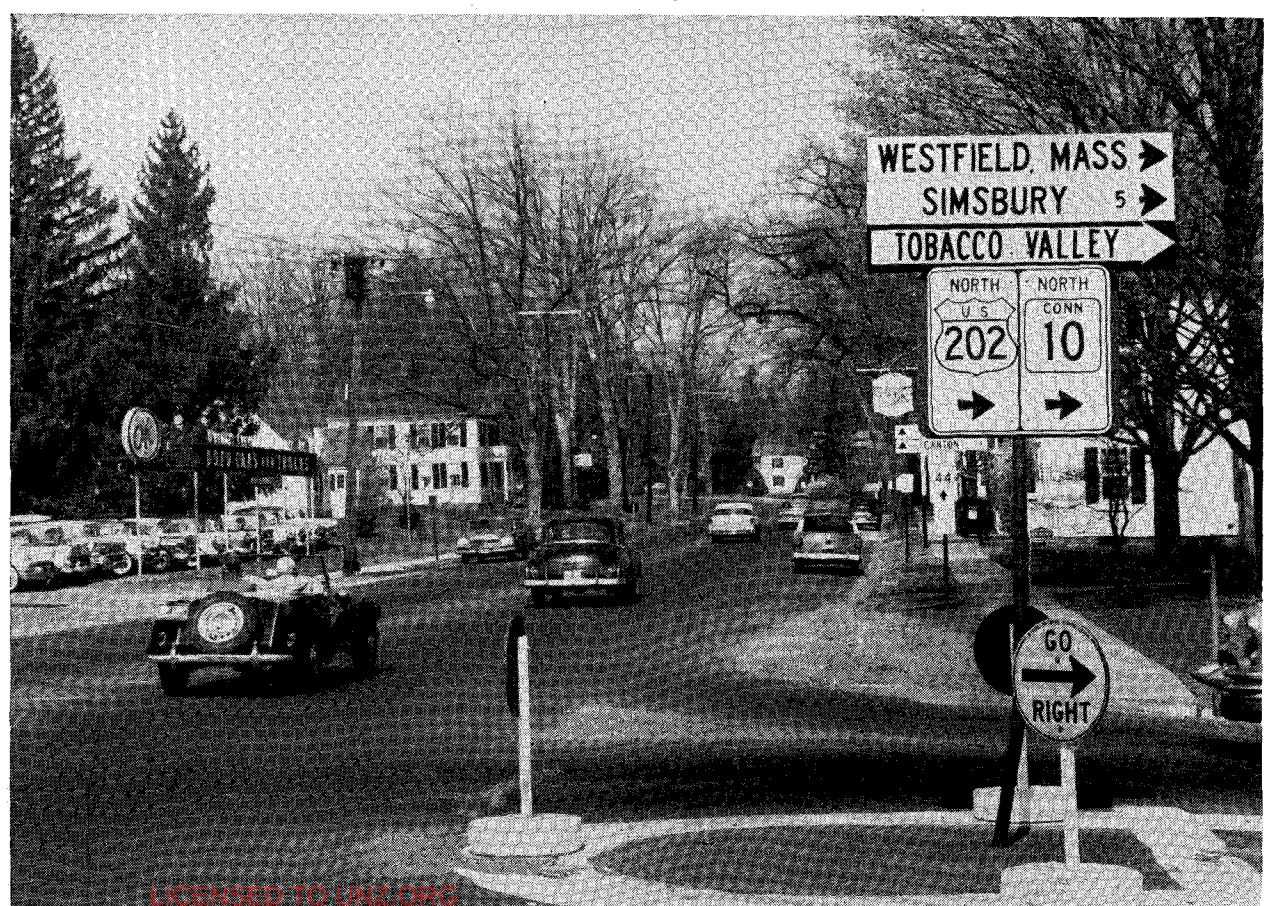
In its physical appearance, Avon has probably changed rather less in the last fifty years than most small towns. Main Street has changed, of course, the way Main Streets all over the country have changed—the old general store is a dim memory, replaced by a cou-



West Main Street, Avon, Conn., fifty years ago. "It was a real New England farm town," says Alsop.

Police Chief Malcolm Heath and Mario Solari, a Democrat and successor of the author's Republican father as first selectman.

West Main Street today. The town—with a quadrupled population—has become a suburb of Hartford.



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ple of chain stores, and there is a big gasoline station where the old Van Heusen hotel and saloon used to be a great many years ago. But a Rip van Winkle returning to Avon after fifty years or more would recognize the big, plainly handsome Congregational Church, although the steeple has been replaced since it blew down in a hurricane; and the old Town Hall, which is too small now to hold the town meetings; and the shuttered, white clapboard houses, mostly built in the early nineteenth century, which line the street.

The really striking physical changes have taken place outside the center of town. A Rip van Winkle wandering about Avon's hinterland would be surprised by the big, modern high school, which cost more than $1,000,000. Avon never had a high school before the present one was built a few years ago. He would be surprised, too, by the thousands of acres of former tobacco or pasture land which have gone to scrub. He would be especially surprised by the hundreds of new, comfortable, well-cared-for Cape Cods and split levels and colonials and ranch houses which shelter the new Avonites who have arrived in a flood since the Second World War, almost tripling the population.

1892 (above): Men of old Avon, in front of the post office and general store. Seated is Mr. Ripley, the gentleman who gave the author's mother his amputated toe. The short man at rear is Mr. Bishop, who couldn't smile.

1959 (below): The Lions Club of Avon, outside the new post office. At right, in striped tie, is the author's brother John, who ran for governor in the Republican primary last year. In the chair is Ted Manion, postmaster.

Yet the physical change in the town has gone less deep than the intangible change, the change in Avon's people—the way they live, the way they think, the way they get on together, the kind of people they are. Here, perhaps, it would be well for the writer of this report to lay his cards on the table. I am a registered voter in Avon, and I always think of myself as a citizen of the town—but rather in the spirit of a Roman citizen, on the farthest fringes of the empire, proudly proclaiming, "*Civis Romanus sum.*" I go back to Avon several times a year, and I have, I think, something of the place in my bones. But I cannot really claim to know the place and its people much better than an ancient Roman, exiled for years among the barbarians of northernmost Britain, might have known Rome.

Moreover, the Avon of forty or fifty years ago existed before I was born—or at least before I was much aware of my surroundings. Much of what follows is therefore based on the testimony of expert witnesses, like my father, who served the town as first selectman for thirty-two years before he died in 1953, and who loved to reminisce about the old days; or J. J. Anderson, who came to Avon in 1912 to manage our farm and has played a big part in the life of the town; or Ted Manion, who was my father's friend and chief political opponent; or my brother, John, who served Avon in the legislature for a couple of terms and knows postwar Avon intimately; or above all my mother, who came to Avon as a bride in 1909 and has loved the town ever since.

Fifty years ago, when my mother came to Avon, the town was something that has almost disappeared from the face of the earth, though there may be a few pure examples left in Northern New England. It was a real New England farm town, and the vast majority of its inhabitants were of Yankee stock. In those days almost everybody in Avon had been born there—in the white wooden houses their forebears had built—and almost everybody expected to die there.

"The New England Character," like "the Wild West," has come to seem a sort of national myth, in part because, like the Wild West, it hardly exists any more. But it was no myth. The New Englanders of Avon of fifty years ago were a very special breed. In all the dozens of stories about those Avonites of another day—mostly my mother's stories—a single characteristic stands out. It is their passion for independence, for being left alone to go their own way, for being their own men.

This quality bred an individualism which would certainly be called eccentricity today. Mr. Anderson, for example, tells the story of Mr. Franklin Sperry's way of getting from Avon to the nearby town of Simsbury. One day a stranger caused a big stir in Avon when he reported seeing a corpse floating down the Farmington River. The stir died down quickly, though. Somebody surmised that it must be Mr. Franklin Sperry, and so it turned out to be. Mr. Sperry was a very big man, and in fine weather his favorite way of getting from Avon to Simsbury, which is several miles downstream from Avon on the Farmington River, was to float. He got so good at floating that he used to take a newspaper along with him and read it during the journey.

One suspects that Mr. Sperry's odd habit would cause a lot of talk in Avon—or any

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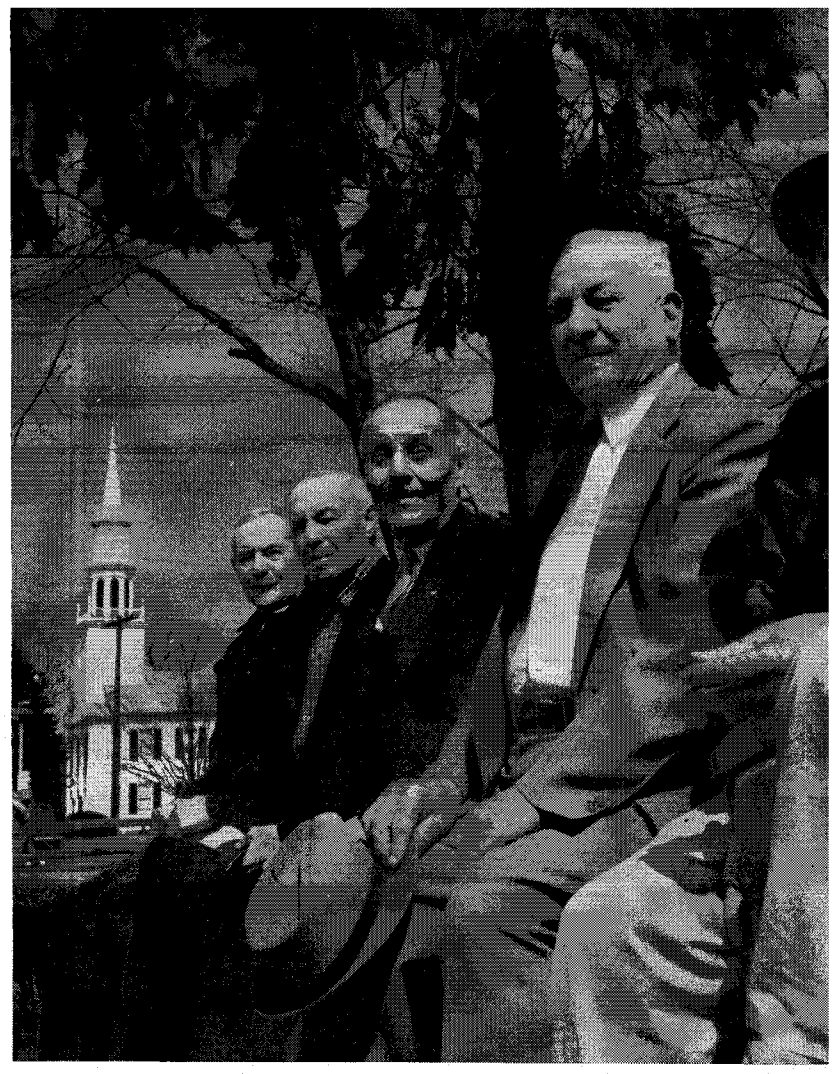
Few Avon families these days can claim—as this one does—four generations all born in the town. At rear, Mr. and Mrs. Bertlen Turner. Holding the young Turners are their great-grandmother and grandmother.

other sensible town—today. But no one in those days paid much attention—it was just Mr. Sperry's way. Not paying attention to other people—indeed, if they were strangers, hardly acknowledging their existence—was the established custom in the Avon of those days, which could make it a little hard on a new arrival, as my mother discovered.

My father had been settled in Avon for six years or so when he married mother, and besides, he was a Connecticut Yankee himself. But my mother has not a drop of New England blood in her veins, and in those days a non-New Englander, especially a New Yorker, was a "foreigner" in a town like Avon until proved otherwise, which might take half a century.

My mother found that out when my father took her to her first Annual Church Supper, Avon's big event of the year. The town hall was set up with booths all around the sides, and my mother set out around the hall, stopping at every booth to introduce herself. "I started out with a big smile," she says, "but it faded like the Cheshire cat's. Nobody said anything at all. I was met with stony stares." By the standards of that time and that place, this was not rudeness. It was simple honesty. My mother was a stranger and an object of suspicion, and the people who saw her for the first time that night, many of whom later became her close friends, refused to pretend otherwise.

The people of Avon in those days were as stern with themselves as with strangers. By the standards of today, they worked terribly hard—they had to. Although most of them were farmers, they had nothing at all in common with the tiller of the soil of European tradition. They (Continued on Page 62)



The coming of the Italian immigrants forty years ago revolutionized life in the to were (from left) Domenic Gaioni, Antonio Nascembeni, Arnolfo Arnolfi, Anton

Two of the Alsop brothers and their mother at Woodford Farm, the last active dairy (left) is president of a Hartford insurance company. Joe is a newspaper columnis

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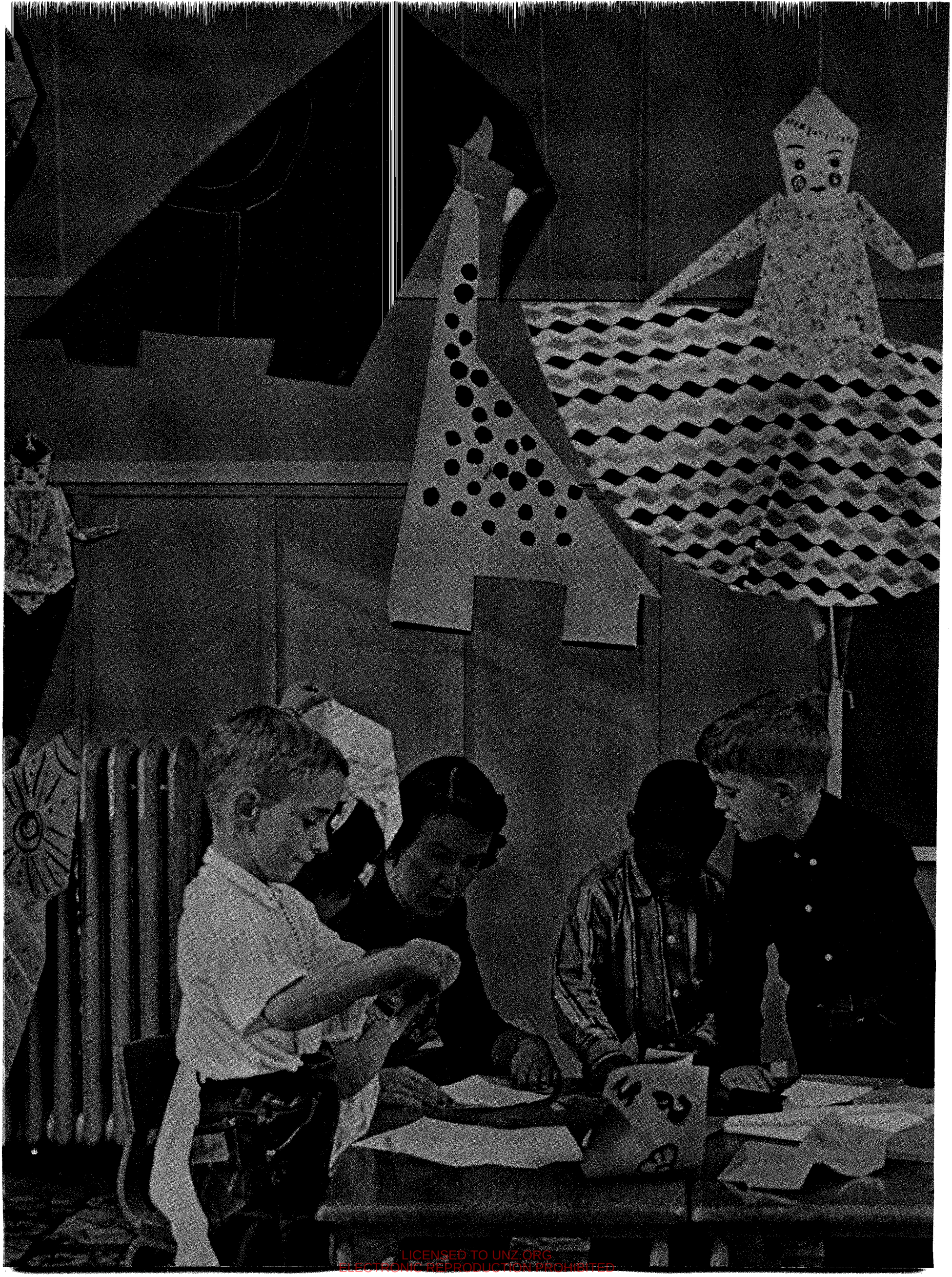

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The Face of AMERICA

Shapes of Fancy

The busy children at left are practicing a colorful new diversion which has recently captured uninhibited imaginations. It is called Origami, which means "folding paper" in Japanese, and it is new only in the sense that it is newly popular in America The Japanese and Chinese have worked or played at it as a craft or game for nearly 2000 years—"about as long as paper itself has been known," says Lillian Oppenheimer, a pioneer enthusiast and founder of an Origami Center in New York City. Books by Japanese experts—especially a new one by the seventy-one-year-old Tokyo artist, Isao Honda—have started selling briskly in Los Angeles, Chicago and New York. Origami technique is simple: Fold squares of colored paper into birdlike or other representative shapes; but the refinements are endlessly and Orientally subtle. Nancy McMaster, the instructor at left, has brought the students of a Children's Aid Society Convalescent Home in Chappaqua, New York, to a reasonably high degree of skill. The elephant and the boat, the giraffe, the camel and the carp, and Pierrette herself are all the happy, foolish products of Origami. ●Photograph by Cal Bernstein

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The Man Who Couldn't Forget

By KEN W. PURDY

It wasn't just a barroom brawl. There was a strange story behind it.

The thin door jumped under his knock—one tremendous bang followed by two or three diminishing thumps. A man's voice called out, and he turned the knob. He stood for a second, dim in the pale corridor light, standing sideways to fit his shoulders into the space between the jambs. The room was dark, the one window in it curtained. The man who had answered the knock was in bed. "What can I do for you?" he asked.

"I heard you coughing all night." The visitor closed the door. "Can I turn on the light?" He pulled the string over the mirror. He turned and squared his shoulders. He stuck his chest out and lifted his head. He was five feet ten or so in height, but the breadth of the man in chest and shoulders was incredible. His arms reached very nearly to his knees. His head and his neck shared a common circumference. His face was square, and it was flat, as if it had been smashed by a plank swung in a giant's hand. It was a hideous face, but there was no evil in it. It was merely piteously ugly. His hair was a muddy brown, and he had very small ears, ears for a boy of ten. He walked to the door again, moving in an odd, syncopated fashion, something unreal, like a clumsy cat. "Toby Ferris," he said.

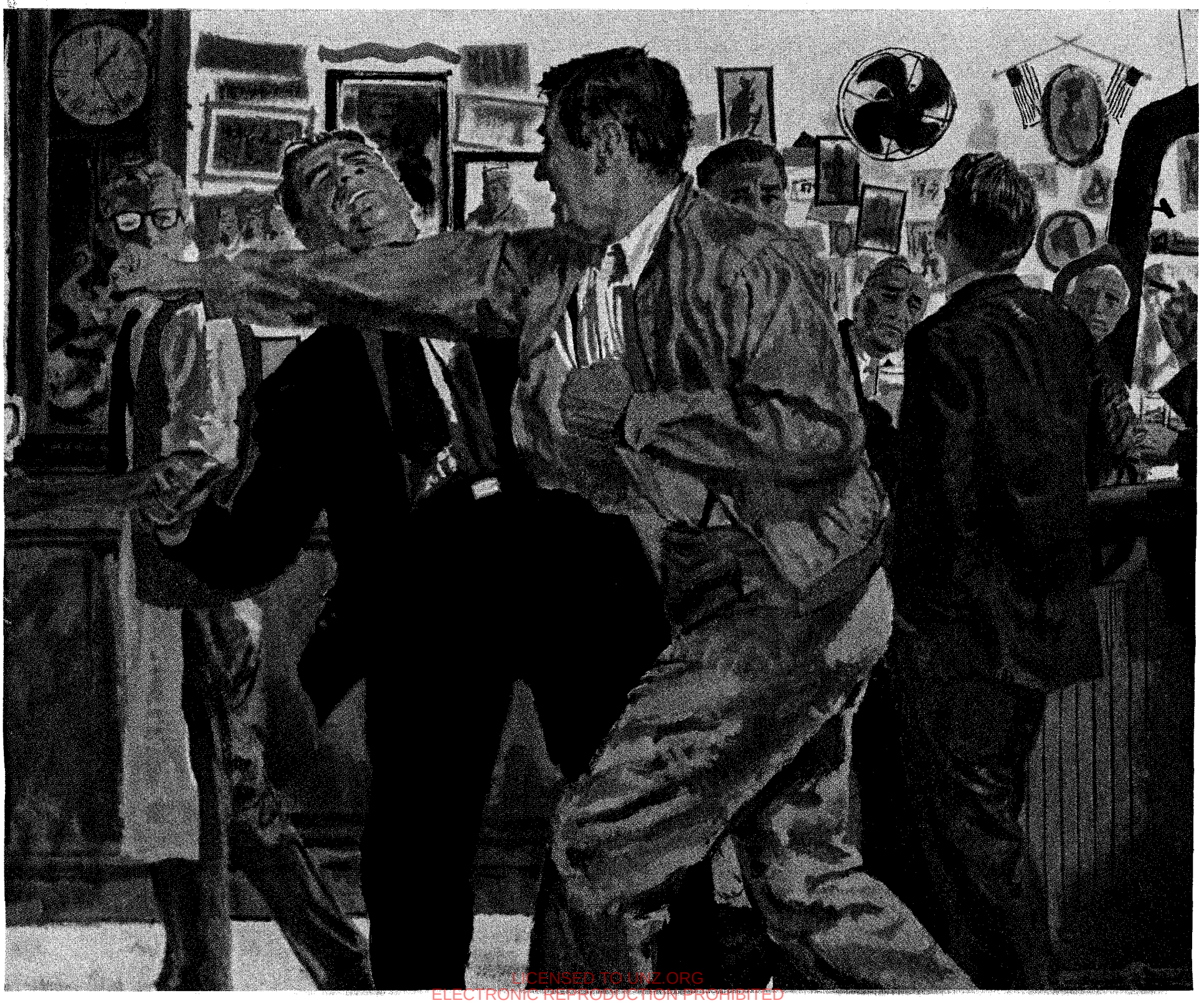
"My name is Pete Novack," the man in bed said.

"I'm in the room next door," Ferris said. "Like I said, I heard you coughing all night."

"I'm sorry," Novack said. "I hope I didn't keep you awake."

"Your cough is bad," Ferris said. "What you doing for it?" (Continued on Page 99)

He hit Toby a pretty good hook on the jaw with his right hand.



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January 8, 1959: De Gaulle making his first public appearance as president. "His tragedy is that he must succeed," says the author. "For France has no one else to turn to."

LONELIEST MAN IN FRANCE

In the six months since his election France's new president has lost droves of disillusioned supporters to the left. Now that the honeymoon is over, will he tumble like his Humpty-Dumpty predecessors? A Post editor's report.

By ERNEST O. HAUSER

PARIS.

The French have sobered up these last few months. The fun is over, and those who, in a great burst of euphoria, last fall and winter voted themselves a new constitution and a new chief of state, are showing signs of disenchantment. The national renewal, to be sure, is not complete. But while the final verdict must be left to history, a balance sheet, at this time, seems in order. How is the Fifth Republic doing?

Gen. Charles de Gaulle, as president of the republic, remains the sole repository of the nation's hopes and aspirations. His popularity is, by and large, intact. But he was called in, at a moment of despair, with nothing more specific for a mandate than "Save France!" And, as some Frenchmen don't feel saved, the myth is wearing thin. The general himself keeps his own counsel. Shrouded in clouds, removed from the small problems of the day, he limits himself to occasional cryptic statements, keeping his fellow citizens—and all the world—trying to read his mind.

His passionate devotion to the cause of France, bordering on obsession, is too well known to be debated. Frenchmen are lucky, and they know it—although the constitution makes the president virtually all-powerful, they still have as much freedom as Americans. Except for the rare confiscation of a politically embarrassing newspaper or magazine, there is no interference with free speech or civil rights in metropolitan France. However, while De Gaulle has shown himself too big a man to stoop to tyranny, he has found it unavoidable to rub some Frenchmen the wrong way. Hence the drift toward "melancholy," the "whining and the sighs" to which the general himself, in recent speeches, has made some caustic references.

One clue that something is amiss was the surprising outcome of the municipal elections held throughout France last March. Gaullists had little reason to rejoice. Roughly 1,000,000 citizens who, in the parliamentary elections last November, had quit the Communist camp to vote for the new Gaullist party—the Union for the New Republic—went sulking back to their old voting pattern. And thousands who had never voted Communist before did so for the first time. As a result, the Communists, believed to be on their last legs, ran once again as France's largest party.

(Continued on Page 82)

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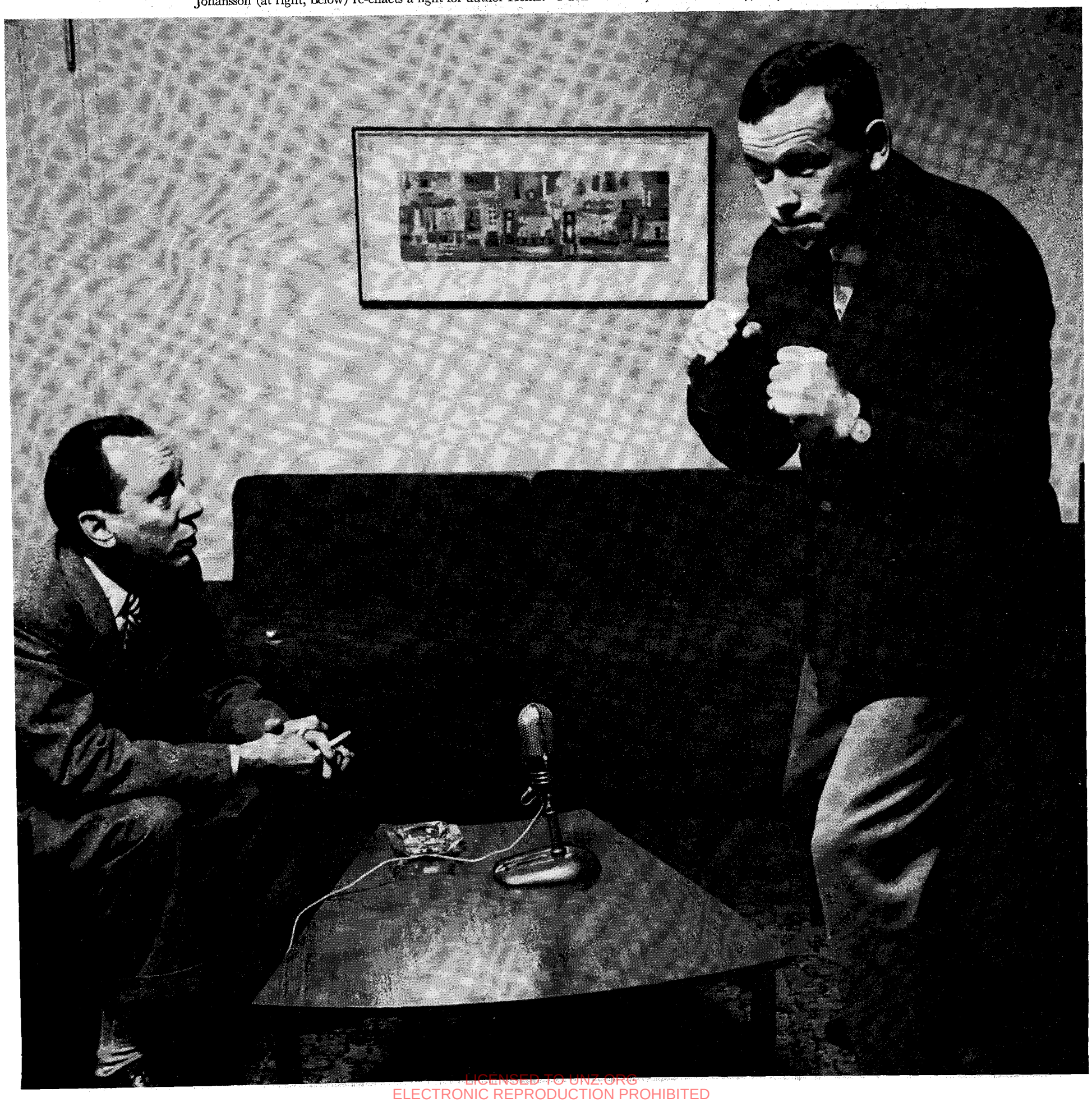
A Visit With Ingemar Johansson

By W. C. HEINZ

The Swedish contender for Floyd Patterson's heavyweight crown tells what he thinks about the U.S. and explains why—unlike Patterson—he has no qualms about hurting his opponents.

Johansson (at right, below) re-enacts a fight for author Heinz. "I don't feel sorry for the other boy," says the challenger. "Not at all."



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Ingemar with his fiancée, Birgit Lundgren, at Grossinger's, the Catskill Mountain resort he selected as his training camp. Birgit is a secretary in the Swedish construction firm he owns.

Until a short time ago few people in this country had ever heard of Ingemar Johansson, of Göteborg, Sweden, the heavyweight champion of Europe. How good a fighter is this challenger for Floyd Patterson's world heavyweight title, and what sort of man is he?

In the past year Johansson has become the athletic idol of his own country and much of Europe. The final answer on his abilities won't be revealed, of course, until he steps into the ring with Patterson. In the meantime, to get Johansson to reveal something of himself—to tell of his hopes and fears and plans—I recently had a long, secluded conversation with him. As on two previous occasions when I sat down with Johansson, I came away with the feeling that however he may react to Patterson's moves once they get in the ring, he will climb through the ropes assured and determined.

"Tell me," I began, "about the first time you met Patterson and how he impressed you."

We were sitting with a tape recorder in the living room of a suite in the Hotel Commodore in New York, where Johansson, his mother, his father, his two brothers, his sister, his trainer, his fiancée and his brother Rolf's fiancée lived for several weeks following their arrival in this country on April twenty-seventh. With us was William P. Hamilton, a correspondent for several Swedish newspapers, whom I had asked to serve, if needed, as an interpreter.

"I meet Patterson the first time when I come to this country last winter," Johansson said. His voice was rather soft and he spoke slowly. "I see Patterson in the training gym downtown, and he seem a little bit smaller than I thought—not so big."

"Did you notice anything about his manner or his face?"

"Yes," Johansson said, nodding. "He looks very easygoing and a little bit embarrassed."

"When you think of Patterson," I said, "do you ever say to yourself, 'He has something I want. I must destroy him.'?"

"If you mean in the ring, yes. Something like that."

Johansson was wearing a double-breasted green-flannel blazer with brass buttons, a knitted sport shirt and tan gabardine slacks without cuffs. He is twenty-six years old. He has been boxing professionally for six and a half years and has won all of his twenty-one fights, thirteen by knockout.

"I'd like to know how you learned to speak English so well," I told him. "Did you learn it at school?"

"No," he said, shaking his head. "I pick it up when I look at American movies, and when I have been here a couple of times."

"Do you see many American movies?"

"I only like to look at American movies—some Swedish pictures. Some weeks it can be five movies a week. I try to see everything in Göteborg."

In Göteborg last September fourteenth Johansson scored a startling first-round knockout over Eddie Machen, of Redding, California, the top-ranked contender for Patterson's title. As a result the coming Patterson-Johansson fight now shapes up as the most important international bout in years.

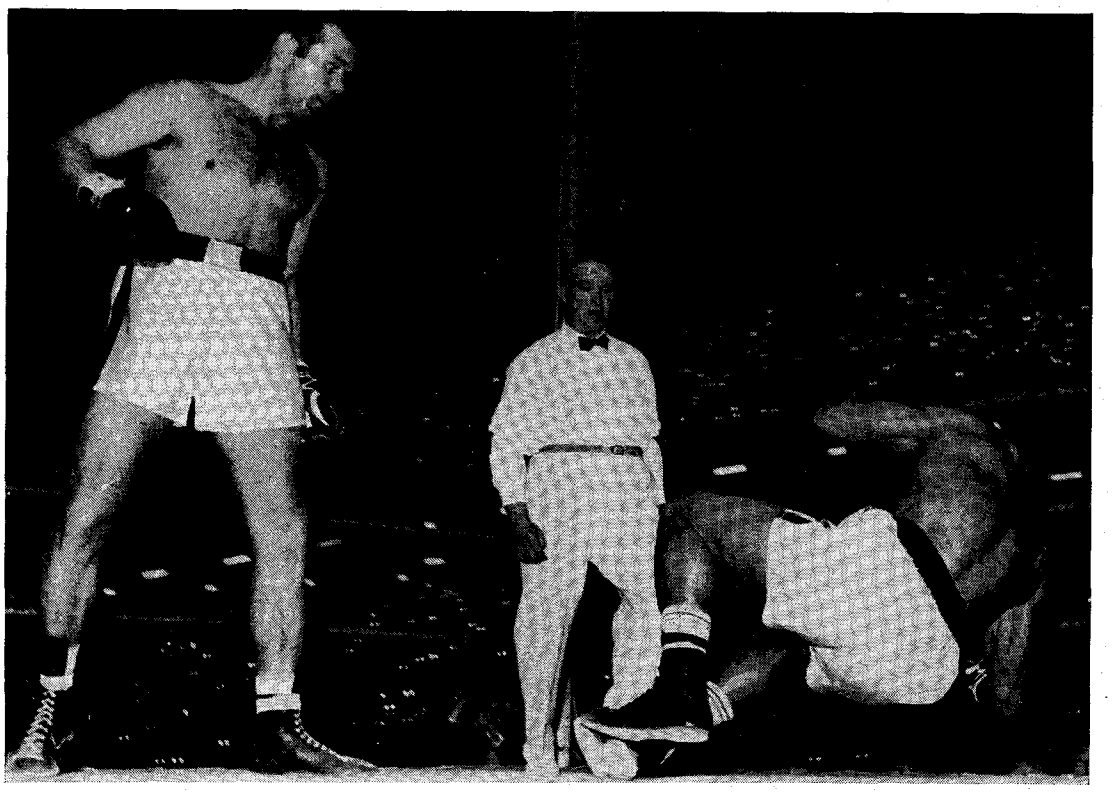
The champion and the challenger after Patterson's victory over Brian London last month. Heinz says Johansson's right "has more single-punch power than does Patterson in either hand."

In training and in the movies of his Machen fight, Johansson gives evidence that he cannot match Patterson's speed afoot, hand speed or ring inventiveness. He is more methodical, however, and sets himself better in throwing punches. In his right hand he has more single-punch power than Patterson has in either hand.

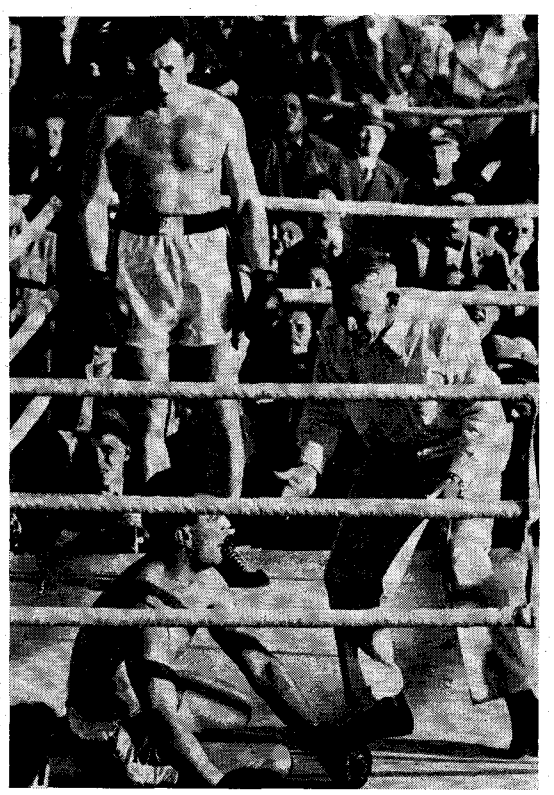
Johansson's hopes rest in his right. His left jab is best described as "lazy." It is not a hurting offensive weapon. As for his left hook, although he has been working on it to achieve better balance in his combinations, it is still basically a secondary punch.

In the Machen fight Johansson set up the American Negro with a pawing jab, then knocked him down the first time with a straight right. When Machen got up, Johansson hurt him with right uppercuts and started him down again with another right. He knocked him down for the third and last time with combinations.

It is Patterson's susceptibility to right hands, and the possibility that as he tries to duck under them he will (Continued on Page 79)



September, 1958: Johansson as he knocked out Eddie Machen of the U.S. in the first round of their bout in Sweden. With this unexpected triumph Johansson emerged as the top contender for the heavyweight title.



In May, 1957, Ingemar defended his European crown by beating Henry Cooper of England.

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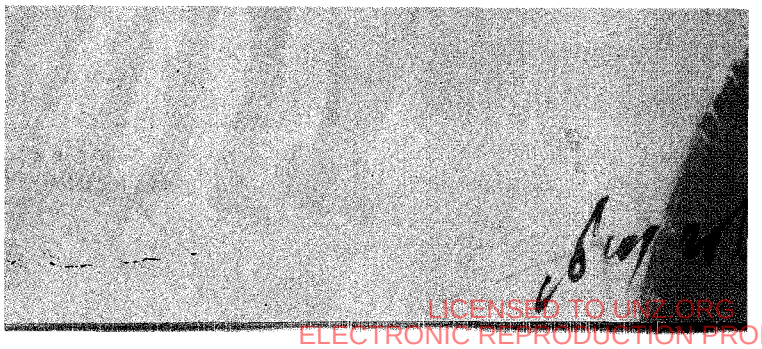

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Illustrated by Coby Whitmore

Unaccountable Affair

By NAOMI LANE BABSON

Should she sacrifice everything for just one more hour with a man who would never come back?

I wish Rose would lose some weight," Kitty Wallace said with cousinly frankness.

"Or quit wearing slacks," said Barbara Mason, not quite a cousin, but married to one, which in Twin Cove was practically the same thing.

"And cut off some of that hair," said Judith Andrus, Rose's best friend since freshman year at high school, a date now some while in the past.

Rose Mason, who had just gone by on her way to the sea rocks, heard none of these remarks, but easily could imagine all of them. People were fond of giving her good advice, which she accepted with a smile and then ignored. She happened to like her hair the way it was—liked comfortable clothes, loathed girdles, enjoyed a hearty meal. But what she didn't like was argument.

She was a quiet young woman, with steady, dark blue eyes. A rainy November night, a slippery curve and a drunken driver had made her an orphan at the age of twelve. Afterward she had lived with her grandmother, then alone, while everyone in the Cove, it sometimes seemed, knew just exactly what she ought to do and didn't mind telling her.

"If you want my frank opinion ——" they began.

"It's awfully kind of you," Rose would say, then made up her own mind.

"You don't need all this room," Kitty told her after grandmother died.

"I know," said Rose, who liked a lot of room.

Her house was on a hill. From windows on three sides she saw salt water—ocean, bay, the twin coves. On a clear night she watched the flash and blink of two lighthouses and heard the solemn bong of a bell buoy. On fair days she could see a misty hump that was a mountain way down in Maine.

Cousin Roger, who sold real estate, was sure he could get her a thumping price from summer people, who bought anything if it was old enough. "Then you could have a car," he said, "or a trip abroad."

"That sounds lovely." Except she preferred her dory to a car. And why should she go abroad? She liked it here.

She had a job in the public library, cheerfully walking to and from work. In summer she tended her garden—vegetables and flowers both. In winter she shoveled snow, played records, read and spent a good many hours adding recipes to an imposing card file. For Rose had been born a cook, as some are born musicians, painters, writers. She was an artist in her chosen field and, like all artists in whatever field, slightly suspect.

"Oh, what's the difference," Kitty would cry, "between *orégano* and allspice? If you don't watch out, you'll turn into a Twin Cove character."

"What's wrong with character?" Rose asked. "Have some more fudge."

But Kitty was on a diet. It must have been about this time that she, along with other friends and relatives, began to say Rose ought to lose ten pounds.

"Fifteen."

"Twenty."

Women, that is. Men didn't seem to think there was too much of Miss Rose Mason. She had height to carry her weight, a peach-bloom complexion, cherry-ripe lips, dark hair and those serene blue eyes. And, oh boy, could she cook! the men agreed. Her chicken fricassee with toast and dumplings, her fish balls, clam chowder, popovers, steamed blueberry pudding and hard sauce were recalled with fervent wistfulness by husbands whose wives had taken to thinking—and

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'ell me," she said, "about some
f the places you have seen."

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© 1959 By Virgil T. Blossom

PART FIVE

The Untold Story of Little Rock

By VIRGIL T. BLOSSOM, Superintendent of Schools at Little Rock, 1953–1958

Bomb Scares and Bayonets

"America's civil-rights problem cannot be solved with bayonets," says Blossom. By September, 1957, the President had no other choice, and he took the step which only "strengthened the hand of segregation extremists."

C. E. Blake was struck with a rifle butt the day the Federal troops took over when he allegedly tried to snatch a soldier's weapon away.

Late in September of 1957 Arkansas segregationists flooded the city of Little Rock with small white cards commemorating the arrival of United States Army airborne infantrymen to enforce integration of nine Negro students into Central High School.

The cards were cheap and crude, almost childish in their simplicity. Each card showed a drawing of a small white child and a small Negro child being prodded into each other's arms by the boots and bayonets of big, fierce-looking soldiers. And underneath were the words:

BROTHERHOOD BY BAYONET
Start Loving Each Other—
That's a Court Order!

That was all—but it was more than enough. Such propaganda packed an atomic punch in the tense, emotional crisis that had arisen from controversy over the Little Rock School Board's efforts to obey the orders of the United States Supreme Court by inaugurating a gradual plan of integration. Segregationists, mostly from outside Little Rock, had pressured Gov. Orval E. Faubus into calling out the National Guard to thwart our plan, but the Federal courts compelled him to cease interference. Then, when demonstrators threatened violence to the Negro students, President Eisenhower sent in the elite 101st Airborne Division, famed as the Screaming Eagles, to guard the school and keep the peace.

It seemed to me, as superintendent of schools, that if these unhappy developments proved anything they demonstrated that America's civil-rights problem cannot be solved with bayonets. At the time the President had no other choice, particularly since the Department of Justice had failed to prepare any plan for enforcing the Supreme Court ruling of 1954. But the net result was to anger many moderate Southerners and greatly to strengthen the hand of the

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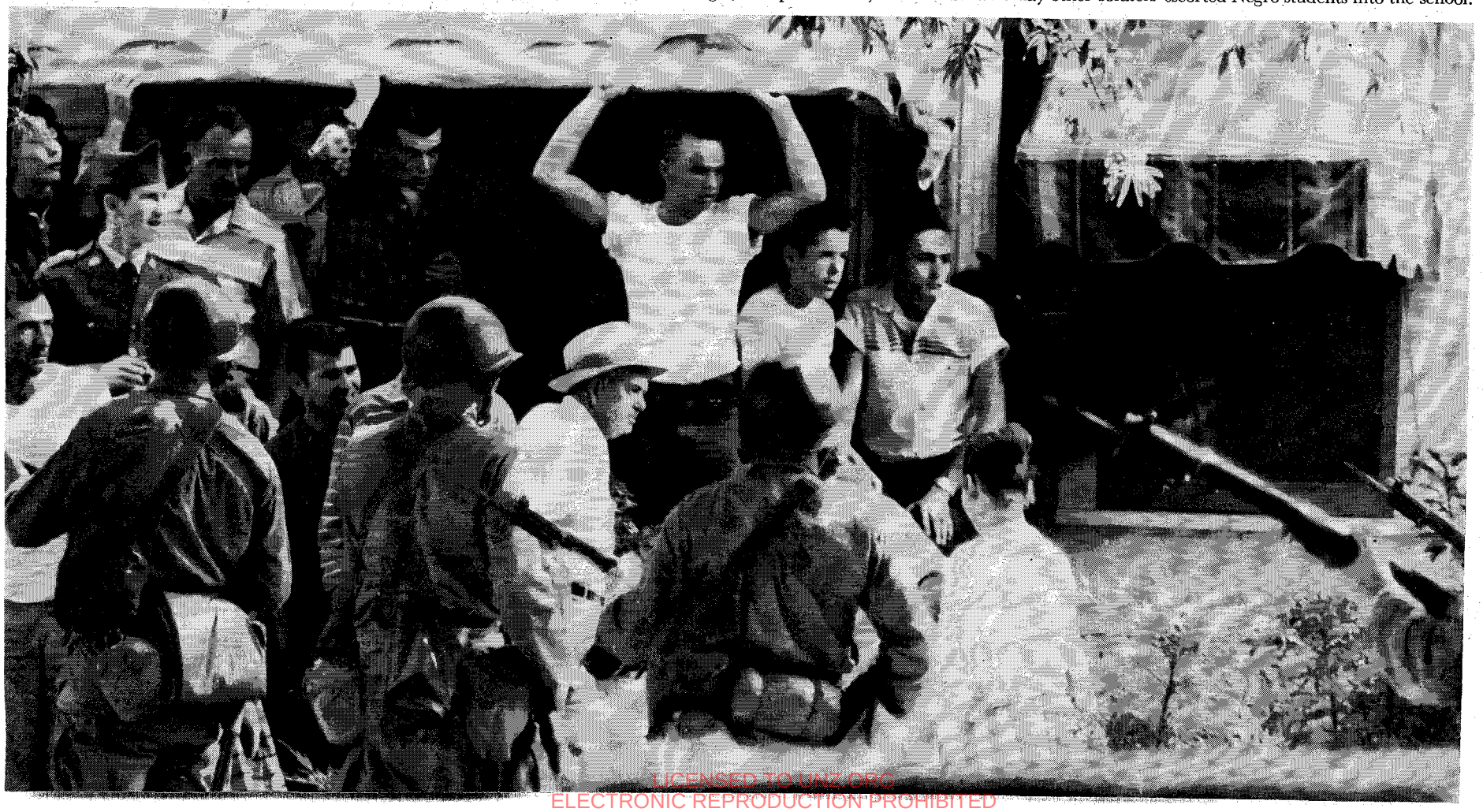
Paratroopers dislodging a crowd from the porch of a house near Central High on September 25, 1957. That same day other soldiers escorted Negro students into the school.



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Roge aimed into the ring. He knew he must not miss, not even once.

The Big Nevada Gamble

By WILLIAMS FORREST

No higher stakes ever rode on a marble shooter's skill.

It was cold in the late Nevada afternoon, but sunlight was still sluicing through the canyon where the town lay on the belly and sides. Roge looked around, taking a deep breath of freedom. He had spent part of the morning and afternoon doing his own shopping chores and escorting his sister, Meg, around so that she could accomplish hers. Now Meg was safely delivered into the hands of a very respectable town lady, who would give her tea and then take her to the entertainment that was scheduled for the evening in the opera house that had been raised just a month ago.

Roge had been invited for supper and the entertainment too—some actors and a magician had come here from San Francisco—but he doubted whether he wanted to get involved in it. It made him proud that Meg could fit in well with the society ladies, but he himself became awkward and hot and dusty-feeling when he was around them. Meg, thirteen, was his senior, but he had a strong protective feeling about her. In spite of that, she sure was able to talk to society people in a way that he couldn't and might never be able to. Tall, slim and golden, Meg was like one of those princesses in the book he had seen, and her clothes that she made herself looked to him as fine as anything in the New York Store.

He hitched his pants with a clumsy pride, as he strode to the rear of the Sourdough Restaurant. His own evening was cut out for him, out of the same cloth as all those he found and enjoyed when he was able to get to town from the ranch. He'd start out behind the restaurant, talking and listening, and maybe getting a game of marbles with some Indians. He much preferred playing with Indians than with other kids, and he preferred playing with Piutes rather than Shoshones. With Shoshones the game did n-t

(Continued on Page 45)

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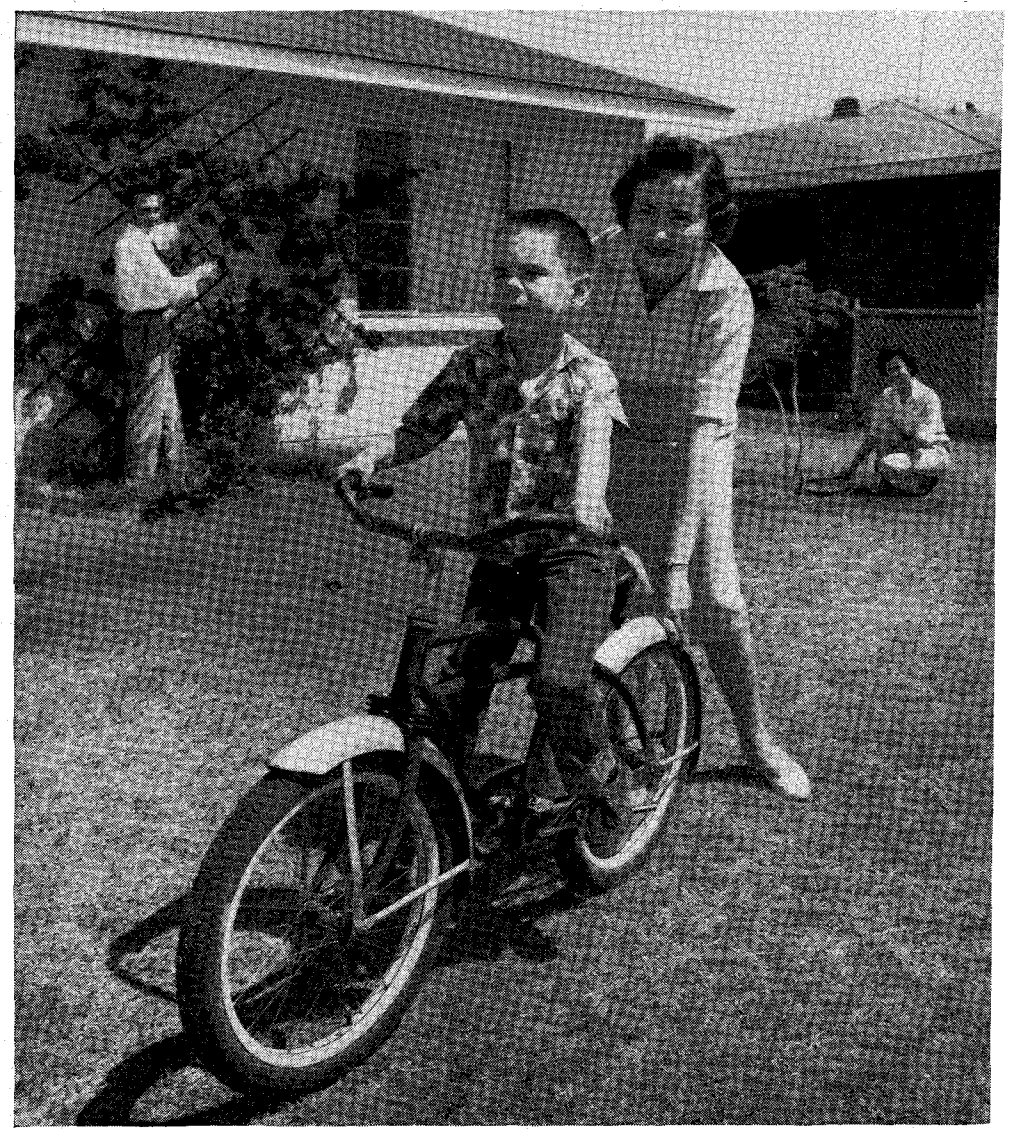
With her special training, CP monitor Leanne Garrison, shown here with Dennis Mitcham, 6, doubles on the job as baby sitter and speech therapist.



Monitor Judy Weinmeister with eight-year-old Linc Lynde and his parents. "Linc is more lovable and easier to handle than the normal children I sit for," she says.

Don't Call Them Baby Sitters

By MILTON GOLIN

Most parents of cerebral-palsy victims never escape the endless burden of care. But in Phoenix, Arizona, some amazing teen-agers have come to the rescue.

Once a week at a house on a palm-shaded street in Phoenix, Arizona, Judy Weinmeister calls to monitor her friend Lincoln (Linc) Lynde, aged eight. "Monitor" is her title—Judy is no ordinary baby sitter.

Linc has cerebral palsy, a brain-to-muscle disorder which afflicts 600,000 persons in the United States. For a few hours Judy relieves the Lyndes in their day-in-day-out task of watching over him. She reads to Linc, plays games with him, and manages a limited conversation through his speech difficulty. "Last week," says Judy, "I prepared everything for bedtime—glass of milk with cookies, brush teeth, to the bathroom, a drink nearby, toy dog tucked in alongside. But Linc let me know I was forgetting. He clapped his hands to his chest. Of course—prayers!"

Judy is one of 110 young men and women—plus one widowed grandmother—who are certified as Cerebral Palsy Monitors, caring for youngsters who need special help now and then. Thanks to them, a measure of normal living is in sight for more than 1000 CP families in central Arizona—and soon, it is hoped, for others throughout the nation. For too long, many of these families have isolated themselves, often in the false belief that somehow they are to blame for their children's condition.

"People still hide the youngsters in attics and cellars," says Linc's father, Fred Lynde, Sr., "because, as parents, they fail to understand this is not a humiliating result of their own heredity. I'm not ashamed to take Linc

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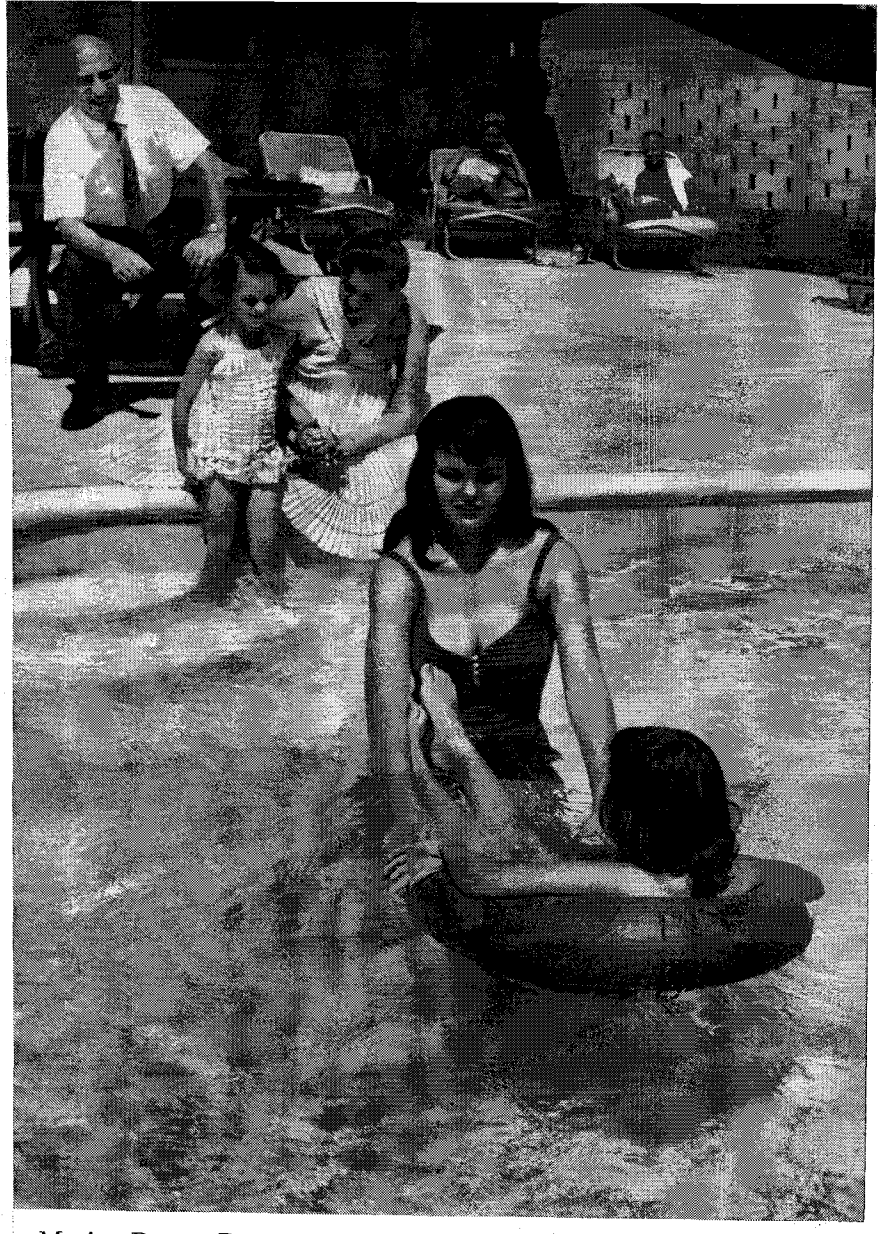
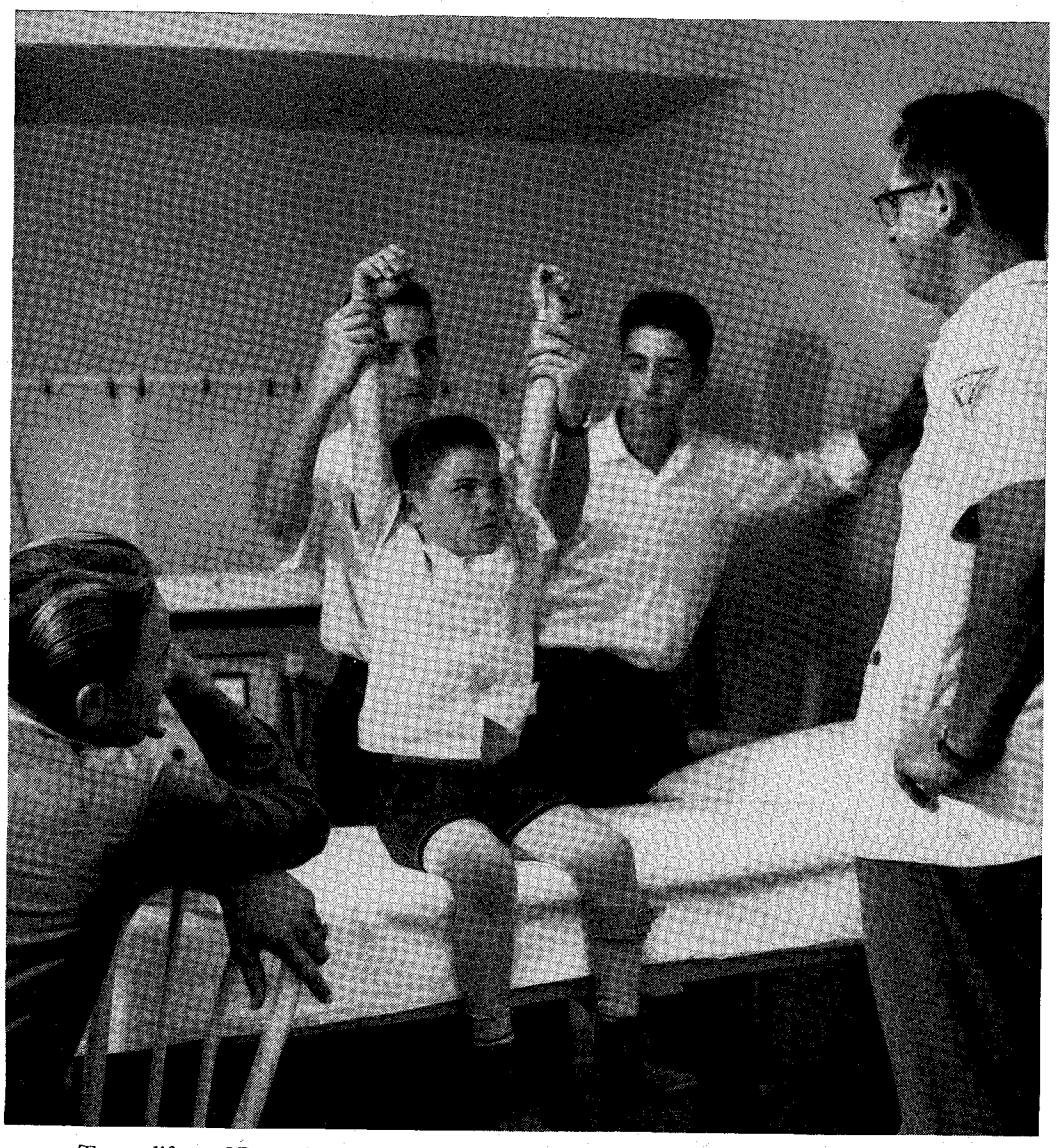


Monitor Deanna Dean exercises a young palsy victim in Bill Cole's pool. Bill (rear) is head of United Cerebral Palsy of Central Arizona.



To qualify as CP monitors, teen-agers must attend regular classes. Here therapist Robert Nochta checks Peter McClintock's technique as he works with a crippled youngster.

with me anywhere—camping, fishing, down the street for a walk. People look at him, and I know what some of them are thinking as he struggles for words, or flails an arm, or screws up his face. I thought the same thing about CP's before Linc was born—'there's an idiot,' or you snicker, or you joke about it. I was ignorant."

Lynde's words bring a nod of understanding from Judy, a Camelback High School sophomore who hopes to be a social worker. "Linc is more lovable and easier to handle than the normal children I sit for," she says.

Monitors such as Judy must earn their titles. They absorb instruction from physicians, nurses, therapists and social workers. They sit at the edge of their chairs in rapt attention, looking at slide films and movies which explain cerebral palsy. Eagerly they acquire the skill of attaching and removing braces from the legs of a youngster who smiles through his handicap. They know what it means to need help and to give help.

It was just before Christmas of 1957 that several dozen parents of palsied children met at the United Cerebral Palsy office in Phoenix to plan a Santa Claus party. Not until after the formal session did they pour out their problems. Two fathers compared costs of specialized care for their crippled kids. A housewife bemoaned the impossibility of getting away from her apartment in order to work for the additional funds. Several other mothers dreamed aloud about the unreachable luxury of a carefree evening.

"My husband and I haven't been out together, not even to a movie, since our daughter was born eight years ago."

"Most sitters don't know what cerebral palsy is. They freeze up and say no when we mention our son's condition."

At the next monthly Parents' Council meeting, Mrs. Wilma Mitcham spoke the minds of many. "Isn't there some way," she asked, "that sitters can be taught to take proper care of our children, so that we may have some relaxation and variety, and give our youngsters relief from us?"

With the idea thus formally born, Mrs. Alice Carver, an arts-and-crafts teacher, nurtured it. She lined up talks by a county health nurse, a physical therapist, a speech instructor and a medical specialist in cerebral palsy. She also scheduled descriptive films and "live demonstrations."

Her plan called for a health certificate from every enrollee, and compulsory attendance at four Saturday-morning sessions. Mrs. Maxine Olmsted, whose daughter became one of the first monitors, took over direction of the annual course—the only one of its kind offered by a health agency.

"Parents started this program, and certainly those wonderful teen-agers are carrying it on," says Mrs. Olmsted. "But what really got the monitors off the ground was the help of the high schools. When superintendents learned we were extending student education, they passed the word to principals, who discussed our program with (Continued on Page 69)

So many eager teen-agers volunteered to help out in the monitor program that Mrs. Maxine Olmsted (above) had to hold her instruction class out of doors.

Photographs by Gene Lester

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A figure darted across the road in front of him.

Scare Game

The idea is to see how close you can come to sudden death. . . .

By GERTRUDE SCHWEITZER

They were working on the boat together the morning the men came. All year they had been working on it, every evening and weekend they could spare. During cold weather they had had it in the garage, the car shunted outside, and sometimes their fingers had got so numb they could hardly hold a nail. That morning, though, it was spring, and they were working in the yard.

"Couple more weeks," his father said, "and she'll be finished." He ran his hand lovingly over the keel. "Nothing like building something with your own hands. Too bad more

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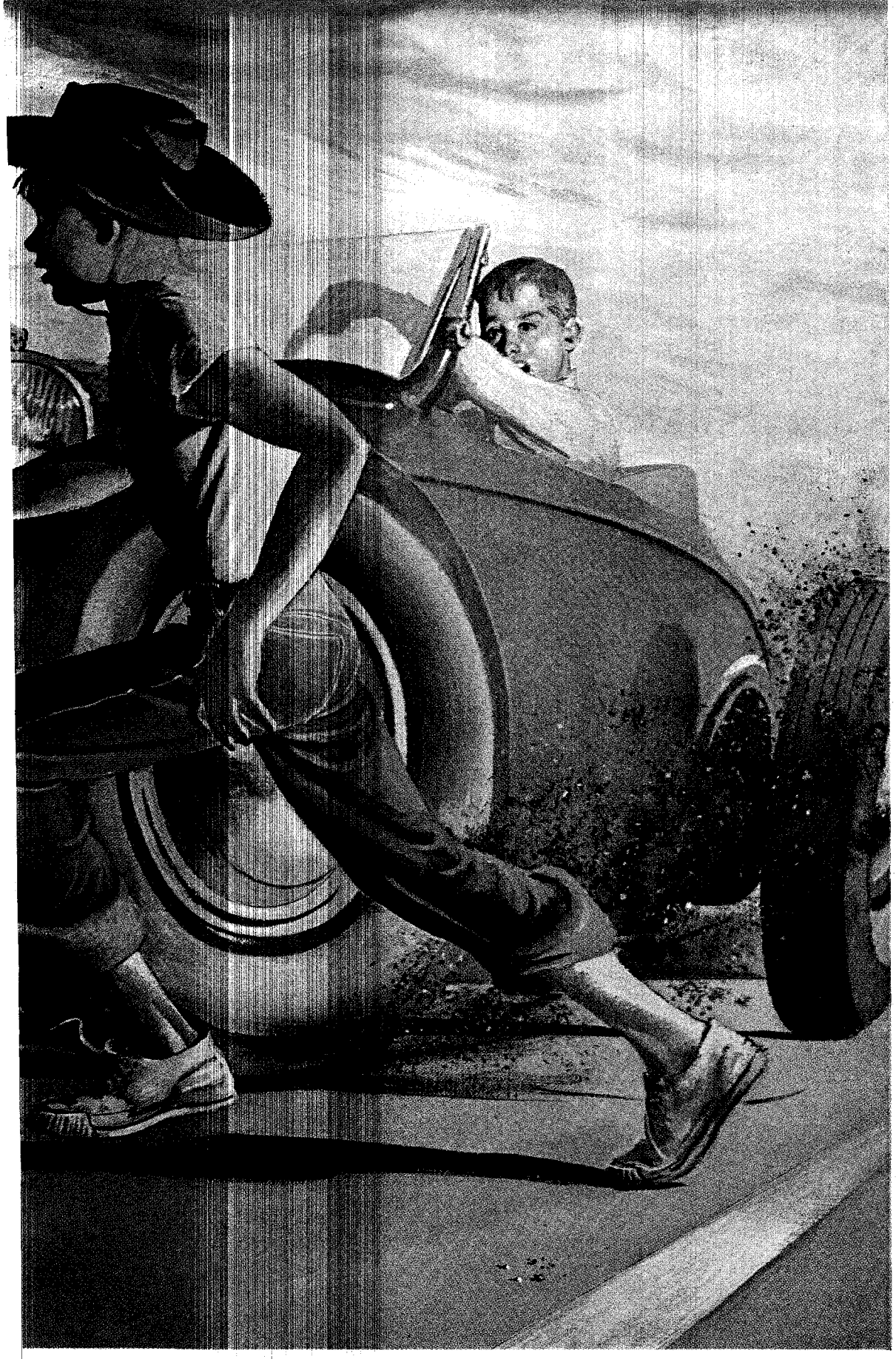

people don't know how much more fun it is than tearing things apart."

Bud heeled a nail into the gunwale, countersinking it the way his father had taught him, as carefully as if he were making a piece of furniture.

"I can just see her," he said, "skimming along the lake, trailing a string of bass."

They worked in silence then, moving in a rhythm and a unison that bespoke a deep, long-standing harmony. Anyone could see that they were father and son—the tall, wide-shouldered man and the even taller boy, in whose bony, unfinished face the dark eyes were still restlessly seeking and the gentle mouth had not yet set. But their alikeness ran beyond that of bone and flesh.

"You two," Maggie said sometimes. "I don't know what you wanted with anybody else in this family. I don't know what you needed me for."

"We got sick of our cooking," Bud would tell her. "And I can't darn socks worth a darn."

He had had some bad moments after his father told him he was going to marry Maggie, but it had turned out fine. Nothing had changed, except for the better. She was young, only thirty—fourteen years older than Bud and thirteen years younger than his father—and she was fun, and she was a swell cook, and she knew when to stick around and when to be busy someplace else so Bud and his father could talk something over or do something alone together.

"Maggie's making gingerbread," his father said now, stopping to sniff the warm, spicy stream of fragrance from the kitchen. "Just the ticket for a shipbuilder's lunch."

"With a glass of cold milk," Bud said. He wrinkled his forehead, trying to catch hold of something. "Didn't my mother used to give me gingerbread and milk?"

"You remember that? You couldn't have been more than four." He looked toward the house, his eyes soft. "It's your mother's recipe. Maggie found it in an old notebook, headed, 'Mark's Favorite Gingerbread,' and in parentheses, 'Little Buddy likes it, too,' so she made it." He shook his head a little. "Some women would have felt funny about it, maybe as if they were infringing, maybe a shade jealous. Maggie just made it because she thought we'd like it."

Bud didn't really remember his mother. She was a vague shape that was part of a few isolated pictures that sometimes flashed through his mind. He had felt no special lack. His father had always been available. No matter how busy he was at the plant, if Bud stopped by after school with a worry or a gripe or a piece of news, he would take time to listen and talk it over. Still, it was nice to have somebody home when he got there. It was nice to have somebody who could give him firsthand tips on girls when he needed them and who made gingerbread because he liked it.

"Maggie's O.K.," he said, knowing his father would know he didn't just mean O.K.

He hammered another nail, liking the clean way it drove into the wood, the comfortable fit of the hammer in his hand. His father said he had a knack with tools. "You come by it honestly," he said. "The Washburn men are all good with their hands. One reason, maybe, why none of them ever got in trouble." He had a way of lifting his voice when he talked about his family, so that it had a sort of special ring to it. "My dad, now, your grandfather, could turn a table leg as delicate as a woman, but I once saw him knock out a bully, those same light, building fingers bent into powerful fists to smash something he thought was wrong."

There was a picture of Grandpa Washburn over the mantel. It could almost have been a picture of Bud's father, or of Bud in twenty years. They all had the same unwavering dark eyes, the same strong, high-bridged nose, the same compassionate mouth.

"That's a man for a woman to love," Maggie had said once, looking up at the picture with her hands on her hips and her feet apart, in that way she had that was like a boy and yet not like a boy at all. "Look at him. Gentle and sweet and tough and brave all at once."

"A pretty kettle of fish," Bud's father had answered. "My wife less than two years, and you're mooning over another man."

"What other man? That's you, isn't it?" She had winked at Bud. "Or is it Bud, maybe?"

Now the sun grew warmer and the nails felt hot when you picked them up. Winch Rivers and Joe Brady and Tiny Cameron came by, spreading across the whole sidewalk so nobody could pass them, each of them carrying his leather jacket over one shoulder like a rifle. Bud thought they were not going to notice him, but just as they passed the far end of the fence, Winch said, conversationally, "Hi, barnyard fowl."

(Continued on Page 58)

Illustrated by George Hughes

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Are We Retiring People Too Early?

The surprising achievements of older people who have beaten the "retirement blues" by going back to work have created a new set of second careers for our most experienced workers.

By ROUL TUNLEY

Robert Erlichman, 71 (at center above), began a new career as management consultant after a heart attack forced him to retire as a traveling salesman. He is supposed to rest on the couch, but leaves it to the younger men.

Former chairman of The Curtis Publishing Company, Walter D. Fuller, 77 (at right below), now heads a thriving employment agency for other retired executives. With him is his vice president, William S. Wilcox.

A few years ago a botany professor in a Midwestern university woke up with a start, realizing it was his sixty-fifth birthday. Because he was a fungus expert, he knew something about birthdays or, more specifically, about growth. He knew, for example, that he wasn't any different than he was the day before—a day when he'd been eligible to teach. But now, just because he'd reached an arbitrary number of years, he'd have to retire at the end of the semester. Like more than a million other Americans who reach that magic number each year, he was eligible—let's put it bluntly—for the shelf.

As things worked out in the professor's case, the birthday wasn't so bad after all. Although there were rules, he persuaded his employers to keep him on another year. And then another and another. In fact, by one stratagem or another, he was able to keep the ax away for six years. By then he was seventy-one. Finally he was told, "You simply must retire!" This time there was no alternative.

As a scientist he knew that men his age could have a physical difference of as much as forty years. Some men of seventy-one, for example, are like fifty-one; others, like ninety-one. Our professor was "fifty-one" and reluctant to give up. He was full of life, knowledge and dreams. He could probably learn to do something else, but why should he? He was having a wonderful time working.

His former students agreed with him. One of them, in fact, got him a job in the research laboratory of a pharmaceutical concern. The gesture turned out to be a fortunate one for humanity. Three years later, at the age of seventy-four, the professor—his name was Benjamin Duggar—gave the world aureomycin. The drug has saved the lives of countless people, controlling such diseases as scarlet fever, trachoma, tularemia, and many others.

Doctor Duggar's fame before "retirement" was as nothing compared to his later years. For the next decade he traveled the world, lecturing, receiving honorary degrees, counseling younger scientists and having the time of his life. At eighty-two he gave an interview in which he said he was still "too young to quit—not as long as there is anything left to do." A mere five feet five and weighing 122 pounds, he drove his car like a man in his twenties, smoked a pipe, drank highballs, bowled, golfed and cooked elaborate dinners for his friends. He was busy and happy until he died at the age of eighty-four.

This Case of the Retiring Professor illustrates a growing dilemma of our time—forced retirement. It is a dilemma which is peculiarly American and is a direct by-product of our high standard of living. Many people believe

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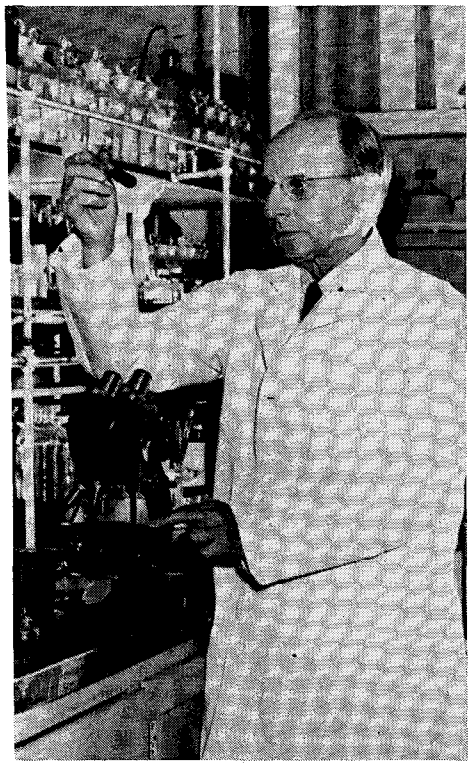

The late Dr. Benjamin Duggar. Three years after retiring he discovered aureomycin.

Nathan Hack, inventor of the Ripple Sole, is more successful now than before retirement.

Frederick H. Ecker (right) is 91, but he still puts in a full day at the office as honorary chairman of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company.

that, having prospered by building obsolescence into certain industrial products, we are now in process of doing it to our working citizens. Human beings, however, unlike industrial products, can be wonderfully perverse. Many don't want to retire and are kicking up quite a fuss. In fact, if they must, they're apt to end up being unhappy, frustrated and difficult to live with.

Dr. Harry J. Johnson, president of the Life Extension Foundation and an authority on retirement, insists that the reason other countries do not have our retirement problems is not merely because they can't afford an economic setup like ours in which 60 per cent of the male population—and 90 per cent of the female—over sixty-five years of age is kept from paid employment. "Even more important," he says, "is the technical consideration. Other nations do not feel they can face the industrial consequences of shelving a large segment of their most productive people when they are still able to work."

A growing group of people in this country is beginning to wonder if we can face this either. According to G. Warfield Hobbs, chairman of the National Committee on the Aging, half of the country's 9000 scientists and 32,500 engineers over sixty-five are retired.

"We talk of educating youngsters in science," he says, "but we overlook those we already have. A scientist in the hand is worth two in the cradle."

The late Dr. Martin Gumpert, one of the country's outstanding gerontologists, also expressed himself as doubtful whether a nation engaged in the defense of its very existence could afford to take away a man's tools and tell him to go fish, lie in the sun or play shuffleboard just because he has reached a chronological age which may have nothing to do with his real, physical age.

Apart from the national need, of course, there is the need of the individual himself. For many years it (Continued on Page 54)

Staff members of the Mohawk Development Service in Schenectady, New York, are all over 65, yet they have earned $1,000,000 doing design work since their group—now 150 strong—was founded.

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Island of Hate

It was either O'Brien or the sniper. . . . One had to die.

By WARD HAWKINS

Under attack by government reinforcements the rebel band was forced to split up as it escaped into the Caribbean hills. Vilar, the revolutionists' leader, went on ahead with the condemned prisoner, Captain Córdova, and the main body of the rebel force. The girl guerrilla, Angela, retreated with another group.

O'Brien, the American soldier of fortune, was attacked by a government patrol as he proceeded independently back to the rebels' rendezvous with a handful of men and the captive tourist, Jill Corby. "Listen," O'Brien told the girl. "Those people back there don't care if they kill you. To live, you've got to do what I tell you." Already O'Brien had saved her life by defying Vilar.

Reluctantly Jill obeyed. To make her less conspicuous, O'Brien handed her a bundle of clothes taken from a dead government soldier.

The bullets followed the small, tough man to the ground and spiked him there.

III

Jill unrolled the tan bundle. It contained boots, trousers and a shirt. They had been washed in a stream, but there was still a stain of blood on the shirt, and no amount of washing could erase the bullet holes. Worse, the dead man still owned the clothes. The neckband of the shirt held soil from his neck, the stains of his sweat were beneath the sleeves, the shoes had been molded to his feet. Jill's skin shrank away from the touch of the cloth as it came against her, and revulsion surged hard in her throat. But she put the clothes on.

The sergeant said to O'Brien, "You had best remain a soldier, my friend. As a diplomat you are a failure."

"What do you know about it?" O'Brien asked.

"I understood little but the tone of voice," the sergeant admitted. "But the tone—Mother Mary, it would kill a tank. I wonder that you lived."

"She had reason."

"More than enough."

"Most women would have kicked and screamed. This one put the clothes on and promised me a knife in the back."

"You are lucky in that respect."

"A knife in the back is lucky?"

"To have a woman of strength is lucky."

"She is not my woman!"

"She is here—you are here ——"

"She is more like a prisoner."

"Female prisoners, fortunes of war—this is a tradition." The sergeant's voice was innocent. "Surely you Americans have respect for tradition."

O'Brien jerked his head angrily. "Julio, your jokes ——"

A bullet went past O'Brien's cheek. It passed between his shoulder and his ear, missing the flesh by perhaps a finger's width. But it did not miss Alfonso Corrales. Alfonso was standing in front of O'Brien, a step away, his back turned to the American woman, as O'Brien's back was turned, and the bullet struck him between the shoulder blades with the solid sound of an ax going into a block of wood. The crack of a rifle, near at hand, came at the same instant.

Alfonso groaned loudly and fell to the ground. O'Brien had already bent to take up his carbine, and the sergeant had turned and was spraying the jungle in the area from which the shot had come with long, vicious bursts. O'Brien yelled, "Hold him down!" and went into the jungle, crouched low and going very fast.

He broke through the lighter growth without pausing, dodging only the heavier growth and the trunks of trees. He went at an angle to the line of the sergeant's fire, wanting distance, and when he had distance enough, he cut back toward the line of fire. Nearing it, he stopped running and went forward slowly. The carbine was held muzzle up in the grip of his right hand. His left hand eased the parting and the coming together of the broad leaves.

The racket of the sergeant's firing had paused only briefly, when the sergeant had traded an empty weapon for a full one. A man caught close to such fire could stay where he was or crawl on his belly beneath the fire or take the very long gamble of trying to run through it. Had he held or crawled, O'Brien had been given time to go behind him. Had he gambled and won, he was behind O'Brien.

O'Brien understood about the possibility of a bullet in his back, but he could give it no real consideration. A man could not walk two paths at once—he had chosen this way, and this way he had to go. He went this way fully, though carefully, being sure that he was at all times perfectly prepared.

The man with the small, tough body and the drooping mustache had held to the shelter of a palm trunk. He had been surprised by the violence of the return fire. He had not expected panic, but he had expected at the least a few moments of uncertainty. They had given him neither.

But the bullets did not frighten him. What frightened him was the crashing of the tall man through the brush. That one should have been dead with a bullet in the back of his head, but he was somehow, miraculously, not dead. And the silence that followed the crashing was frightening. A man who could move like that was a tiger of a man. He could be at your side without your knowing it.

And he was coming. The firing had lifted for no other reason than to let the tall man in under the bullets. The small, tough man chewed at his mustache. Go or stay? He decided to go. He stood up slowly and moved away with great stealth. Something, perhaps the crawling of his skin, made him stop and then turn. And then he saw O'Brien.

O'Brien had seen him an instant before. The small, tough man could not bring his rifle to bear before the first of O'Brien's bullets struck him. There were a number of bullets—more bullets than necessary. They followed the small, tough man to the ground and spiked him there.

Alfonso Corrales also died. He did not die as quickly—and with as little pain—as the small, tough man. However, he was able to die with a woman's face looking down at him, sharing his pain, and with a woman's hand reassuringly in his, firm to the last grip of his fingers.

Jill Corby did not understand the comfort she had given him. She had seen a young man die. She had not seen anyone die before—or even anyone dead this close. And it was a very big thing, this meeting, this awareness. Much that had

(Continued on Page 71)

Illustrated by Austin Briggs

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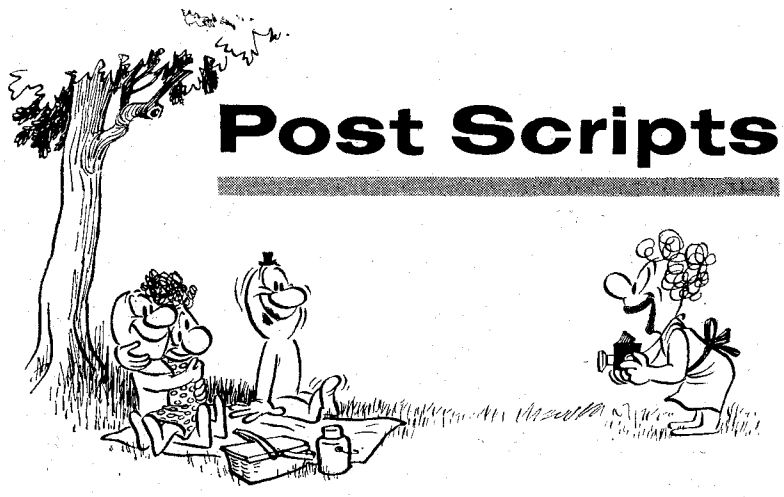


Post Scripts

Baseball News on the Local Scene

Maple Street fans were electrified today as old Tom (Home Run) Abernathy came out of retirement and made a gallant try to hit the comeback trail.

"I should have stopped him," said George Abernathy, eleven, captain of the Maple Street Yankees. "But you can't tell those old people anything, and he promised to take it easy."

The thirty-eight-year-old Abernathy, older fans may remember, was best known as a blazing spitballer in his school days. "But I was pretty good with a baseball, too," he says.

The old-timer showed occasional flashes of his former greatness. He did strike out in his first time at bat, but not before lacing a solid foul well over the catcher's head.

In the fourth inning he drew a walk. But he was thrown out later as he tried to score.

"It was my fault," says young captain Abernathy. "I could see he was tired by the time he reached third, but I signaled him on. He was so worn out, it's no wonder he fell down."

"I did not fall down," says the veteran. "I was trying to trick the catcher with what we used to call a sideways slide."

There was an injury on this play, and it was obvious that Abernathy could not continue. "I've never seen such a rip," said trainer Alice Abernathy, who examined it and announced that his gardening pants were out for the season and possibly for good.

Comment on Abernathy's try was mixed. "He had no business out there," said Alice Abernathy. "His wind and legs were good, but his timing was gone. He knew perfectly well he was supposed to drive me downtown at three o'clock."

"I was glad to see him do it," says Max Bostwick, of Bostwick Clothiers. "Sometimes a man needs something like this. Those old pants were covered with paint." Then he rang up $8.95.

RONALD M. DEUTSCH

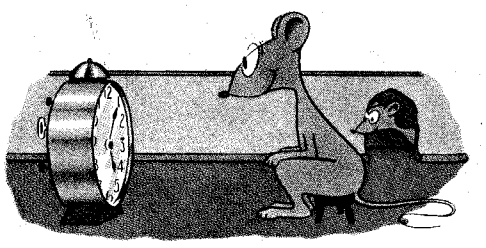
All I Get Is an Occasional Necktie

I'm filled with wonder since I know
About the never-ending shower
Of gifts that ardent fans bestow
On folks with wealth and fame and power.
Too long in Destitution's clutch,
I look upon as grimly funny
The fact that no one gives you much
Unless you're well supplied with money.

Of course, I hope the rich are gay
And never find themselves tormented
With what to do with items they
Are mailed and publicly presented.
In case they find this problem tough
And yearn to see the burden lifted,
They've my consent to send the stuff
To me, a fellow not so gifted.

RICHARD WHEELER

Mein Grossfader's Fable Tellen



DAS PLOTTEN UND SCHEMEN KAT

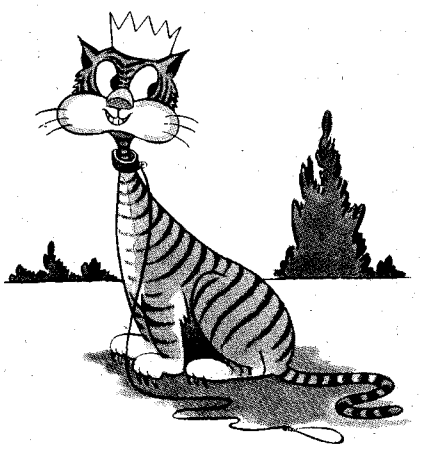
Ein shrewdisch kat ben catchen der micers righten mit leften, und der micers ist callen ein meeten. "Das kat nicht ben playen fairisch," der micers ist declaren. Ach! Der micers ben voten mit stoppen der rompen und boycotten das killen.

Das kat ben plotten mit foolen der micers. "Ich ben hangen meinself," das kat ben schemen, "und der micers ist thinken meinself ist kaputen." Mitout waiten, das kat ben commencen der hangen.

Insiden ein hour, der micers ben upstarten der rompen.

DER LESSON: Ein hangen ist worken quickisch.

DAVE MORRAH



DAS RULER UND DER PETS

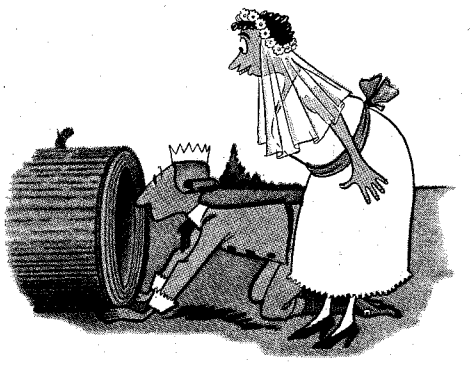
Ein rulen King ben ownen ein smallisch kitten-kat und also ein grosser tiger. Das King ben enjoyen der kat mit cuddlen und stroken und playen. Ach! Der meowen und purren ist fillen der kastle, und das tiger ben gloomen und mopen mit quitten der eaten.

Das King ben softisch hearten und noticen das thinnisch tiger. "Ach!" das King ist exclaimen. "Ich ben soonisch playen mit mein tiger."

Der playen ben upstarten, und das tiger ist resumen der eaten.

DER LESSON: Tigers ben oftenisch enjoyen der owners.

DAVE MORRAH



DER FRÄULEIN UND DAS PRINCE

Ein fattisch *Fräulein* mit buckentoothen und crossenpeepers ben wishen und wishen der selfer ist wedden ein Prince. Suddenisch, ein passen Prince ben offengefallen der horser mit hurten der backsiden und cracken der noggen.

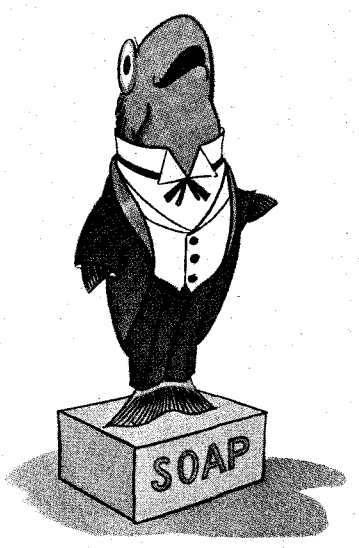
Der *Fräulein* ben nursen das Prince und helpen mit der healen. Der royalisch heart ben oberflowen mit thanken, und das Prince ist offeren der rewarden. "Ich ben fulfillen der wishen mitout failen," das Prince ist promisen.

"Ach!" der *Fräulein* ist exclaimen. "Ich ben wishen und wishen meinself ist wedden ein Prince!"

Das Prince ben hunten und looken all ober der countrysiden mitout finden ein Prince willen mit maken der wedden.

DER LESSON: Wishen nicht ben worth ein hooten.

DAVE MORRAH



DER SMALLISCH FISH

Ein traveler ben starven mit hunger und needen der fooden. Finalisch das traveler ist reachen ein lake und catchen ein smallisch fish.

Mit droolen und mouthen gewateren das traveler ben upstarten ein cookenfire. Suddenisch der fish ben speaken, "Ach! Meinself ist smallisch und nicht ben worth der eaten!"

Ist das starven traveler eaten der smallisch fish? Himmel, nein!

DER LESSON: Ein talken fish ist worth ein fortune.

DAVE MORRAH

Knockout Blow

You can weather life's knocks
As you roll with the punches,
Take your troubles in ones
Or in twos
Or in bunches;
But you're never quite set
For the punch that brings pain—
The last punch
On the ticket
You use on
The train.

BOB TAYLOR

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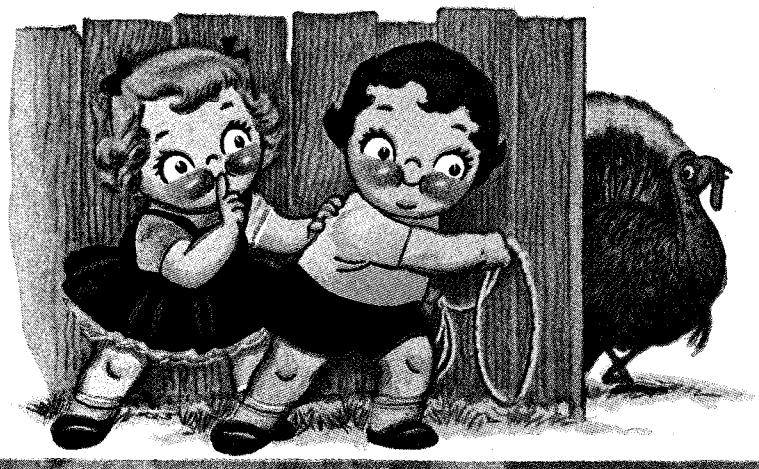
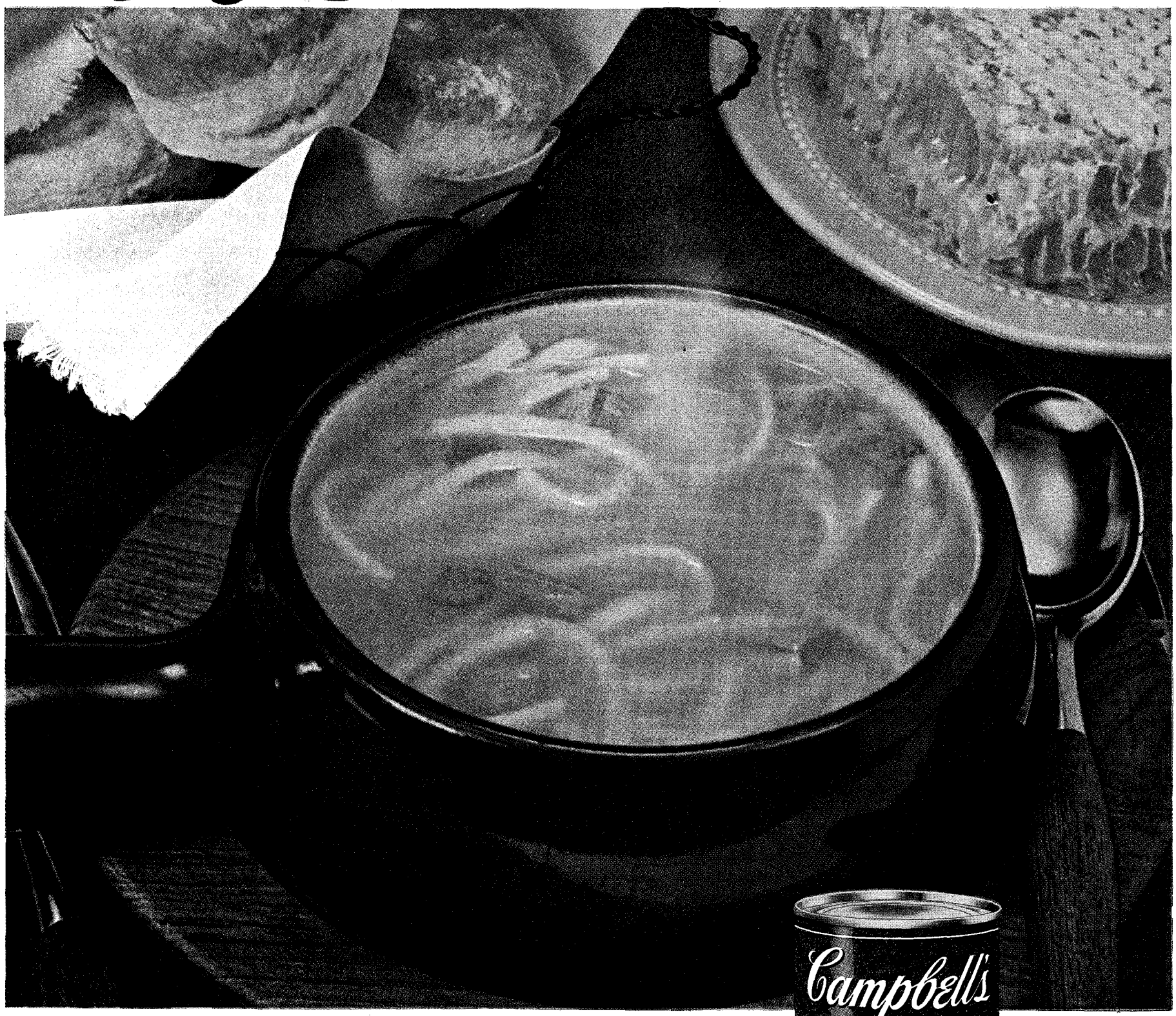


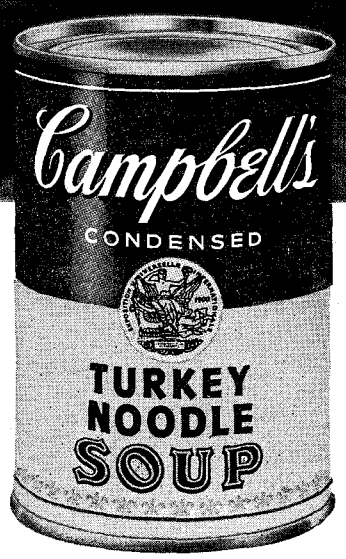
Goodness gracious! Here's a treat!
Soup that's rich with turkey meat!



YOU'VE NEVER TASTED SUCH GOOD TURKEY IN YOUR SOUP! Because Campbell's Turkey Noodle Soup contains all the best parts of turkey . . . tender pieces of both light and dark meat. Just savor those choice morsels of turkey, the rich, well-browned broth. And those enriched egg noodles that melt in your mouth. Enjoy Turkey Noodle Soup often. It's ready in 4 minutes. Costs only 7¢ a serving, makes a pleasure of the healthy habit . . .

ONCE A DAY...EVERY DAY—SOUP!

Have you had your soup today?



M'm! M'm! Good!
Nourishing good
every time
. . . 'cause it's
Campbell's

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The Case of the Mythical Monkeys

Mason's tactics cleared two murder suspects. But he still had to show who was guilty.

By ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

"I'll leave the strategy entirely in your hands," Gladys Doyle told Perry Mason, her lawyer.

Gladys was being held for the murder of Joseph Manly. She had discovered his body after her car bogged down on the muddy mountain road specified as a "short cut" by her boss, novelist Mauvis Meade. A man in a cabin nearby allowed Gladys to spend the night. In the morning he was gone. And in the other bedroom lay Manly's corpse.

Mason soon identified the man who disappeared from the cabin as Richard Gilman, Government investigator. But Dartley Irwin, Gilman's chief, refused to let him testify in open court, on the grounds that the publicity would ruin Gilman's undercover work into the illegal activities of Mauvis Meade. So, along with District Attorney Burger and Prosecutor Ellington, Mason agreed to continue the preliminary hearing in the judge's private chambers.

CONCLUSION

Judge Bagby looked at Gilman speculatively, then turned his attention to Gladys Doyle. "Of course, the court hasn't had the benefit of the defendant's story," he said, "but it is beginning to look more and more as though this is a situation which is susceptible of an explanation. Mr. Gilman, do you have any idea who murdered Joseph Manly, in the event we should, simply for the sake of argument, assume that this defendant did not do it?"

"I have only an idea," Gilman said.

Mason turned to Hamilton Burger. "You folks found some fingerprints in that cabin?" he asked.

Hamilton Burger nodded.

"Some of them were the defendant's fingerprints?"

"Yes, several," Burger said testily.

"You also found some other prints?" Mason asked.

"You'd better ask Lieutenant Tragg about that," Burger said.

"Get him in here and I'll ask him," Mason said.

"Now, your honor," Burger protested, "that's just the thing I was afraid of about this informal discussion. Mason is using it as grounds for a general fishing expedition. Your honor will notice he hasn't committed himself to a thing as yet. He can stall around here, having an informal discussion, getting us to tip our hand, and then say he's decided not to play, that he's going to put Gilman on the stand anyway and walk back into court. He has everything to win and nothing to lose."

"And you don't want me to find out what evidence the prosecution has?" Mason asked.

"Naturally," Burger said.

Mason turned to Judge Bagby and said, "And I submit, your honor, that's not a fair attitude for a prosecutor, in view of the fact that the case has taken the turn it has. It seems to me that we are charged with the duty of administering justice, that it's up to us to find out exactly what happened out at that cabin. If this defendant is guilty, that's one thing. If she's innocent, that's quite another."

Judge Bagby cleared his throat. "This is certainly a most peculiar situation," he said.

She jumped to her feet. "You can't frame me! Suppose I did go to that cabin? It doesn't prove a thing!" she said.

"It would be much better, as far as the formalities are concerned, to have the hearing conducted in a regular manner in the courtroom."

"But, your honor," Irwin protested, "the minute that is done we subject certain people to danger. I am not in a position to state the work on which Mr. Gilman is engaged at the present time, but it is very, very highly confidential. He is placed in a strategic position as an undercover man, and to have his identity disclosed at this time would simply ruin our entire plans and play right into the hands of a gang of very shrewd criminals."

Judge Bagby turned to Hamilton Burger. "I take it that you are keeping this situation in mind, Mr. Burger."

"I don't know why I should," Burger said. "Nobody told me anything about it."

Irwin said with some heat, "Well, we certainly aren't going to go into your office and tell you every case we're working on, the investigations we're making, and ask your permission to carry on our business."

"I don't like it," Burger said doggedly.

Mason smiled at Judge Bagby and said, "It seems to me, your honor, that we're doing all right. I think we're getting to the bottom of the case. I'd like very much to have Lieutenant Tragg brought in and ask him about those fingerprints."

"I think I'd like to hear a little more about this," Judge Bagby said, glancing at Hamilton Burger and frowning. "After all, Mr. Burger, the function of a district attorney's office is to do justice. The district attorney is not the representative of the prosecution, despite the fact that he is the prosecutor. He is, actually, the representative of the people. He's the representative of the highest ideals of justice."

Hamilton Burger, his lips clamped in a tight line of anger, jerked his head at Perry Mason and said, "Not when you're dealing with Mason—we're not even dealing. He's handing us out the cards he wants us to have, some of them from the top of the deck, some of them from the middle of the deck, some of them from the bottom of the deck and some of them he's keeping up his sleeve."

Judge Bagby smiled, turned to the bailiff and said, "Let's get Lieutenant Tragg in here."

Gilman said to Perry Mason, "I haven't any idea how you got a line on me. I certainly would like to know." (Continued on Page 86)

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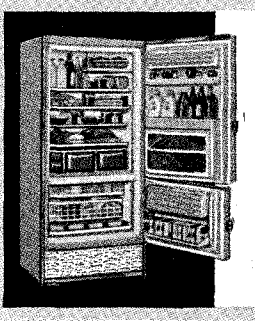

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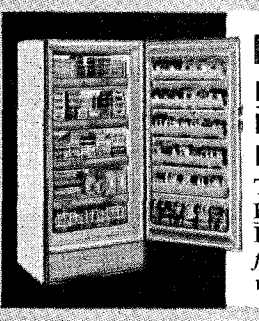

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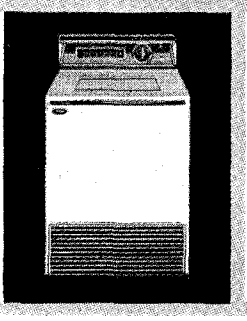

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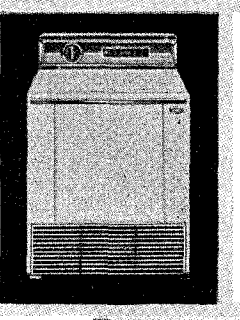

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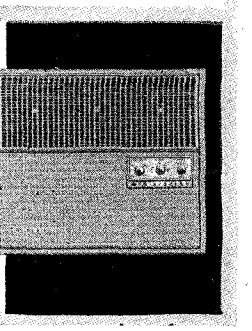


SIMPLE SWEEPSTAKES RULES

1. Entries limited to residents of the United States except residents of New Jersey, Nebraska, Oklahoma, Wisconsin, Hawaii and any locality or other state where the Sweepstakes is contrary to law, employees (and their immediate families) of: Advertising Distributors of America, Inc., FRIGIDAIRE Division of General Motors Corporation, its advertising agencies, Frigidaire distributors and dealers. Federal, state and local government regulations apply.

2. Separate drawings will be held on June 19, June 26, July 3, July 10, and July 24, 1959.

To be eligible for drawings, entries must be received by Advertising Distributors of America as follows:

1st drawing entries due:	between 8:00 A.M. May 1 & 8:00 A.M. June 19, 1959.
2nd drawing entries due:	between 8:00 A.M. June 19 & 8:00 A.M. June 26, 1959.
3rd drawing entries due:	between 8:00 A.M. June 26 & 8:00 A.M. July 3, 1959.
4th drawing entries due:	between 8:00 A.M. July 3 & 8:00 A.M. July 10, 1959.
5th drawing entries due:	between 8:00 A.M. July 10 & 8:00 A.M. July 24, 1959.

Only one entry per person for each drawing. Each entry must *be mailed separately and may be on an Official Entry Blank*, obtainable from your Frigidaire Dealer, or may be on a sheet of paper bearing your name, address and the model number of your appliance choice. Send all entries to FRIGIDAIRE SWEEPSTAKES, Box 85, New York 46, N. Y.

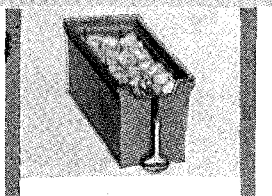
3. The Sweepstakes will be conducted by Advertising Distributors of America, Inc., an independent organization. Decisions of Advertising Distributors, Inc. with respect to all phases of this Sweepstakes will be final. By submitting an entry, an entrant agrees to be bound by such decisions.

4. Winners will be notified by mail, and winners' names will be available approximately two months after the completion of the final drawing. For prize winners' list, send self-addressed envelope to FRIGIDAIRE SWEEPSTAKES, Box 85, New York 46, N. Y.

5. In the following prize structure, where a prize includes or consists of a 1959 Frigidaire Appliance, this shall mean a choice of one of the following: Frigidaire Refrigerator-Freezer, Electric Range, Food Freezer, Automatic Washer, Automatic Dryer or Room Air Conditioner. The prize structure shall consist of five sets of prizes, awarded one set per drawing for five individual drawings. Prize set consists of: one $10,000 prize, one $2,000 prize, one $1,000 prize, 10 Frigidaire Appliances, 200 Frigidaire Ice-Ejectors. Cash award winners who have used the official entry blank will receive the appliance bonus of their choice.

6. Any liability for federal, state, or other taxes imposed on a prize received in this Sweepstakes will be the sole responsibility of the prize winner and not of Frigidaire Division, General Motors Corporation or its Distributors and Dealers.

7. An appliance winner will receive cash equal to the manufacturer's suggested retail price of the appliance of his choice in lieu of said appliance prize if he has purchased a new Frigidaire Appliance during the contest period (May 1—July 24 inclusive, 1959).



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The Big Nevada Gamble (Continued from Page 31)

seem exciting and dangerous. They were cowed, and had been born that way. Shoshones washed dishes and did other woman chores like that. But Piutes! They snarled and hissed when they played, and the game did not just seem like war, it was.

Roge was disappointed when he got behind the restaurant. Several Shoshones, two men and a crouching squaw, were in the dust, eyes fixed on the back door, sniffing at the cooking. They were beggars and not warriors, and Roge went by them in disgust. A Piute did not really beg; he walked in the front door, or stood tall in the window, and you thought it would be well to feed him, because fire still burned in the Piutes and some of them got wild again occasionally. Ordinarily, however, the Piute would send his woman to work, and he would hunt in one of the few ways left to him: he would gamble, with anything he had. And, suddenly, when he was poor, he would vanish, to subsist on pine nuts in the hills and find meat or skins to make himself rich again.

Roge pushed past the Indians and went in the rear door of the café. Whenever in town, he treated himself to a big bowl of chili. In the restaurant he found a group of men sitting around two tables, with coffee and checkerboards laid out. He took an empty chair among them. They accepted him, as long as he didn't talk, because of their respect for his pa. And because they knew that he and Meg took good care of the ranch whenever their pa was away on roundup or a drive. Roge and Meg's mother had been killed in a flash flood three years ago, and Meg had early become a ranch woman, cooking and sewing and taking care of things so well that the neighbors nodded and swore she'd make the best wife in the valley.

They acknowledged Roge with glances, but said nothing. This was the liars' club, and it was in session. A red-bearded prospector was telling his tall story about a mule that absorbed silver whenever he walked over a vein. That mule, said the prospector, kept his owner in grubstake, shedding silver from his hoofs whenever they got back to town and the weather turned warm. But it near to drove the owner crazy, because he could never find where the mule had picked it up.

Other stories were told while Roge ate his chili, and then the owner of the adobe yard and the stonemason shed said, "Roge? You an' Meg in town to provision?"

"Yep."

The big man smoked his cigar. "Your pa off on roundup?"

"Be back tomorrow. Should be, before the day's over."

The big mason squinted at him. "Roge, you seen any o' them Piutes around town?"

"Don't suppose I have." He was grateful to them because they had let him finish his chili before telling him something he ought to know.

The mason nodded. "If a man was lookin' for 'em, he'd find them outside town, at the encampment, loadin' up."

No one advised Roge further, and again he was grateful. They understood that he would realize what would happen to the unattended ranch in the event the Indians went in that direction.

The mason coughed. The other men looked at him quickly. He toyed with a chipped black checker. "Roge," he said, "case you want someone out there with you till your daddy comes back. Case they're movin' your way."

Roge flushed. "Don't suppose they'll massacre us." He paid for his chili and left the place without looking back.

He walked east, past the second hotel of the town, the one that had those painted women. Up west side of the canyon was where society was, the courthouse and the good hotel, that had a bridal suite and a room for fancy dances and smoking rooms for those sporting Englishmen who had guns worth a hundred cattle. Then he was in a place where the buildings were of wood rather than brick and sandstone. Pungent odors came from the shacks, and the tinkling murmur of Chinese. Ahead, to the right, was the gambling shed, and a Chinaman was already in front of it, calling out as he did nightly, announcing the gaming. Whites and shuffling Indians were moving toward the poker shed, as well as Chinese. But the Indians were not Piutes.

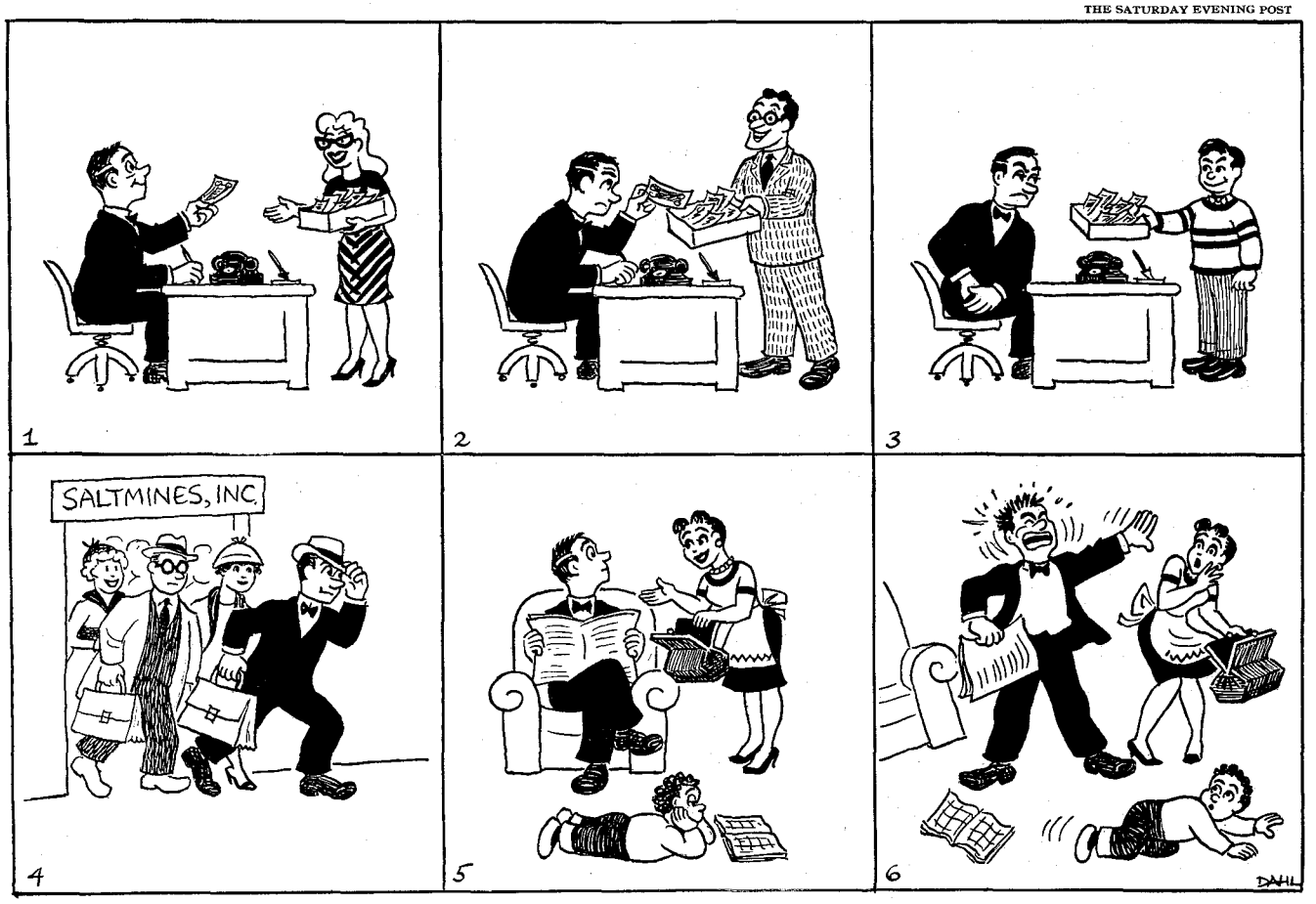
The land dipped under him and he walked in a deep wagon rut where once had been the dainty trail of the prospectors' mules. Then the land lifted and he turned to the hill on the south. Mounting it, he gazed over the river and saw the activity about the camp of the Piutes. The sun broke on the tongue of the mountain and fell down on the scene in a babel of colors.

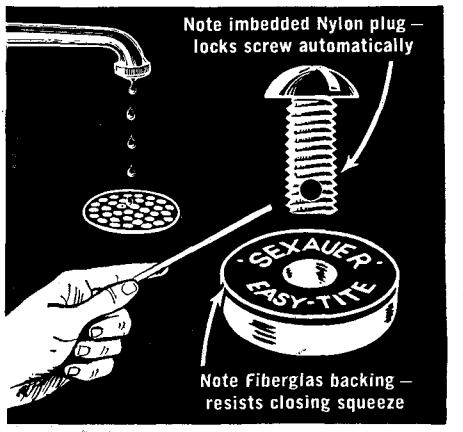
The Piute bucks showed more energy than they did in town. They rode fiercely, gathering in the ponies that were grazing over a mile area on the arid land. Roge noted that they rode like warriors, lithe on horseback the way they could never be on the ground, where they walked as if someone else owned it and they would be ordered away. The children, whom Roge had seen mute and staring on the streets and in the yards of the town, were rolling on the hard earth and bristly grass, as active as horses of youngness and spirit who have their saddles taken off. The huts of poles and leather and rags fell to the ground as a band of women attacked each one. They folded the poles and coverings and packed them on horses, along with blankets and utensils. Bucks roared in with additional ponies flung before them, and jumped from their mounts to drag the ponies into stillness by the tumbling manes. The encampment seethed with a brazen joy on which the sun cast gleams of iron and crimson.

A contingent of the Indians began to move out. The bucks were mounted on short-coupled ponies with big barrels, and the favored young wives and children were on ponies only a little less good, and household goods were on older, plodding horses, and in the rear came the old women, carrying great packs. The group moved westward, to a trail that went parallel to the canyon. Roge knew the Indians were using the steep trail to avoid going through town, and he knew that they would not have taken such a difficult

THE GREENWOODS **By Dahl**

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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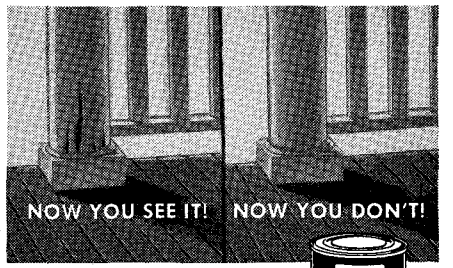

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course if they did not intend to head to the hills directly west past the ranch.

He hurried back toward town thinking, *Tom-fool Injins. They just would pick a time so's to ruin Meg's evening with society.*

When he went up to the porch of the big sandstone house where Meg was a guest, he swept off his hat, and at once became embarrassed. His blond hair was long but did not disguise the fact that he had ears that wouldn't make him a gentleman in society. Meg's stuck out a little, too, but she was so pretty it didn't matter.

He knocked on the door, hearing the sound of the piano playing inside. Sure was pretty. The door opened and he asked for Meg. When she came to him, she seemed to be floating under her long dress.

"Roge? Is anything the matter?"

"You cain't go to the entertainment, Meg," he said. She gasped, and her thin hands flew to her mouth. It gave him a peculiar feeling, and in a way made him suspicious of the town. Meg never acted that way out on the ranch. "Indians are movin' out," he said. "Piutes. Headin' directly west."

She sighed, deeply and flatly. But she was still a towny when she said, "I shall explain to my hostess."

"I'll hitch up," said Roge.

The horses were in a field down the street, and the wagon was at the side of the house. Meg had bought the flour, salt and sugar she would need for the big home-coming of pa and the hands, who would want her breads and cakes, and Roge had bought ammo for rifle and shotgun, whisky, patent medicine and tobacco. The wagon was guarded from wandering Indians by Yellow Eyes. Yellow Eyes was small, with large teeth and brindle hair. He had been a Piute cur, cowering and untouchable. Roge had won him in a marble game from an old chief whom gambling had reduced to a shambling wreck who wore nothing but rags and rope. Yellow Eyes now hated Indians and even snapped at their smell.

On the way out of town, Roge was glad Meg did not weep. For the first few miles, she sat very close to him, for consolation in the rapid and then deep darkness; and then, as the wind and moon came, she sat straight-backed, by herself on the box, and again she was Meg of the ranch.

Roge watched the hills to the right, and when the moon was higher he saw the silhouette of the Indian caravan. The big horses soon passed it by, and the wind ran with them over the broad plain.

When they got home, the dim ranch began to snuffle and snort with the life of the animals. While Roge unhitched and bedded the team, Meg took care of the two ancient friends of the kitchen, the fire and the yeast. Both were older than she was; the yeast had lived with her grandmother, and the fire had been borrowed during a blizzard from a neighbor who had lived several miles away. It had been borrowed three days before Meg was born. Roge knew that she loved the yeast best, because she would take part of it with her when she married. When he came in and made coffee, Meg set the keg in the shed off the kitchen, so that dough would be ready for the great home-coming dinner the next day. Meanwhile Yellow Eyes was scouting the corrals, pens and buildings, a task he had decided upon for himself whenever the men were away.

When Meg was ready for bed, she gave Roge a light kiss on the cheek. He made no acknowledgment of it, but he felt that she realized it made him feel gentle and strong. She closed her door, and he sat cross-legged before the fire, sipping the strong coffee and dreaming into the flames. After a while, he loaded the shotgun, pulled a blanket around him and went outside to watch the hills to the north. Yellow Eyes sat beside him, staring also. At intervals Roge allowed himself to drowse. He knew that Yellow Eyes would be an unfailing sentinel.

The night passed quietly, and the next day Roge helped Meg set up the Dutch ovens outside. One would be for bread, one for steak, and the third for the doughnuts that she always made as a special for the cowboys after fall roundup. The three-legged ovens stood in holes that Roge had filled with the ingredients of fire. In the doughnut oven, he placed a large amount of the pork fat he had rendered. The cloth-covered keg was high with dough, and the steaks had been cut. Everything was ready.

The sun had passed the zenith, and Roge was content because no Indians had crossed the far ridges for about two hours. Meg was inside the house, looking for the hundredth time at a magazine from the East that was filled with illustrations of women's fashions. Yellow Eyes was sitting beside Roge, and Roge was playing his jew's-harp. Then the streaky tawny and gray hair on Yellow Eyes' neck and back began to lift. Roge put the harp in his pocket and stood against the wall where his shotgun was leaning. After a time he heard the drumming of hoofs.

Meg must have heard it too, because she came out of the house and shaded her eyes, looking toward the west. Roge said, "It hain't pa, Meg. Hain't coming from that direction." Yellow Eyes began to growl low in his throat.

"Meg," said Roge, "take ol' Eyes inside and put him in your room. Indians kick dogs that snap."

Yellow Eyes did not want to go, but he was small and when Meg lifted him he would not bite, no matter how much he wanted to be left outside. Roge found a piece of canvas and put the shotgun under it against the back wall of the house. Then he went out in front and watched the riders come down from the hill and run toward the ranch.

The buck in the lead was unmistakable. He was John Crazy About Himself. Roge felt the light, then harder, hammering of his heart. He counted the Piutes; there were ten. John, on a short, fast brown-and-white pony, was the vanguard, spraying dust. He was wearing a flannel shirt and blue jeans. On his narrow head was a white hat, with undented crown, and feathers stuck up from the band. Streaking out from behind him was a robe of red and yellow that had been a curtain. A brilliant blanket trailed low on his horse. Around his neck was a necklace of beads and a few silver dollars. His smile was hungry, as it always was. Roge knew that John would not be here if he were rich. He, unlike most of the Indians, refused to gamble away his façade. But when he was rich, he stayed in town, and wore three or four shirts at once and several pairs of pants, and he had more than three dollars in his necklace. The three that he had now were his good medicine, his credit on luck, and no man could take them from him except by killing him. The fact that John was here, regardless of his adornment, meant that he was poor, and when he was poor he was the meanest of the Piutes.

As the Indians pulled up, in a shower of grass and sand, Yellow Eyes began to howl. Flakes of sand stung Roge's cheeks. The Indians were impassive. The nine who were with John were older and some wore rags of cotton and woolen blanket. They did not speak.

When Meg came out of the house, the Indians were in a semicircle around the yard, staring at Roge and at the three Dutch ovens. Roge was proud of his sister. She might look good as a towny, but she looked better here. She looked more society, in the tall way she held herself, than any of those women could in front of silent hungry Indians. She did not look at the Indians, but said, "Roge, light the fire under the doughnut oven."

When the Indians saw that something was being cooked, they dismounted, watered their horses at the tank and then staked them on the short browse. They sat on the ground in a curved line, watching the bubbling deep skillet. Meg had Roge bring out her dough and deep pans. She cut the doughnuts on a board and when the fat was boiling she dropped the doughnuts into it, allowing them to brown, then turning them over, then removing them and putting them on another board covered with cloth. When she had a panful, she took it to the Indians and placed it in the center of the group, in front of John Crazy About Himself.

John looked judicially into the pan. "Fat bread," he said. The other Indians dropped their blankets and expanded their arms a little, as if to get ready for a contest.

Roge said, "North, they call it bear sign. Hit's good bread."

"Oh!" said Meg. Roge turned on her sharply, frightened. "The coffee," said Meg. "They should have coffee with it."

Roge smiled. Meg always wanted to do it right, whether it was for Indians or anyone else. Meg lighted a fire and put the huge pot on a swivel, and at the same time John gingerly lifted a doughnut and took a tremendous bite. "Hah!" he cried. "Fat bread good!" The other Indians dipped ferociously into the pan. Meg soon served them boiled coffee in cans.

John looked at her. "Pale girl good goods. Damn. Make more fat bread."

Meg got to work. Roge sat on his hidden shotgun. The horses were stamping. Yellow Eyes continued to howl, with now a long quivering lament that made Roge wonder if the animal knew more than he did. The sun was slow on its travel.

John spoke to his men in Shoshonean, which, strangely enough, was often the language of the Piute, and reluctantly three men arose, pulling shoddy blankets around themselves, mounted their horses and rode off.

John belched and said, "Pale girl, good cook. Damn. More fat bread."

Meg glanced at Roge, more with resignation than fear, and Roge gave her a reassuring grin. But the grin was stiff and taut, and he was glad of the hard feel of the gun under his buttocks. The Indians were eating as if it were an orgy, some of them working with a doughnut in either hand. Their faces were smeared with grease. And where had the reluctant riders gone; and why?

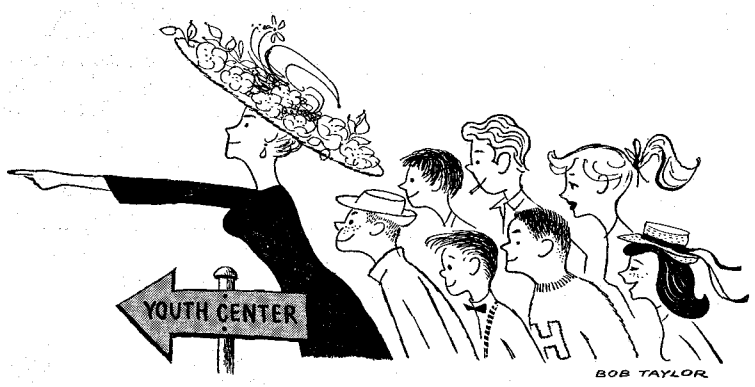
While Meg made doughnuts and coffee and the Indians gorged themselves, with a savage tearing delight, Roge listened. He isolated the sound of the wailing of Yellow Eyes, and the ordinary sounds of the home-ranch animals and the fretting and stamping and browsing of the Indians' ponies, and listened for the beat of hoofs from the distance. He was waiting for pa and the hands, and was waiting for the possible return of the bucks who had ridden off at John's order.

Riders were coming, and eventually Roge could distinguish from the sound that they were Indians. Indian horses made a sound like a hand beating water, and the horses of white men made a sound that was like metal on stone.

This time there were five riders—the bucks that John had sent out, and with them were two dusky young squaws.

"Meg," said Roge, "get into the house."

(*Continued on Page 50*)



The Perfect Squelch

Young Mrs. Rallon came into the community club like an impatient tornado, vocally windy and destructive to any obstacle in her path. She was especially critical of all old customs and plans.

"What we need," she announced firmly, "is young ideas. We're in a rut; we're worshiping the old, ignoring the new. For example, one thing we simply must have is a youth center, a place where our children can go." Having established this fact, Mrs. Rallon proceeded to give detailed instructions for its operation, silencing all objections with a casual wave of her hand.

"We must have a young person to run this youth center," she said finally, "someone young enough to know what teen-agers really like to do."

"And old enough," one of the older women said dryly, "to see that they don't do it."

Mrs. A. W. Johns

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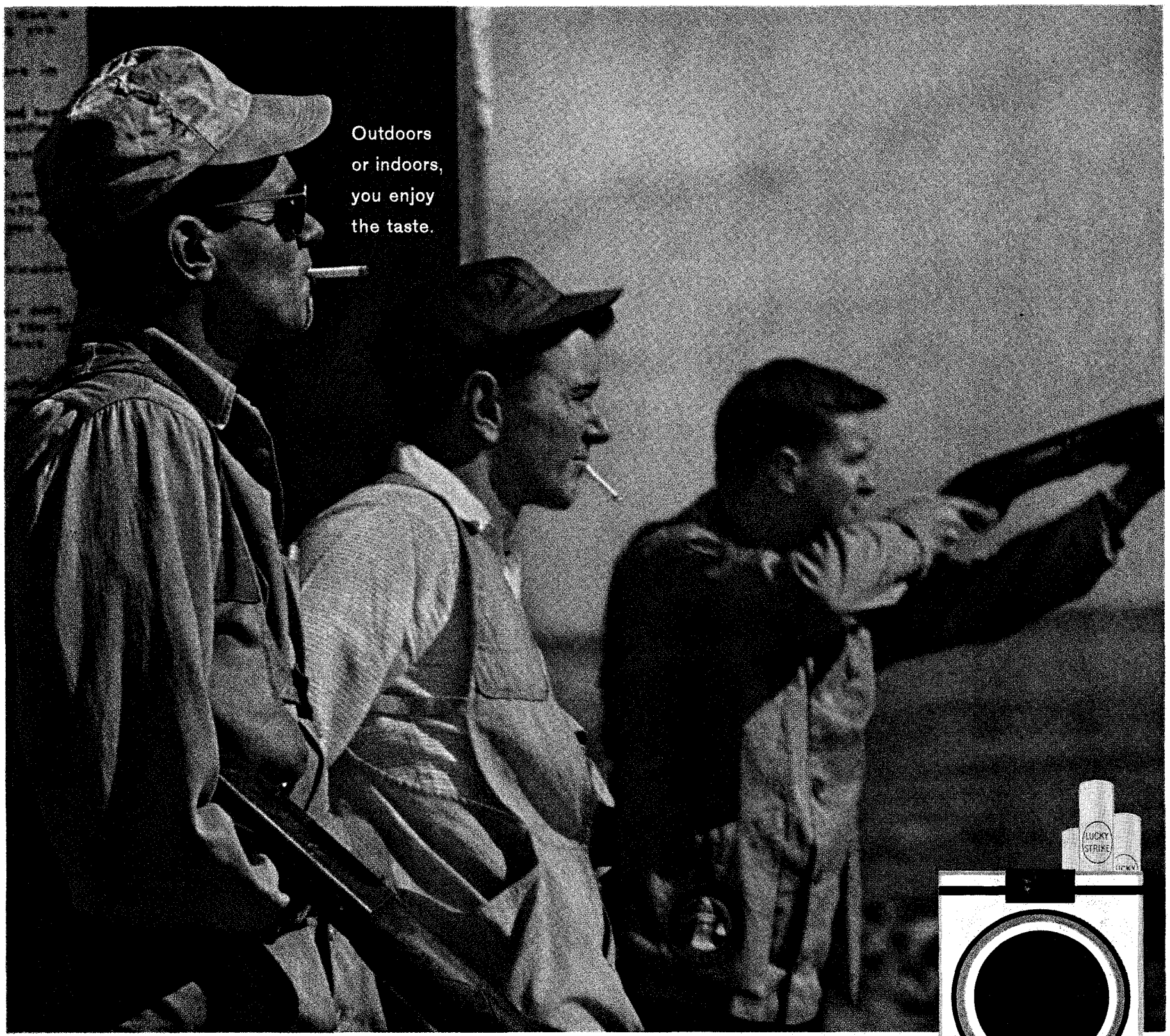

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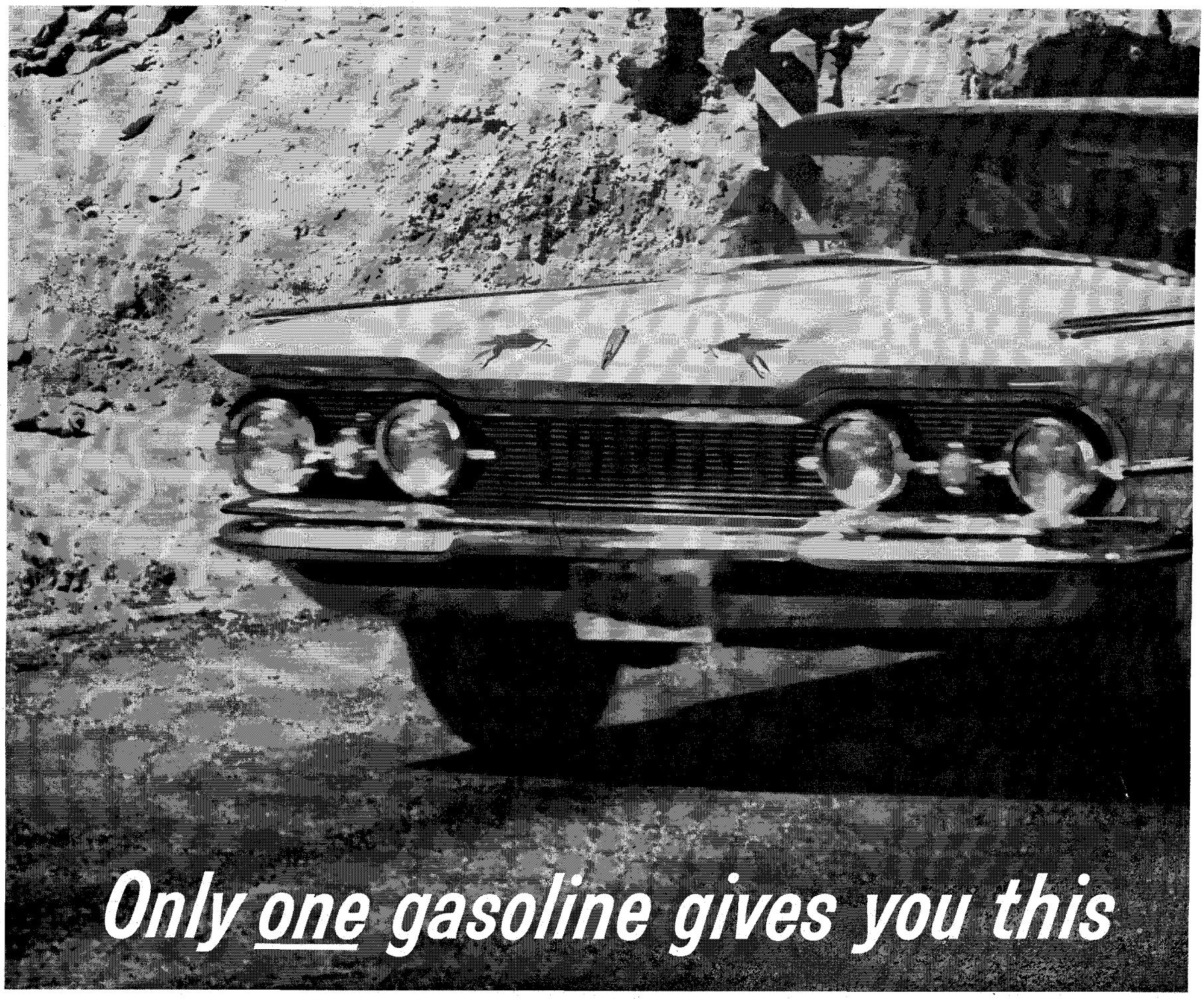

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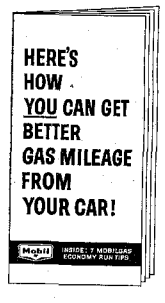

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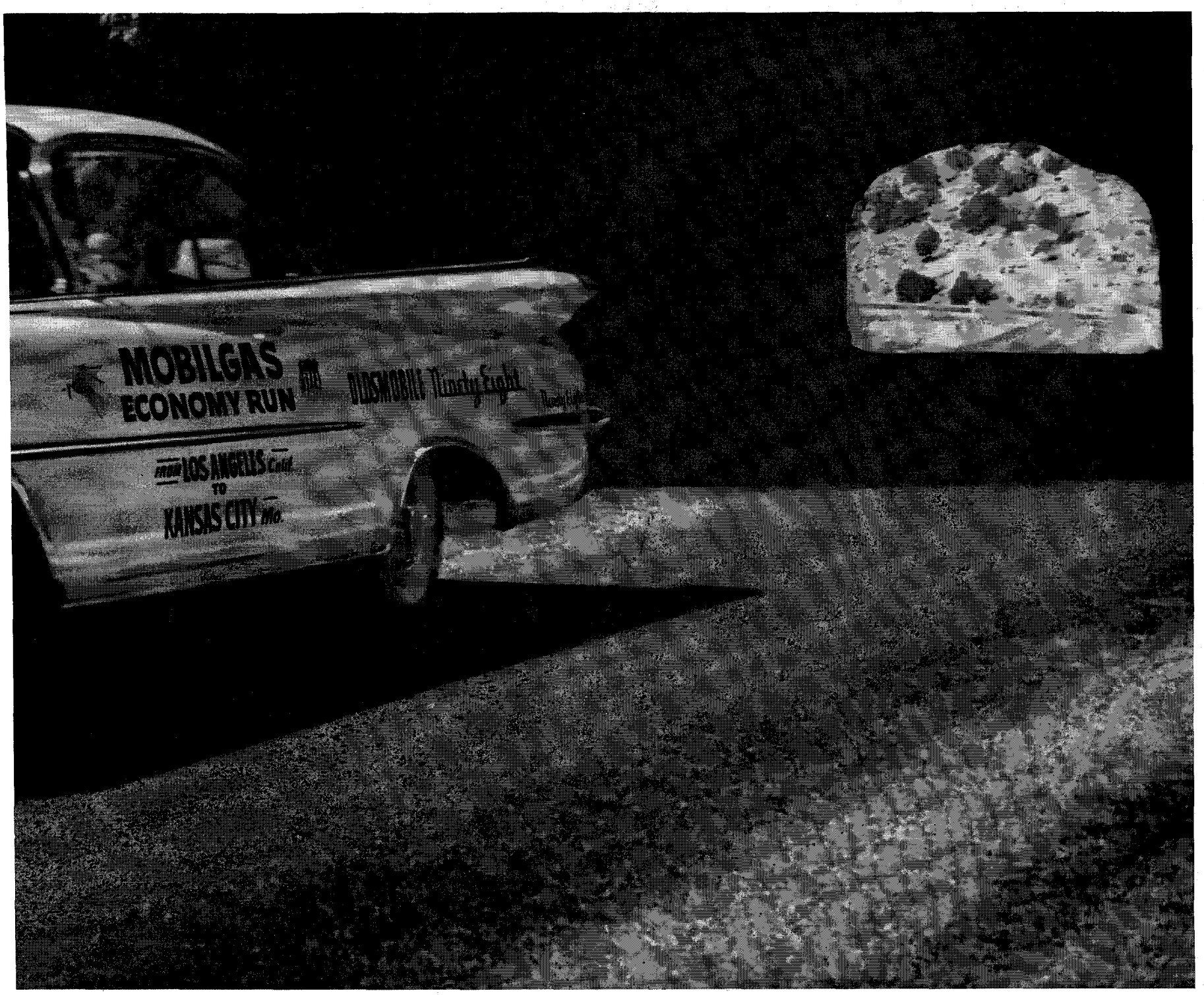

GE ECONOMY

THE NEW Mobil CAR GASOLINE

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(*Continued from Page 46*) Meg was staring at the squaws.

"Meg." He did not raise his voice, but her hesitation made anything too late.

John rose, and said, "Pale cook stay here."

Roge rose too. His left foot was on the shotgun. At a sign from John, two bucks moved close to Roge. He knew he would not have the chance to reach down and get the gun.

John lifted his hand and pointed at Meg. Then he turned dramatically and pointed at the squaws. "We trade. We take pale cook. She make fat bread for Piute."

"No," said Roge, conscious of the tremble in his voice. Meg looked as frozen as a winter stone.

"We give two squaw," said John pompously. "Good trade." He grinned.

Roge was not shocked, he was only afraid. He knew full well that the Indians could not understand the thinking of the white man. To John, the trade seemed perfectly normal, just as playing marbles with a child for a dog had seemed normal to an old battered chief. The Indians lived on the fringe of the town, but the formalities of the town were mysteries to them, except for the rituals in the draw-poker shed and the horse races and the fact that certain buildings of the town cooked foods that could by certain measures be gained. He knew that to them Meg was only a girl, and a pale, weak-appearing girl, at that. He knew that John considered his trade more than fair: two fine stalwart Piute girls for this reed? Only the "fat bread" made Meg important.

Meg drew herself up. "I refuse to be traded," she said.

Roge was positive that only he could know that she was trembling under her long dress. Her bravery was thin and silvery and made his throat choke.

With a sudden motion, he bent for the shotgun, whipping back the canvas to pull it out. But the foot of an Indian came down on the stock and Roge could not lift the weapon.

"We trade," said John and motioned the Indian girls forward.

Roge laughed; it sounded broken and peculiar. It sounded so strange that the Indians paused and looked at him. They were afraid of anyone who was not right in the head. Such a person was possessed by the gods and must be left alone. And Meg lifted her thin hands to her cheeks, looking between her fingers at Roge, horrified because of what might be happening to him.

But Roge knew that he was all right. It was just that a knowing had come to him, here in this moment when he needed it the most. He knew that if pa had been here alone with Meg and this had happened, most probably Meg would be taken away over pa's dead body. Pa was too far off from the Indians, too far away from their thinking. But he, Roge, had a chance, because there was so much in himself that thought Indian. He did not know too much, and he had no contempt, and he was able to do the things that they simply enjoyed. And he would not laugh at them, just as he would not laugh at himself. He was like them because he was a boy. And being a boy was the Indian in him.

He walked away from the gun. He faced John. He must keep Meg here as long as possible, hoping that his pa and the hands would come in. Or he must try to win Meg back.

He said, "John, I hain't going to trade her. But I'll gamble for her."

Meg cried, "Roge!"

He turned on her as an Indian would. "You go make bear sign. Meg, hear?"

She was still. He shouted, "Hear?" And she seemed to know, and went to her work.

Roge faced up to John. To the Indian, there was no difference between cards and marbles: they were both tools of combat, to be used to lose or win. They had no conception of the white adults' contempt for marbles. Piutes, especially, as Roge understood, likened marbles to men on horseback, warriors with a striking power.

"I'll gamble for her," said Roge. "I'll play you the marble game for Meg."

John looked down into his face. John's dark eyes had flecks of light in them. Without turning his head, he said to one of his men, "Draw the ring. I war with him."

Roge brought his precious leather sack of marbles from the house, pulled the strings and let the hundred fall on the ground. It was decided that he and John should select eleven marbles each, ten for the ring and one shooter each. As a gesture Roge indicated that John should select first.

An old Indian took a stick and made a circle that was about ten feet across. Then another buck took twenty marbles and made a cross with them in the center of the ring.

The Indians sat in a circle around the ring, leaving space for Roge and John to throw and shoot. Meg put two pans of doughnuts amid the Indians and filled their coffee cans. After that, she stood against the wall of the house, with her hands clenched. The squaws stood respectfully behind the bucks.

Once again as a gesture, Roge allowed John to throw first for the ring, from a line five feet away. He whose shooter came closest to the edge of the ring would be the first to shoot at the cross of marbles inside. Fiercely and proudly, John measured the distance and threw his shooter as if it were a lance. It came within an inch of the ring.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Every Summer's Children

By Margaret D. Collier

Nobody knows how long ago,
nor where,
Our flowers got their names;
devised with such
Affection and delight, they last
forever.
Every summer's children in
their turn,
Squandering the long, hot,
grass-stained hours,
Test their chins with buttercups
and touch
The lady-slippers' rounded toes
and learn
Sweet William, babies'-breath
and golden glow.
They wonder if there's some
duplicity
In bushes called mock orange;
and they stare
With deference at the small
tragedy
Of bleeding heart. Years later
they will know
How rich those childhood
gardens were; they'll never
Find another soil where words
can grow
Beside the flowers.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Roge looked upward at the sun that was hazily floating down the side of the sky. He must be deliberate and take as long a time as possible. Somewhere, to the west, under the falling sun, pa and the hands were coming home.

His heart seemed to shrink when he held his shooter and looked at the ring. If he was going to hold things down and slow, he had to get closer to the ring than John. Then he would have to take marbles out slowly, one by one if possible, and never miss. Because as long as you could knock a marble out, you owned the ring. But how could he get closer than John?

Yellow Eyes was still calling out, and it gave Roge courage. He had won Yellow Eyes from a Piute, hadn't he? He forced himself to look as brave and confident as John, and tossed his marble. The Indians looked and lifted their heads and said, "Ho!" For John was the closer.

Swaggering, John knuckled to his marble on the edge of the ring. Roge looked at the Indian's hands. They were

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long, brown and powerful. John snapped his big shooter into the cross of marbles in the ring, shattering it, and four marbles burst out of the ten-foot circle. He walked around the ring, gathering them one by one and putting them into his shirt pocket. With a triumphant look at Roge, he knuckled again and took aim. He concentrated, and the heads of the other Indians bent forward. Suddenly Roge saw John's hand lift, and cried, "Knuckle down!"

The Indians grunted. John wiped his hand, and knuckled his forefinger into the dirt. He took aim on a blue-and-white clay marble and shot it from the ring with a sound like an arrow thunging from the string.

Five.

Roge's heart was like the hard slap of a dance caller's palms. Six. Seven. Eight. The game would be over when John shot eleven marbles from the ring.

Roge looked at the slipping sun and tried to hear the beat of cowboys' horses. If John won, there would be no further parlay. The Indians would mount and take Meg. Yes, when pa got home, he and the hands would trail the Indians and would find them—but the Piutes would be resentful and anything could happen to Meg before the cowboys closed in.

Nine.

John was savage. His breath came hard and stiff from his nostrils. Suddenly Yellow Eyes growled long, and was silent. The horses of the Indians stamped and turned to each side. Meg seemed smaller and lost against the house. The wind lay flat on the land, and the sun ate the coldness of afternoon. "Ah," said an Indian. The squaws closed their small eyes. John leaned over his shooter as if he were scalping an enemy.

John shot, and his shooter struck the selected marble and lifted it and it rolled and fell into a little depression in the dirt, and did not leave the circle. It moved and settled, and a hushed murmur came from the Indians. Now it was Roge's turn.

He could not miss. Not even once. He picked up a forgotten can of coffee and drank long from it. He stood up and regarded his position. The Indians did not demur. They knew his danger and appreciated it with him.

"Ho," said the old one, as Roge picked up his shooter and aimed into the ring.

One.

He could not miss. Not even once.

In the house Yellow Eyes whimpered.

Two.

Roge felt the late burning of the sun on his neck. He no longer listened for the shod metallic running of the horses of white men. Now he was at war, all by himself.

Three. He must not miss.

Around him was an intensity of breathing, the wonder and suspense of the Piutes. Four. "Ho," said John, in appreciation.

Roge rose stiffly and stepped from the ring. He walked to Meg and kissed her on the cheek. Her cheek was icy. He was no longer deliberate just for the sake of saving or earning time—he was in combat with the Piute, and he must do the best he could.

Five.

Six.

And then seven and eight and nine.

There were two marbles left in the ring. If Roge knocked them out, he would win. If he missed now, John would have another chance, and perhaps he would win.

The sun was burning in distance. The wind came again, nipping in the corridors of the buildings, corrals and pens. The Indians stood up. The wind made Roge's hands feel cold. Tension made his tendons ache. His fingers felt stiff.

Roge turned to John, and offered him the white man's handshake. John accepted it. The tension was burning like a flaming tree on the hills in darkness.

Roge no longer felt like a boy, and the Indians were not fools. Together they gambled in a child's way, but with pure savage belief in it. Together they strained, in a heart-burning suspense and delight. The Indians bent forward and moaned. Ten!

"Ho," said John quietly.

Eleven. And Roge had won.

There was a long silence. Meg pushed herself away from the wall and took the pans of doughnuts and wrapped them in the canvas that had hidden the gun. She handed them to the old Indian.

The Indians mounted and turned to the hills of the north, from which they would ride west to meet the others.

John said, "Hear me, earth. The game was good."

In a thunder they went.

Roge and Meg embraced, and Yellow Eyes raised his voice. And the sound of horses came to them. Soon pa and the hands were milling in the yard, pa brandishing a rifle, calling down to them, "We saw Indians going. You all right? You all right?"

"Reckon so," said Roge.

Pa got off his horse and faced him. "We saw Indians. Son, what were those Indians doing here?"

Meg was lighting the pits for the dinner.

"Played a game of marbles," said Roge. Meg turned and they grinned at each other.

"Marbles?" said their pa. "Marbles? I swear, them Indians is like children. I swear."

THE END

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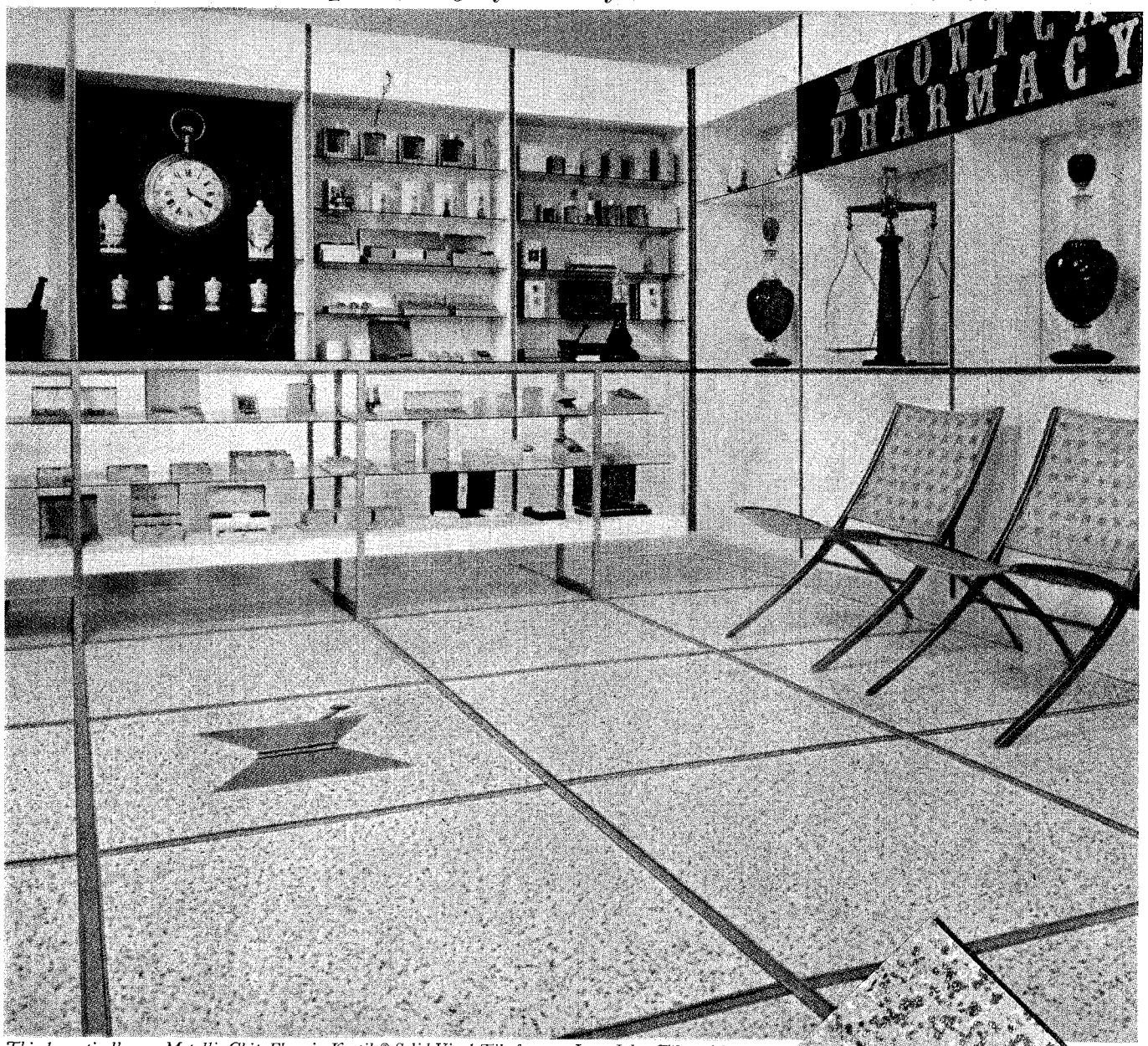

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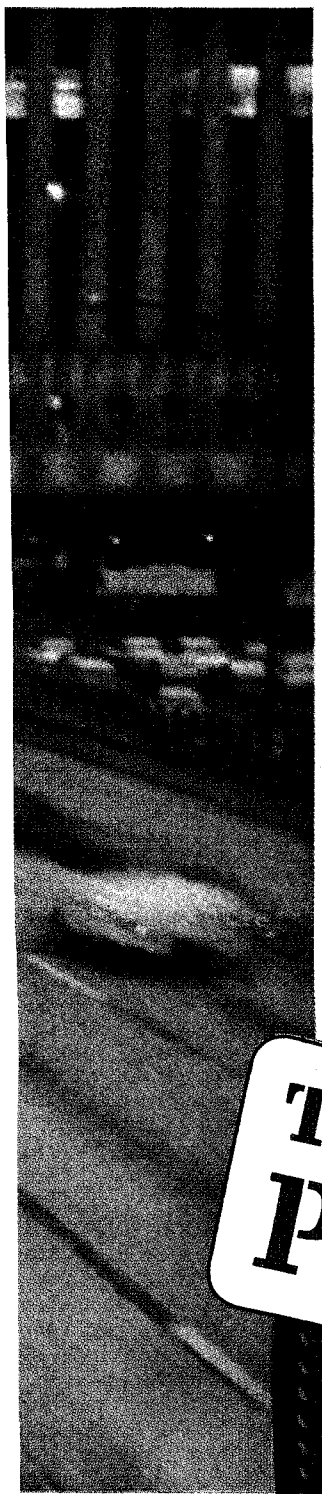

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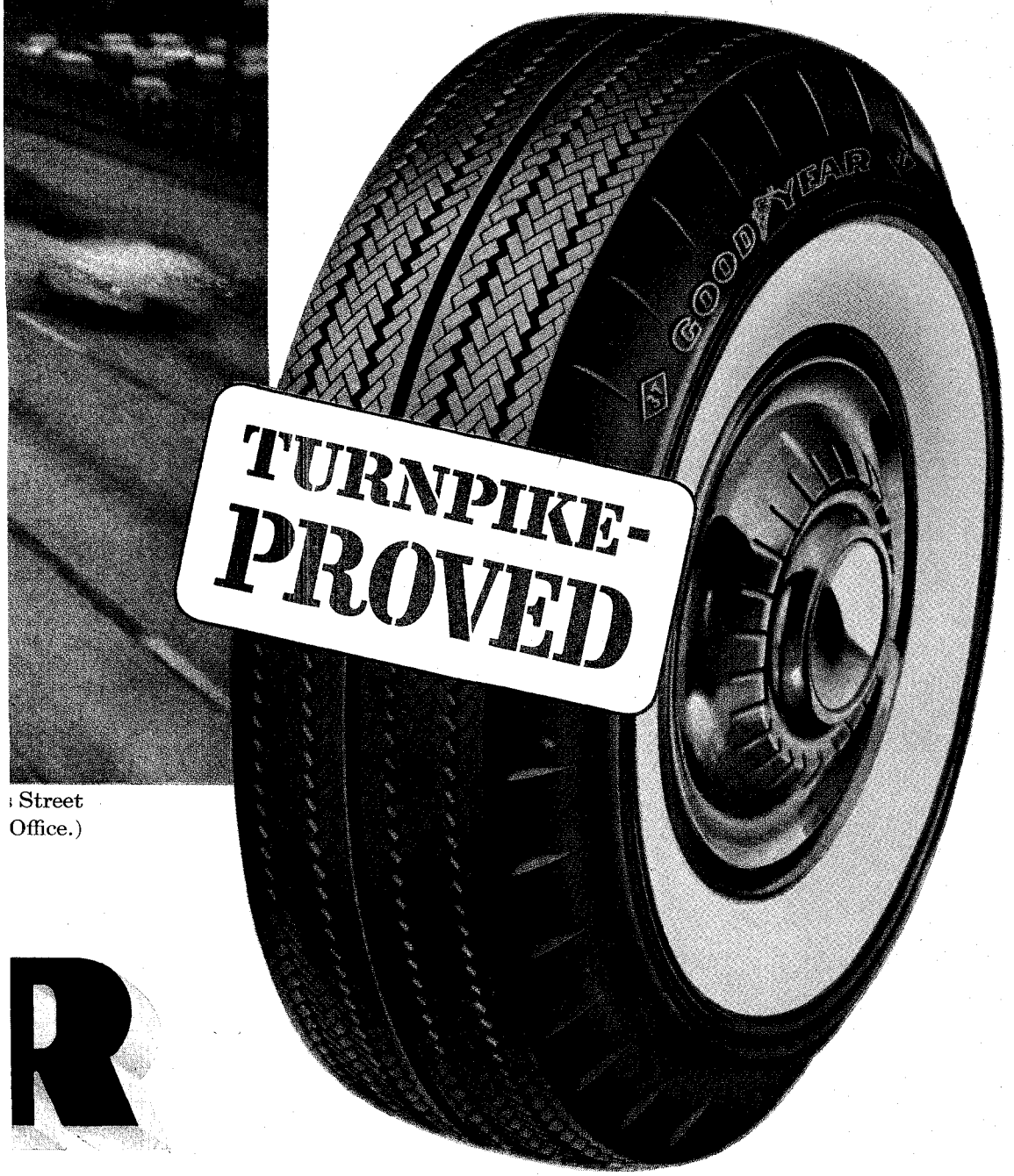

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Are We Retiring People Too Early?

(Continued from Page 37)

has been the dream of planners to see that everyone was able to retire and enjoy his Golden Years. And when the Social Security Act was passed in 1935, it was hoped that this might come true.

But somewhere along the line this beautiful dream got off the track. For one thing, what with inflation and other factors, there just wasn't enough money. Today, with the average Social Security payment about sixty-eight dollars a month, four fifths of our retired people have total incomes *under* $2000 a year, a figure considered the bare minimum to survive. The result is that part-time jobs, charitable relatives and emergency arrangements must make up the difference.

Perhaps even more important than the question of money is the question of morale. Some people are ready for retirement and seem to enjoy it. Others are not. They don't want to go to Florida, buy a little house and raise begonias. Oh, it's fun for a while to ignore the alarm clock and do just what you've always wanted. But after a few months it palls. The patterns of a lifetime are hard to break.

Take the case of Mrs. Ethel Montgomery, of Quakertown, Pennsylvania. After twenty-seven years of working in the circulation department of a publishing house, she was retired at sixty in excellent health. There were lots of things she'd always wanted to do—oil painting, for one—and now she had time for them. She moved to a little house she had in the country and got out her paints. But somehow it wasn't as satisfying as she'd imagined. After a few months she began to have trouble with her health. Her blood pressure soared, and she had difficulty breathing and walking. She worried about her health and the money she was spending on doctors' bills.

After two years she was, in her words, "ready for the scrap heap," ailing and depressed. And then a wonderful thing happened. She got a phone call with an offer of an office job. Work! At forty she might have groaned. But at sixty-two it was the sweetest word she could think of. She accepted with alacrity and almost immediately she felt better. Her blood pressure went down and her breathing became normal. In a short while she was completely well. Her doctor was amazed. "Don't ever give up that job!" he warned.

Psychiatrists say that Mrs. Montgomery, like many other business and professional people, felt a "need to be needed." Recreation and hobbies are not enough. This viewpoint is also reflected in a study, made for the Russell Sage Foundation, of 500 persons over sixty years of age. Activity, it was found, could lift the morale of older people, but employment was a much greater stimulus.

One of the most luminous examples of such a stimulus is the career of one of the country's best-known "retirees"—Frederick H. Ecker, honorary chairman of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. Today at ninety-two he still puts in a full day at the office. He "quit" his salary twenty-two years ago, but kept right on working. His company makes no major investment without first consulting him.

Perhaps the most important factor to complicate the basic idea of compulsory retirement at sixty or sixty-five is a comparatively recent phenomenon—the exploding population of oldsters. During the past half century a hidden revolution—considered more spectacular by sociologists than any Sputnik launched into outer space—has been going on quietly in the laboratories. The result has been the gradual eradication of some types of disease and the extension of man's normal life.

A person living at the beginning of the century, for example, had a life expectancy of forty-seven years. Today it's seventy. By the end of the century, it is predicted that it will be 100, owing to an expected break-through in the treatment of the four primary diseases of old age—cancer, heart disease, arthritis, and bone deterioration.

With people living longer, staying healthier, and retiring younger, the problem poses another question: How can we support so many older people?

Today there are more than 14,000,000 people over sixty-five, or about one for every four or five employed persons. By 1975 there will be more than 20,000,000. Shortly after that, the number should reach a figure equal to about one half of our total labor force. To support such a colossal population, more will have to be produced by a smaller proportion of workers. Pension plans must be bigger and bigger, and payments into them larger and larger. It is estimated that Social Security deductions by 1975 will amount to 5 per cent of each salary check—plus an equal amount paid by the employer.

Consequently, as a result of the economic, moral, and national-interest factors, many people have come to feel that compulsory retirement at sixty-five is as out of date as the fringed surrey. There is a growing belief that companies and organizations which have pension plans should review the matter of retirement age periodically, just as life-insurance companies adjust their tables to compensate for man's expanding life span.

Of course, somewhere along the way in any honest discussion of the problems of retirement, it should be said emphatically that there are some men who should not expect to go on working at their old jobs after age sixty-five. Some have slowed down considerably by the time they reach that age. Some few are incompetent to hold any job after sixty-five, but a much larger number merely have reached the time of life where a full-time job—particularly if it involves heavy responsibility and high-pressure work—is too much. People in this latter group should step down to something less onerous and less exhausting—both for their own sake and their employer's.

One executive in the Federal Government who seems to be doing some constructive thinking about this retirement problem is Arthur S. Flemming. As head of the Department of Health, Education and Welfare Flemming runs the nation's largest retirement program (Social Security). He recently called compulsory retirement at sixty-five "a lazy man's device for dealing with a difficult problem." Not long ago he queried his department's 55,000 employees on a modified plan for "gradual retirement." Under this scheme persons would be allowed to work five years longer than usual, but on a gradually reduced work schedule.

On a non-Government level, people across the country have been attacking the problem of old age on a broad front. Some are changing the rules of retirement, others are trying to find jobs for the elderly, and still others are devising various activities to keep senior citizens busy and happy. Using work, paid or otherwise, as their secret weapon, all schemes seem to have one goal—to salvage rusting talent from the scrap heap of obsolescence and put a little gilt back on the dream of those Golden Years.

In New York City, for example, the Federation Employment and Guidance Service, the largest nonprofit vocational service in the world, has persuaded the city to put on a broad campaign with the slogan, "Experience, Loyalty and Skill Come With Age." Fortified by a survey showing that older workers have better attendance records, fewer accidents, and are more conscientious than younger ones, the federation has organized a special department to find jobs for Social Security pensioners.

"Life for most people," says the federation's director, Roland Baxt, "is work. Psychologically they find they can't adjust to just reading, watching television and going to ball games."

In Schenectady approximately fifty retired engineers, most of them from General Electric, have joined the revolt against forced idleness by setting up the Mohawk Development Service to do design work on a contract basis. In the dozen years of its existence the members—150 of them now, and all over sixty-five—have earned more than $1,000,000 in fees. "Frankly, we don't believe in retirement," says Roy Dunham, until recently Mohawk's secretary. Similar groups have been set up in Cleveland, St. Louis, Baltimore and Wilmington, Delaware, to keep retired executives and others busy on welfare and educational projects, many of which are done free as a contribution to the community.

In Chicago a nonprofit organization known as Senior Achievement, Incorporated, has been created to do "nuisance jobs" which companies are glad to farm out. In two workshops retired people augment their Social Security payments by such part-time work as packaging candy, making artificial flowers and doing light mechanical chores. One long-retired woman of seventy-seven, now busy packaging bonbons and surrounded by her friends, recently remarked, "Sitting home in a rocking chair—that's for vegetables, not people!"

On the West Coast a successful experiment in tapping the brains of older citizens has been going on at the University of California's Hastings Law School. Dean David E. Snodgrass has set up an ironclad rule against hiring anybody *under* sixty-five years of age. This policy was recently brought home to a sixty-three-year-old professor in the Midwest when he wrote to inquire whether there might be a place for him on the Hastings faculty. He was flabbergasted to be told he was "too young," and to wait another two years before applying.

"The notion that a man is through just because he has celebrated an arbitrary number of birthdays is idiotic," asserts Dean Snodgrass, who recently hired a man of eighty. His policy, moreover, has been endorsed by the profession. Roscoe Pound, now eighty-eight, former dean of Harvard's law school, has called the Hastings law faculty "the strongest in the country."

In Philadelphia one of the most successful efforts to utilize the talents of highly trained older persons on a national scale has been undertaken by the Walter D. Fuller Company. When Mr. Fuller retired two years ago as chairman of the board of The Curtis Publishing Company, he was seventy-five and bursting with ideas and energy. He was not content just to live on his more-than-adequate income.

After a trip to Europe he decided to put into operation a plan that had been germinating in his mind for several years, a plan to help executive-type retirees. "I knew them and their needs best," he explained, "and they seemed to be the unhappiest in retirement." Convinced that hobbies were not effective substitutes for retired businessmen because the values of their whole lives were in terms of making a profit, he set up an employment service strictly on a free-enterprise basis. When his clients land jobs, they don't work just for the love of working; they get paid, often rather well and usually on a fee basis. "I didn't want the slightest feeling of charity about it," Fuller said.

By advertising for prospective clients and then carefully screening them, he soon built up a hand-picked list of 1400 men who are experts in every field from advertising to warehousing. His company in the first eight months of full operation found jobs for men in twenty-four states, where they were able to earn $150,000 in fees.

For Fuller himself, a restless, dynamic man of seventy-seven, the result of all this is that he has solved not only his own unemployment problem—he's busier than ever—but he has solved the problems of quite a few others besides. His vice president, for example, William S. Wilcox, is a retired Socony (*Continued on Page 56*)

"I'm beginning to think the court is prejudiced."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Here's how your family will find out...

IT PAYS TO OWN A DODGE

Let's say your family is the kind that wants more than you get in the "low-priced" field. You want more room and comfort. You want more solidness on the road. You want a car that's truly fine in its deep-down quality. And most of all, you want a car you can all enjoy without going "overboard" on purchase price, or on gas and upkeep costs.

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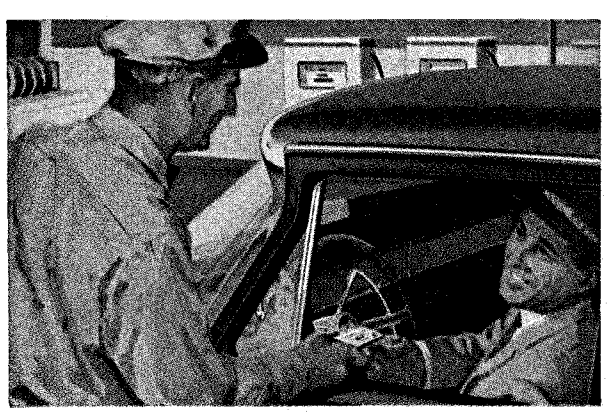

Winner in this year's Mobilgas Economy Run '59 DODGE

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(*Continued from Page 54*) executive who planned to devote his days to the study of Americana. It took him just two months to find that it wouldn't work. During those two months he chauffeured for his wife, worked in the garden and did everything "except what I'd been trained my whole life to do." One day an incident occurred which accelerated his resolve to go back to work. Sitting in the living room, he began to fidget for something to do and decided to move a piece of antique bric-a-brac from its accustomed place on a window sill. Then he left for another part of the house. When he came back he found that his wife had moved the bric-a-brac back to its original place. "Right then and there," he said, "I knew I'd overstayed my welcome as a retired husband. I decided to get a job."

Perhaps the most dramatic success in Fuller's portfolio of retirees, however, can be claimed by a seventy-one-year-old salesman, Robert I. Erlichman. "All through" in his sixties, he went back to work at seventy and became a vice president a year ago for the first time in his life. He works for a management-consultant firm headed by two "youngsters," aged thirty-six and forty-two.

A few years ago Erlichman suffered a heart attack which caused him to give up his job as a traveling salesman. After a period of recuperation he tried to get a job, but failed. He was told he was too old. He had enough money to retire on, but the prospect didn't appeal to him. For several years he went through a bleak period of idleness and introspection. Finally he heard of Fuller, who found him a job as a consultant, working four hours a day. "I was told if I worked more it would kill me," said Erlichman.

From the beginning he disregarded this dictum because he was so enthusiastic about the job. He worked forty to forty-five hours a week and gradually built that amount up to sixty or seventy. He felt better than he ever had, and soon the firm made him a vice president. When the appointment came, however, his two young bosses, concerned about the additional work, bought a couch for his office and made him promise to rest one half hour each afternoon. "As things worked out," admits Erlichman, "I haven't yet tried out the couch, but quite a few of the younger men have."

Although retirement at sixty or sixty-five is still the rule with the majority of big firms in America, quite a few are taking a new, hard look at their traditional policies, and some are making revisions. Carson Pirie Scott, the large department store in Chicago, for example, has put a rule into effect by which each person over sixty-five gets an annual physical examination and a review of his work record. If both are satisfactory, the employee can continue indefinitely. Consolidated Edison of New York, after a five-year study of the situation, recently decided to raise its mandatory retirement age by five years. The William Wrigley, Jr., Company, of Chicago, feeling that able-bodied people who want to continue working after sixty-five may suffer "retirement shock" if cut off suddenly from their jobs, has recently instituted a plan of gradual retirement which lets people work longer. And the R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, which once had compulsory retirement, has now dropped it.

One of the problems in working after sixty-five is that a man loses his Social Security pension if he earns more than $1200 a year. At least until he is seventy-two. The economic problem could be solved for quite a number of people if the Social Security Administration would change its rules in such a way that those persons who go on working after age sixty-five would then draw higher benefits when they do retire at, say, age seventy. "If a man loses five years of benefits and pays in for five years longer, he should be paid a higher pension when he retires at seventy," says Doctor Johnson, of the Life Extension Foundation.

But no matter what measures are taken by Government, industry and private groups to solve the various problems of old age, there will always be individuals who take matters into their own hands and work out solutions brilliantly. Many of these we know about. Grandma Moses, for example, a simple farmer's wife who took up painting at 80. Today at 98, she is one of the most successful artists in the country. Or the late Frank Lloyd Wright, who in his eighties was designing some of the most important and controversial buildings in the world. Or Sen. Theodore Green who, until a few months ago, was busy at the age of ninety-one holding down the vital post of chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee.

Others, less well known, have embarked on "postretirement" careers every bit as exciting and satisfying to them. Nathan Hack, of Detroit, is one of these. After building up a successful shoe-store business, he was persuaded by his sons to "retire and take it easy." He agreed, went to California, and soon learned, as he put it, that "active men don't retire. They merely alter their routine." In Van Nuys, he volunteered for rehabilitation work at Veterans Hospital and invented an ambulatory device for helping paraplegics and amputees to learn to walk again. With this behind him he then went to work as a volunteer with the University of Southern

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Size (Cu. Ft.)	15.0	14.9	15.0	15.0	12.5	15.
Basket	YES	YES	NO	YES	YES	NO
Storage Divider	YES	NO	NO	YES	NO	NO
Lock and Keys	YES	YES	YES	NO	YES	NO
Interior Light	YES	YES	NO	NO	YES	NO
Temp. Control Knob	YES	NO	YES	YES	YES	NO
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Actual Price	$198.88	$299.95	$270.95	$319.95	$319.00	$219

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California's Dr. Laurence E. Morehouse, a physiologist, and helped to develop a boot to reduce the landing shock of paratroopers. Out of this came the unexpected but now-famous Ripple Sole shoe. It has been sold by the million, and Mr. Hack has been more successful than he ever was prior to "retirement."

Sometimes, of course, the delicate problem of a restless retiree is neatly resolved by a resourceful wife. Mrs. Lenora Shafer, who lived in Connecticut, was just such a woman. Worried for years about what would happen to her hobbyless husband when he had to retire as an Atlantic and Pacific Tea Company executive, she finally decided to do something about it. After conducting a long, subtle quiz game to determine what fields her husband might develop in addition to business, she found a flicker of interest in trees. Nurturing that interest, she finally brought him to the point where he became so enthusiastic that they bought a broken-down tree farm near enough to visit on weekends and vacations.

For five years prior to retirement, they planted, pruned and refurbished. And when her husband finally attended his retirement banquet and received his gold watch, his wife was waiting outside in a fully loaded station wagon, ready to leave. As he hurried from the banquet to the car and they drove off to the farm and a new career, there was not a moment to look back, not a moment for a letdown. She had planned it that way. And today, after three years on their working farm, they are busier and happier than ever.

There are many people, of course, who are ready for retirement at sixty or sixty-five, and if they can afford it and are happy in it, there is no reason why they shouldn't enjoy it. However, gerontologists say that most people are not built this way. And medical men are increasingly inclined to advocate a "second career," for people, whether it's a paid one or not.

One of the stanchest second-career advocates in the country is Dr. Edward L. Bortz, a former president of the American Medical Association and a leading geriatrics specialist. Doctor Bortz, who believes that most people will live to be 100 in another generation or two, feels that no able-bodied person should consider retiring until he's at least ninety. He believes that the last trimester of one's life—sixty to ninety years of age—is the time when a person really comes into his own.

"These are the harvest years," he says, "when one can reap the benefit of wisdom and maturity and start a second career which may or may not be a continuation of the first. Ideally, the first career, having been personal and acquisitive, should give way to a second career which is devoted to the larger interest of serving the people around one."

In no case does he think a well man or woman should retire until this last trimester is over—in other words at ninety. "There is a strict biological law," he insists, "which says that a part of the body which is not used dries up. This applies to the mind too. Work, in moderation, is the best way to increase health and longevity."

The country's most famous living example of Bortz's retire-then-go-to-work philosophy is, of course, the man who stepped down as Army Chief of Staff in 1948 and then gave his own facetious formula for a happy retirement. "Put a chair on the porch," he said, "and sit in it for six months. Then begin to rock slowly." To no one's surprise the speaker promptly forgot all about the rocking chair and got busy writing a best-seller and becoming head of a great university. Today, eleven years after "retirement," he is President of the United States and still very much in harness.

Last January when reminded of that rocking-chair formula, President Eisenhower smiled and said, "I would like to retire this long: until I really wanted to go to work. I don't know how long the retirement would last, but at least I'd want to sit in that chair until I'm ready to get out of it."

It is obvious to most of his associates that the President, now nearing a youthful seventy in the busiest job in the world, would not remain in that chair very long. In fact, a closer approximation of his real philosophy might be gleaned from something he said a few years ago in a message to Congress.

"I am convinced," he declared, "that the great majority of our able-bodied citizens are happier and better off when they continue in some productive work after reaching retirement age. Moreover, the nation's economy will derive large benefits from the wisdom and experience of older citizens who remain employed in jobs commensurate with their strength."

Certainly, the President has taken his own advice. And certainly it seems to have worked. THE END

You can always tell when a girl is having her first date. She's dressed and waiting when her boy friend arrives.

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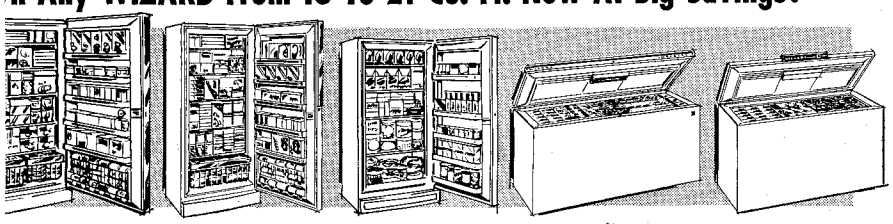

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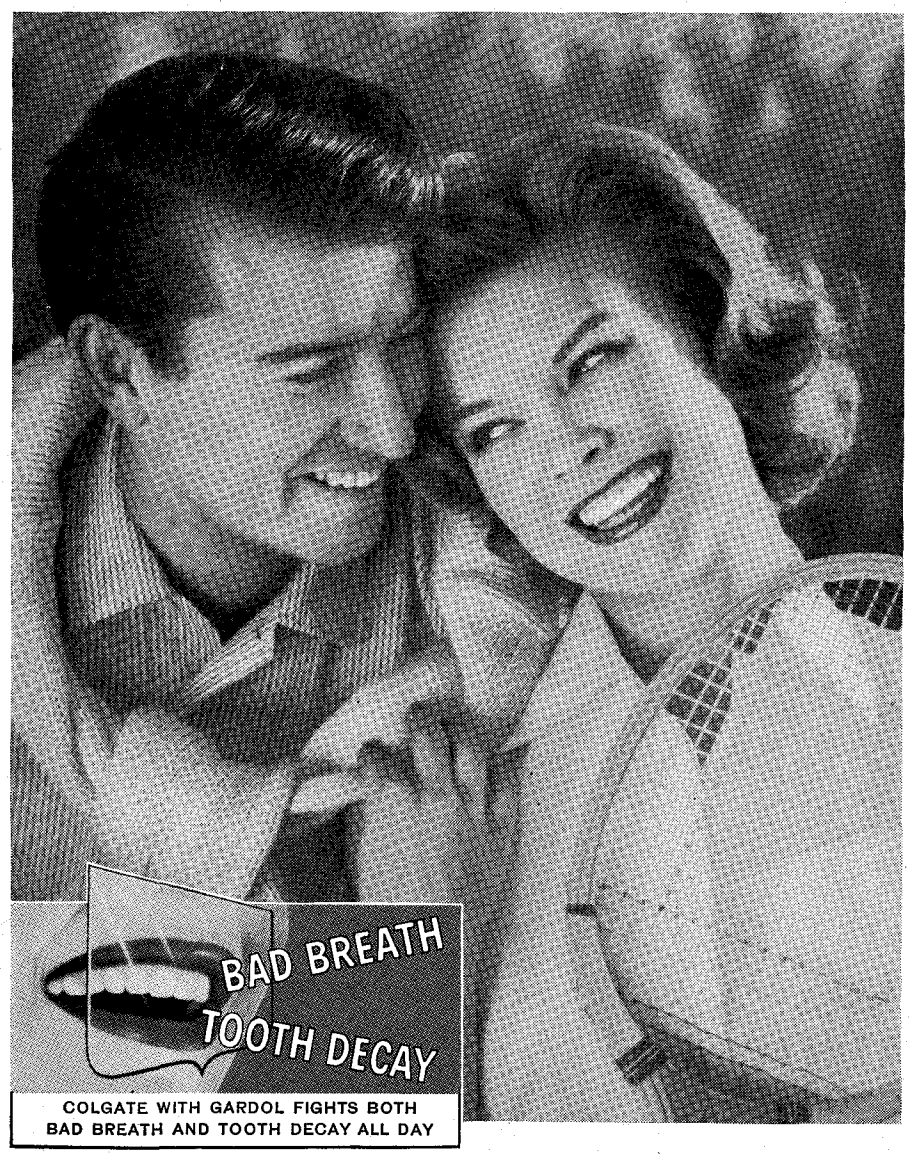

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Scare Game (Continued from Page 35)

Bud's father ran a square of double-O sandpaper lightly along the bow. "What does that mean?" he asked Bud.

Bud shrugged. "Chicken. It's supposed to be clever."

"He's calling you chicken?"

"Because I wouldn't race with them on Haddon Avenue. They think the regular Roadeo obstacle course out on the flats is too tame. They want to race in traffic."

"What's the matter with them? Isn't life exciting enough for them? They want to see what it's like to be dead?"

"I don't know," Bud said. "I don't know what's the matter with them. They used to be good guys."

His father blew on the bow to scatter the tiny particles of sanded-off wood. "Well, don't let them get your goat, calling you names. When you're doing the right thing, you don't have to mind what anybody says."

"I don't mind," Bud said.

But he did mind. He had grown up with Joe and Tiny, gone to school with them from kindergarten on. They had always done everything together. "The Three Musketeers," everybody called them. Then, last fall, Winch Rivers had moved here and started in their class at high school, and since then it had all been different. Winch was from the city. He was a year older than they were, a fast talker and full of ideas. Joe and Tiny thought he was real. Whatever Winch said was O.K. with them. If he said Bud was chicken, they would think so too.

"Sometimes it's hard to stick to your guns," his father said in that way that often made Bud wonder if he could read his mind, "but that's all a man is. You know? Doing what he believes in, whatever anybody else says or does."

Bud gave the nail such a fierce blow that it went in wrong and he had to pry it out. Let them race on Haddon Avenue. Let them get arrested or hurt, or maybe hurt somebody else. If they said he was chicken, O.K., let them.

"That's all a man is," his father said again, and Bud thought, without knowing why he thought it just then, of Maggie's winking at him over Grandpa Washburn's picture. *That's you, isn't it? Or is it Bud?*

Right then was when the men came, two of them in fancy jackets with the shoulders built out so that they were wider than Bud's or his father's. The bigger one opened the gate, and the smaller one closed it very carefully and soundlessly, but not as if out of politeness; more the opposite.

"Mr. Washburn?" the bigger one said, and the "mister" was like the careful closing of the gate.

Bud's father turned around and looked at him, and Bud thought, *Watch out, you. Better not get funny with my dad.* It was a peculiar thing to think, when all the man had said was, "Mr. Washburn?"

"Yes," Bud's father said.

"Sid Frangi's boss?" the man asked him.

They were well inside the yard now, both of them standing with their hands in the pockets of their fancy jackets, the smaller one a little behind and not saying anything. The big one's hair was black and sleek and long, and the other one's was blond and long, with stuff on it to make it look darker and sleeker.

"I was," Bud's father said. "Frangi doesn't work for me any more."

Bud remembered about Frangi. It was an odd name that had stuck in his mind. Frangi was a fellow at the plant who bothered the girls. Bud's father had discussed it with Maggie, the way he discussed everything, and told her he was going to fire him.

"He's a good worker," he had told her, "but he's got half the girls scared to death of him, and a few of them mooning over him who shouldn't be, and a couple of the men ready to stick knives in him because he got funny with their wives. He could demoralize the whole plant."

"Have you warned him?" Maggie had asked him.

"Sure. A few times. He just listens and walks away. I suppose he thinks the union will back him up."

"Will it?"

"I don't know," Bud's father had said. "It wouldn't have a while ago, but a different bunch has hold of it now." His mouth had set in the way that meant he was angry. "I won't have gangsters and racketeers telling me how to run my plant."

Bud kept working on the boat, but he watched the men in the fancy jackets out of the corner of his eye and tightened his grip on the hammer. Once, in a movie, he

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Years from now this'll give 'em fits."

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had seen a man throw a hammer and knock a crook out cold.

"Sid Frangi figures he still works for you," the big man said. "He figures he'll be in at eight Monday morning, like usual."

"He figures wrong," Bud's father said. He rubbed the double-O sandpaper lightly over his knuckles, his eyes on the other man's face. "Now I'll ask you to leave. If you have business to discuss with me, you come to the plant, not to my home on a Saturday morning."

The men didn't move. "We can't wait to come to the plant, Mr. Washburn," the big man said in the polite way that was not polite. "Sid Frangi works Monday or he loses a day's pay. We don't want him to lose a day's pay."

"Frangi is out," Bud's father said. "He collected his two weeks' pay yesterday. He's out."

The two men moved in closer, and Bud stood up, hefting the hammer. If his father took out the big one, he could manage the other.

"We better have a little talk," the big one said. He glanced at Bud. "Is there someplace we can talk private?"

Bud's father stood a second. Then he dropped the sandpaper and led the way to the garage. "You can work on the bow a while," he said to Bud. "I'll be back in a minute."

Bud watched them go single file, his father leading the way and the small man, who hadn't said a word, bringing up the rear.

He wondered whether he ought to do anything, tell Maggie, call the police. But what would he say to the police? That two men were in the garage, talking to his father? And it was nothing to get a woman into. His father would handle them. If he had made up his mind that Frangi should be fired, there was nothing they could do to make him change it.

He tried to go on working, but he didn't accomplish much. His hands kept sweating, and he had to stop every little while to wipe them on his dungarees. Then he would look toward the garage, from where he could hear the low murmur of voices, and at his watch, which seemed to take forever to get from one minute to the next.

When they finally came out, he couldn't believe only a quarter of an hour had gone by.

The big man came first. He was smiling a little, but you couldn't tell where the smile came from; it wasn't from his mouth. Bud's father came next. All the color was out of his face. His eyes had a strange, bleak look and they didn't meet Bud's eyes. The small man, who brought up the rear, was chewing on a cigar. As he neared the boat he spat, and a small, brownish stream splattered on the smoothly sanded, new, white wood of the keel.

At the same moment that Bud clenched his fists and took a step toward the small man, his father turned and saw the boat's desecration. He glanced at Bud, shook his head slightly and walked on, seeing the men to the gate.

Bud wiped the keel clean. Then he stood there with his heart pounding, waiting for his father to come back, to explain why he was acting scared of the two men. It had to be an act. When the two men had gone, his father would probably turn around and laugh or something.

He didn't laugh. He closed the gate and rubbed his hands down along the legs of his dungarees, as if to rub something off them, and then he walked slowly back to the boat. There was still no color in his face.

"Don't mention this to Maggie," he said. "About those men coming, I mean." He picked up the sandpaper and began going over the keel again, although it was like silk. "Forget you ever saw them."

"O.K." Bud swallowed, pushing words past something in his throat. "Frangi," he said. "Is he going to stay fired?"

His father bent over the keel, with his back to Bud. "I decided to let him come back," he said. "I guess I was too quick to fire him. There's no real harm in him. He just likes to horse around a little."

"You said ——"

"Keep out of this," his father cut in, a hardness in his voice that Bud had never heard before. "It's none of your business. You're a sixteen-year-old kid. What do you know about the plant?"

Bud began nailing again, hitting the heads with punishing blows. Once the hammer slipped and made a curved mark in the wood, something that hadn't happened since he first learned to use tools, but he didn't care. He'd as soon have smashed the whole boat.

"I'm sorry, Bud," his father said. "I shouldn't have talked to you like that. I'm edgy."

Edgy, Bud thought. *Chicken is more like it.*

It was Maggie who mentioned Frangi again, Monday night at dinner. They were up to dessert, which was rhubarb pie. Bud's father was eating it as if he could hardly get through it, though it was one of his favorite desserts.

"Is the pie too sour?" Maggie asked him.

"It's delicious," Bud's father said, and took a big hunk on his fork. "It's just exactly right."

She glanced at him, and then quickly down at the table, and began doodling with her finger on the tablecloth. Sometimes, Bud thought, she seemed plenty old enough to be his mother, and sometimes, like now, she seemed almost his age. Her hair was short and curly, and the freckles that came out with the first hot sun were beginning to show across the bridge of her short nose, and she doodled like an embarrassed kid.

"I saw Mrs. Rathbun in the market this afternoon," she said. "She told me Nina came home at noon, that she quit the plant because of Sid Frangi." She took a sip of coffee and looked at Bud's father over the rim with her clear, soft eyes. "I thought you fired him, Mark."

"I reconsidered," Bud's father said shortly. "He's a good worker and there's no real harm in him. Nina's too sensitive. When a girl works with men she's got to expect a certain amount of kidding around. She's got to know how to handle it."

Maggie frowned a little. "This is more than kidding around, isn't it?" she said. "Nina isn't the only one."

"Don't worry about it," Bud's father said. "You don't understand these things." He spoke gently, not the way he had to Bud, but it was the first time Bud had ever heard him tell Maggie there was anything she didn't understand. "I think I'll go out for a little air," he said. "It's warm in here."

"Do you want me to go with you?" Maggie asked him.

"Finish your coffee," he said. "I'll be right back. I just want to get a little air."

Maggie watched him go, and then sat looking at the door after it had closed behind him. "The two men who were here Saturday morning," she said. "Who were they, Bud?"

"I don't know," he said.

She asked him nothing more, just sipped her coffee. Bud finished his pie,

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not really wanting it, but his father had left part of his, and she would really think it was no good if he left his too. He wanted to tell her about the two men. He thought if he had to keep it inside much longer he would get sick. What if he had promised? People broke promises all the time, for a lot less reason.

"Maggie, those guys," he said. "I think they were from the union. They told dad they wanted Frangi to keep on working for him, and when dad said he couldn't they took him into the garage to talk. When they came out, one of the guys spat at the boat, and dad let him. After that I asked dad if Frangi was going to stay fired, and he said, no, he'd changed his mind." Bud's voice began to shake, and he couldn't stop it. "They changed it for him. They scared him."

Her eyes shifted from the door to Bud's face. "You promised him not to tell me, didn't you?"

He shrugged. "So what?"

"I thought promises were pretty important around here."

"Stop preaching." He scraped back his chair and started for the door. "I'm sick of preaching."

"Bud." Something in her voice made him stop, but he kept his hand on the knob to show he was going when she finished. "Bud, look. Those men are tough. There's no telling what they'd do."

"He knew they were tough. He said he wouldn't let them tell him how to run his plant. But he's letting them. He's chicken."

"All right," she said. "All right. This isn't the movies. He's human." He opened the door, but she came and leaned against it, closing it, and looked at him. "You think your father's chicken, so promises don't matter any more. Nothing matters any more. Is that it?" She moved away from the door. "All right. If that's the way it is, I don't know how to help you."

He was out of the door while she was still talking, her voice reaching him, but without meaning. He backed his car out of the garage, its exhausts popping, and went tearing down the road. If anyone from the Hot Rod Club saw him he would lose his membership for reckless driving, but he didn't care. Maybe Winch was right. Maybe the Hot Rod Club was for squares.

They were in the shack he and Joe and Tiny had built the summer they were thirteen. It was a good, solid shack, back of the old Durham farm, where nobody ever went. They had had a secret club there, with all of them officers, and a constitution signed with their blood. They had met there to smoke their first cigarettes, and to look at a medical book Tiny had borrowed from his father's library, and to talk about girls. It had stood through the years, leaking only a little in the rain and snow. Now the rear wall was out of it and they had Winch's car in there, souping it up.

"Look who's here," Winch said, glancing up, a lanky, redheaded boy with a handsome, wiseacre face. He bent back over the open hood of the car, reaching down with a wrench. "The barnyard fowl."

Joe was short and dark with eyes as big as a girl's and a crooked prize-fighter's nose that he had broken in a fall from a bike when he was nine. Tiny was six-four, and his face was only now beginning to change from the plump roundness of childhood. They both said, "Hi," and looked uncomfortable.

Bud ignored them. He grabbed Winch by the shoulder and yanked him up from the car. Winch spun around, almost losing his balance.

"I don't like your language," Bud said.

Winch collected himself. He wiped his forehead slowly on his sleeve and looked at Bud in his way that was not quite honest amusement and not quite a sneer.

"You want to fight? O.K.," he said. "You've got ten pounds on me, and you've had boxing lessons from your dad, so I haven't got much chance, have I? But I'll fight you. I'm no barnyard fowl."

Bud dropped his hands. "Get out of my shack," he said. "Get out and take that piece of junk with you."

"It's only one-third your shack. I'll buy your share right now. O.K., guys?" He looked at Joe and Tiny, and they nodded. "Here. Here's three bucks. Now *you* get out."

Bud shoved aside the hand with the money. He wanted to sock Winch. He could feel himself shaking inside because of the way he wanted to, the need. But it was a satisfaction forever denied to him.

"Three bucks!" he said. "Who you think you're kidding?"

Winch shrugged. "I wouldn't have to pay you off at all. It's only I'm so good-hearted. Barnyard fowls don't have any use for money." He looked at Joe and Tiny. "Isn't that right?"

Joe got red, but he mumbled, "Sure." Tiny said, staring at the ground, "Anybody chickens out, we don't want them in this shack."

"Listen," Bud said. "Listen. Haddon Avenue's for beginners. I'll race you on Jamestown Road tomorrow at five o'clock. Winner gets the shack and says who can come in and who can't."

Joe glanced sideways at Winch. "That's when all the cross-country trucks roll. We'd have to dodge them."

"What's the matter?" Bud demanded. "You chicken?"

"You've got yourself a deal!" Winch's small, bright eyes burned. He looked at Joe and Tiny. "O.K. with you?" They nodded in unison. "O.K.," he said. "Jamestown Road, five o'clock tomorrow. If you show up."

"I'll be there," Bud said.

He drove out to Jamestown Road and took a fast run down it for about ten miles. It was a three-lane trucking highway that was soon to be rerouted because it went past a crowded housing development, and the kids liked to stand there and watch the big trucks roll by. One of them had been killed a month ago by a truck that swerved off the road to avoid another that was stalled.

There were kids watching now as Bud came down on the gas pedal, his engine roaring with power. His car had done ninety in the Roadeo, but that was tame stuff when you thought about it. There was nothing out there on the flats, no way you could get hurt, no danger. This was something else. It would take guts to do ninety here, when the trucks were rolling. One little miscalculation, one little nudge from one of those ten-ton monsters, and you'd have had it for good.

He gunned the car up to seventy-five and then slowed down and turned around. No use pushing it all the way now, with the road half empty, but at five o'clock tomorrow he'd give it the works; he'd go for a hundred. They'd see who was chicken. Maybe then ——

A figure darted across the road in front of him. He jammed on the brakes, and then knew in that split second that he would not stop in time. At the same instant he saw, at the edge of his vision two small boys running along the side of the road. He swerved away from the figure in front of him, held the wheel hard and skidded to a stop with his left wheels touching the shoulder, inches from the running boys. They stood rooted, their mouths black O's in their white faces. The one who had crossed in front of Bud came running back.

"I did it," he was shouting to the others. "Didn't I do it?"

Bud got out. As he did so, a truck stopped beside him, and the driver leaned down from the cab.

"Nice going, Mac." He jerked his chin toward the Hot Rod Club sticker on Bud's car. "That where you learned to drive so good?"

"I guess so."

"Well, tell those fool kids," he said, loud enough for them to hear, "if it wasn't for that, they'd be laying all over the road now, waiting for the wagon to come and take away the pieces."

The truck lumbered off, and Bud advanced on the frozen boys. "Well," he said, "what's the big idea?"

None of them spoke for a minute. He could see them sizing him up, gauging his authority. Then the one who had run in front of his car answered in a rusty twelve-year-old voice, "They dared me. They said if I didn't I was chicken."

"We all done it," one of the others said, the color coming back to his cheeks. "I done it once in front of a truck."

"What do you think that makes you?" Bud said. "I'll tell you what. Stupid. A stupid little kid. Did you ever see anybody like, say, Sergeant Slim on television try to prove how brave he was by running in front of a truck?"

Bud drove back to the shack, taking it easy. They were finishing up for the night, putting away the tools. Winch saw him first and grinned his grin.

"Come to say you changed your mind about the race?"

"That's right," Bud said. "I changed my mind."

Winch's grin broadened. "I figured," he said. "Once a barnyard fowl, always a barnyard fowl."

Bud walked out. He had just reached his car when Joe caught up with him. He had left the leather jacket somewhere, and there was a smudge of grease across his prize-fighter's nose. He looked the way he had looked when they were kids, building the shack, getting dirty and never noticing.

"Look," he said. "Maybe Winch figured you for chicken. I didn't. What happened?"

"It's a long story," Bud said.

"Look," Joe said, "I don't care, but you ought to tell Winch. I mean, just saying you won't race, just saying you changed your mind. He don't know you. You can't blame him for thinking you're chicken."

"I don't have to prove anything to Winch," Bud said. "I don't have to prove anything to anybody."

His father was waiting for him when he got home, sitting on the porch steps in the dark, smoking his pipe. He asked Bud a question he hadn't asked him in a long time. "Where have you been?"

"Driving around," Bud said.

"Sit down a minute."

"I'd just as soon stand."

He thought his father sighed, but he may only have been puffing on his pipe.

"Maggie figured you might be doing something foolish."

"I was just driving around."

"I told her you wouldn't," his father said. "I told her a kid's world may fall apart that easily, but a man makes his own world."

"I'm sort of tired," Bud said. "Can I go in now?"

"Wait a minute. There's another thing." His father stood on the steps, so that he towered over Bud in the darkness. "You think I'm a coward. All right. Does that mean you're through with me, everything else wiped out?"

Bud could not see his father's face, but he knew, from his voice, how it looked. He knew all its expressions, sternness and humor, anger and sorrow and pleasure, despair, hope, love—and fear.

"No," Bud said. "No." He took a step toward his father and stopped, struggling with his voice. "It's O.K."

They stood quiet a minute. "Those fellows from the union," his father said then, "threatened harm to you and Maggie. I wasn't going to tell either of you. I didn't want to worry you. I was thinking of Maggie as a girl and you as a kid." He came down one step, closer to Bud. "Come on in the house, and let's figure how to work it out. We're not going to let them get away with it."

Bud's voice came out in a whisper. "And I thought you were scared!"

"I was," his father said. THE END

"Welcome aboard, Foster, and always remember our motto—'If at first you don't succeed, you're fired.'"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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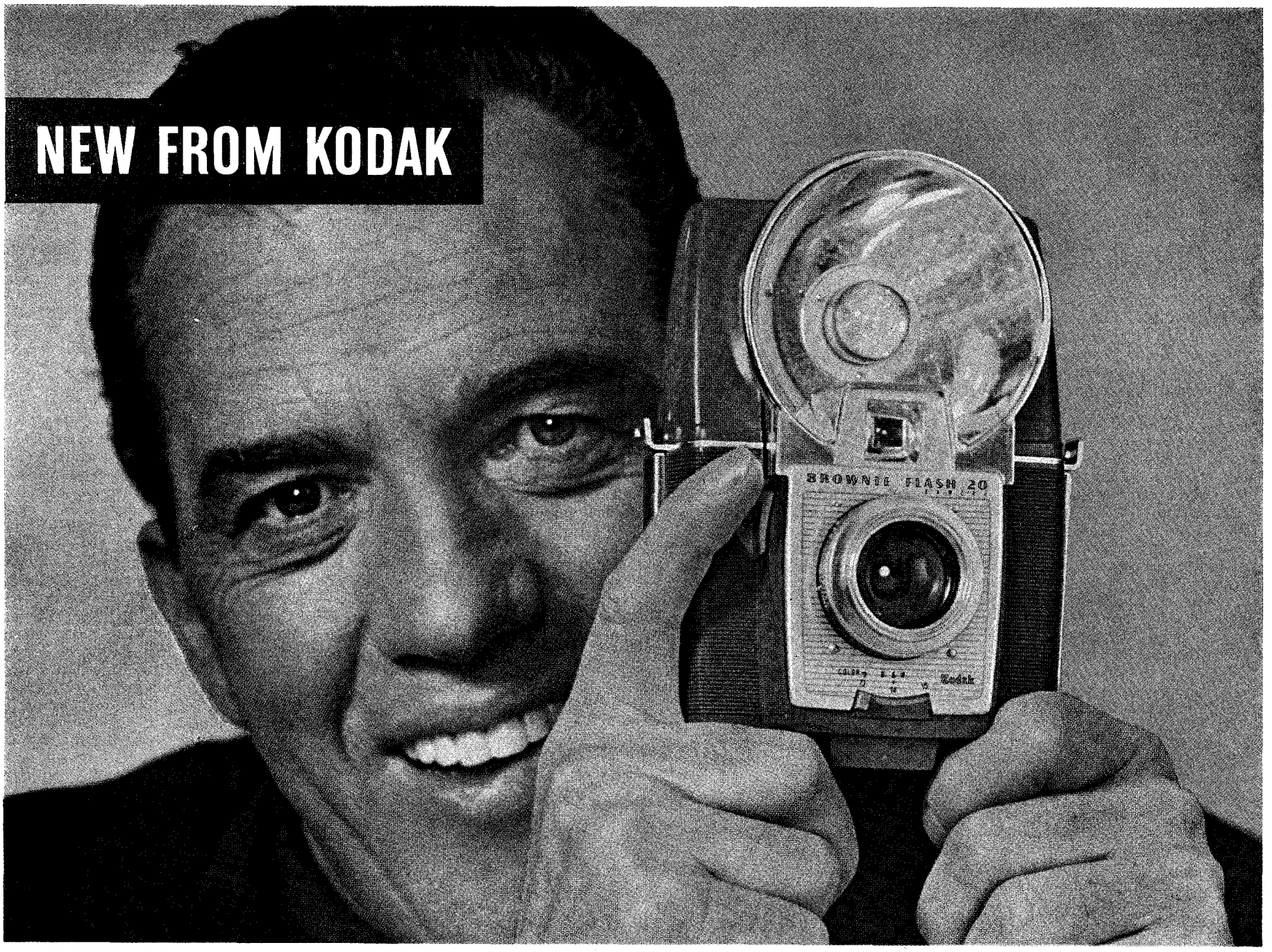

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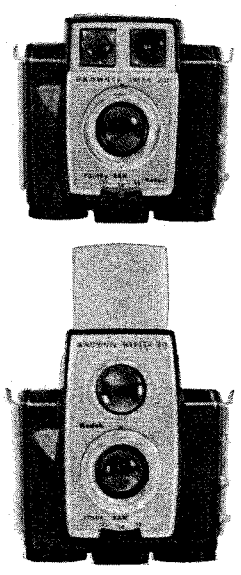

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Revolution on Main Street

(Continued from Page 21)

tipped their hat to no man, and feared no man. Yet the poorer people, at least, had one abiding fear—the fear of being "sent away," which meant being sent to the "poor farm," a gloomy house some miles out of town, or to a "mental hospital," the euphemism for an insane asylum.

When my family settled in Avon, an old lady known as Aunt Marietta lived in a derelict house not far from ours. The roof leaked so badly that she had rigged up an umbrella over her bed. She had no money at all, but she wanted only one thing—to be left alone to die in her own house. When my mother brought her food, she would say over and over, "Don't let them send me away. If they send me away I shall die." But the time came when Aunt Marietta's condition was considered a disgrace to the town, and the poor-farm wagon came to her house. Ten days later Aunt Marietta was dead. "She was what we called then a 'little queer,'" my mother writes, "but she seemed to me a gallant old soul. She only wanted to be left alone."

Being "sent away" meant the end of that independence which was the passion of the Avonites of those days. Perhaps the same passion also explains their other fear—the fear of expressing any emotion at all, for any emotion is in a sense a lien on independence.

The Woodfords were one of Avon's first families—our farm was a Woodford farm, and it is still called by that name. When my family came to Avon, old Mr. Randolph Woodford was still alive—he told wonderful stories of the Avon of the early nineteenth century. He died at 107, and he was soon followed by his son Scott Woodford, a Shakespearean scholar and a very fine man, who died at eighty-six; it was thought that being run over by a tractor at seventy-five had weakened him. My mother went to "Mrs. Scott," a dear friend of hers, as soon as she heard of Scott's death. "She was sitting alone in her rocker in the kitchen with her heavy stockings and felt slippers, and I told her of my deep sympathy for her and what Scott had meant to Avon. She looked at me for a moment and all she said was, 'I always told him he'd die young.'"

There was plenty of emotion below the surface, of course. One old house sheltered a sister and brother who had lived together in it for many decades without speaking a word to each other. The brother drank steadily, morosely, while the sister cooked and kept house for him, but never a word was exchanged between them. "I hate him," the sister would say, when my mother visited that awful household; "I hate him, but I am tied to him."

Emotion there was, but it was always rigidly controlled. Sex, above all, was an unmentionable thing, to the point where it seems to have become almost an undoable thing. This may explain why the population of Avon, which was 1500 when the town was incorporated in 1830, was about the same eighty years later. An Avon girl was married at about the time my mother came to the town. A couple of years later, my mother, who was well on the way with her second child, met the girl's mother. "Tell me all about your daughter," she said. "Has she had a baby yet?" "No," replied the mother. "She does not know her husband very well yet."

And yet life was by no means all dour and wintry. To those who were not "foreigners," the people of Avon were hospitable to the point of conviviality, as my father discovered when he ran for the state legislature soon after he came to Avon. At the time, the representative of the state Republican machine was firmly in the saddle, thanks largely to free whisky and two-dollar bills at election time. Since my father was bucking the machine for the Republican nomination, he really had to work for votes, and he set out to visit every household in Avon, on his big white horse, Quicksilver. At almost every house he was offered a ceremonial libation of rye or hard cider, which it would have been politically unwise to refuse. "I was always glad Quicksilver knew the way home," father used to say, "because I certainly didn't." Thanks to Quicksilver, he won.

In the matter of liquor—in sharp contrast to sex—Avon was rather tolerant in those days. One very fine man, much respected in the town, had formed the habit of getting drunk every Saturday night, but because everybody knew that his wife was impossible to live with, his failing was understood and excused. Then his wife died, but his Saturday night habit hung on, as habits will. One Saturday night he ended up clinging to a tree outside my mother's bedroom window, where he indulged himself in a loud soliloquy.

"I like that Mrs. Alsop," he said, loudly enough to wake up my mother. "If I had a mate like her, I'd never drink another drop." Then there was a long pause, and he began to cry. "My wife's dead, my wife's dead," he moaned. Another long pause. Then a delighted chuckle, and he said loudly and deliberately, "And I'm damned glad of it."

This was the kind of story that appealed to the wry New England sense of humor. In winter the best place for storytelling was around the thin, flat-sided, wood-burning stove in the general store.

"A number of the older men gathered in the store in the afternoon," my mother writes. "One day I joined them, to their bewilderment and dismay. But the barriers of suspicion and apprehension gradually broke down, and we all told stories. Except for Mr. Bishop, a wonderful old man who never seemed able even to smile, we laughed together and became friends."

Mr. Ripley, the first selectman, was one of the regulars around the stove, and he became my mother's favorite. In his undemonstrative New England way, he reciprocated her admiration. One day they left the store together, and my mother saw that Mr. Ripley was limping badly. She asked sympathetically whether he had rheumatism. "No, 'taint rheumatism," he replied. "It's a bunion." And he led my mother into the town hall and took off a shoe, in order to show my mother an impressive bunion. She didn't much enjoy inspecting the bunion, but she was properly sympathetic.

Then she went away on a trip with my father. When she came back, she heard that Mr. Ripley had had an operation on his foot, so she took a "posy" with her and went to visit him. He was sitting up in bed, an imposing figure in a brown wrapper. "I got something for you," he said a bit shyly. "I kept it for you. It's over on the little table in the corner."

"Why, Mr. Ripley," my mother said, "you shouldn't give me a present."

But he insisted. "I kept it for you. It's in a bottle." So my mother went to the table in the corner and found the bottle, and inside the bottle was Mr. Ripley's toe. My mother was touched, and properly grateful. "I felt," she recalls, "that although I was a foreigner, Mr. Ripley's gift showed that I had real friends."

In today's Avon it is not necessary for the first selectman to give a newly arrived bride his toe in order to prove that she has a friend. A newcomer makes friends almost automatically, through the Garden Club or the Women's Club or the Couples' Club or the V.F.W. or the Lions Club or the P.T.A. or one of the volunteer fire departments, or such service organizations as the West Avon Community Club or the Avon Industrial Development Commission. Nowadays a good many of Avon's citizens are birds of passage—young executives, for example, who commute to larger towns nearby and who know they may be transferred elsewhere in a year or so, when they take their next step up the corporate ladder. Because they have been newcomers in a strange town themselves—and will be again—they go out of their way to make the new arrival feel at home.

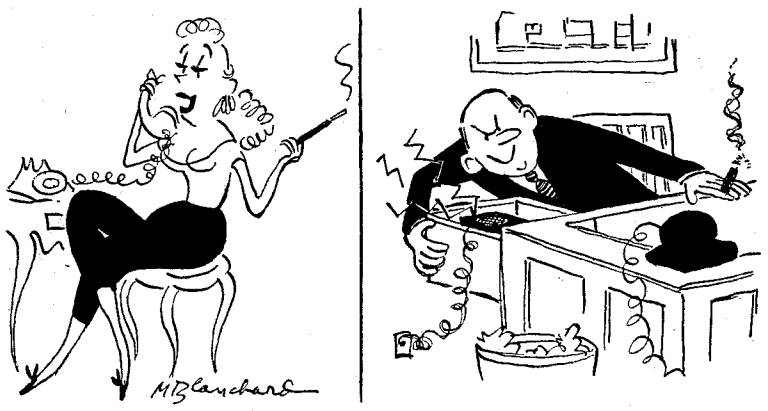
The amount of community activity in Avon is quite extraordinary, especially to anyone who, like this reporter, knows only the self-contained and rather selfish life of a big city. "The Lions Club or the Women's Club and the other clubs in town," my brother John writes, "are constantly raising money, by one device or another, to give the fire department a resuscitator or improve the looks of Main Street or for some other useful purpose." It is quite unnecessary for anyone to be "left alone," like Aunt Marietta, in today's Avon—indeed, it is virtually impossible. But all this activity is not mere activity for its own sake. In today's complex, interdependent life, this community spirit helps greatly to make Avon a pleasant place in which to live. And that must be true of many other small towns which, like Avon, have experienced a bloodless and almost unconscious revolution.

Avon, in fact, has experienced two distinct revolutions since my family came to live there. The coming of the Italians was the first revolution. When my mother came to Avon, there was only one Italian in town, Angelo Dal Bon, a genial giant of a man who worked on our place. But by the time of the First World War the Italians were arriving in droves. By the '20's they outnumbered the Yankees.

The Italians are not Italians any more, but Americans, and very good Americans. But when they first arrived in Avon, they were straight off the ship, and most of them spoke not a word of English. They came, for the most part, from the North of Italy, and they were strong, good-looking people, with an instinct for work and for the land. They brought a new life and color to Avon.

They and my mother took to each other instantly, perhaps because they were all "foreigners" together, perhaps because like my mother, they lacked the New England horror of emotion. The women were marvelous cooks—the boyhood taste of Louisa Cartello's polenta still lingers in my middle-aged mouth—and they all made wine in their cellars, walking on the grapes according to the immemorial custom. It was a rough but potable brew, and a godsend during prohibition. My father used to bottle the wine in ancient claret bottles with distinguished labels, and serve it to his unsuspecting guests. In those thirsty and unsophisticated days he almost always got away with the deception.

The coming of the Italians changed the whole social and political structure of the town. Before they came, the Catholics—mostly (Continued on Page 65)



You be the Judge

By JAMES A. EICHNER

When Sandra rented an apartment, she didn't know that her landlord, Jackson, had a listening device which enabled him to sit in his office and hear conversations in her apartment. Learning of it, she sued and charged invasion of privacy.

"Maybe it wasn't nice, but it wasn't illegal," Jackson's lawyer argued. "He did it to guard against getting the wrong kind of tenants. He didn't repeat anything he overheard, and it didn't harm or hinder Sandra in any way."

"That makes no difference," Sandra's attorney replied. "And while the law affords no protection against trivial invasions of privacy, this one was outrageous."

If you were the judge, would you award damages to Sandra?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Sandra won. The court ruled that the mere invasion of privacy entitled her to damages. It said: "The right to privacy is an individual right that should be held inviolate. To hold otherwise, under modern means of communications, hearing devices, photography and other technological advances, would effectively deny valuable rights and freedoms to the individual."

Based upon a 1958 West Virginia decision.

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THINLINE AIR CONDITIONERS

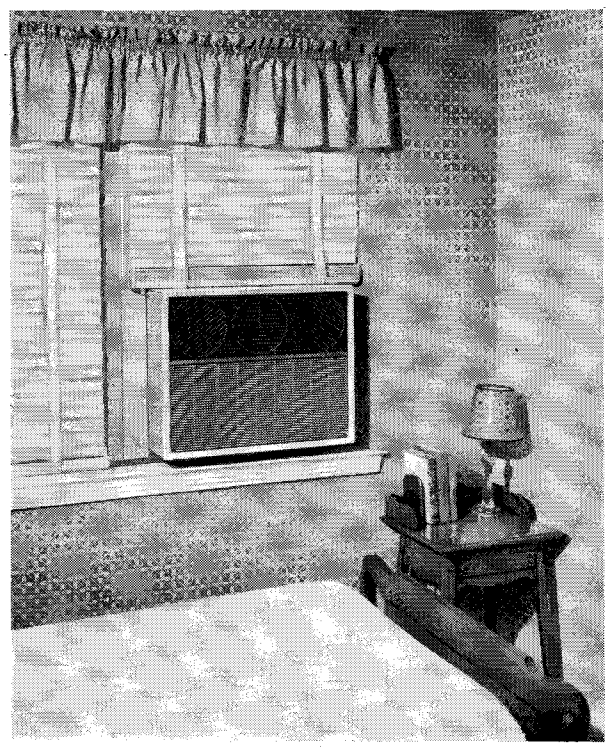
Florida couple cools and heats 3 rooms with General Electric Thinline—$346.26

Left, below: The Fleischmanns cool and heat a 638-square-foot living-dining-kitchen area with one All-Weather Thinline Air Conditioner. They paid $346.26—including through-the-wall installation and wiring. As these case histories prove, no air conditioning job is too tough for General Electric Thinlines . . .

FORT LAUDERDALE, FLORIDA

THE JOB: Heating and cooling 638-square-foot living-dining-kitchen area. *Mr. and Mrs. William G. Fleischmann elected to throw out the gas heater from the ornamental fireplace.*

THE ANSWER: The Fleischmanns had an All-Weather *Thinline* built through the fireplace and out the back. The *Thinline* makes child's play of cold weather, and in the summer delivers 10,000 BTU's* of cooling power to keep the living-dining-kitchen area cool. Even the Fleischmanns' 13-year-old cocker, Taffy, appreciates the comfort, which cost $346.26—including installation and wiring.



PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

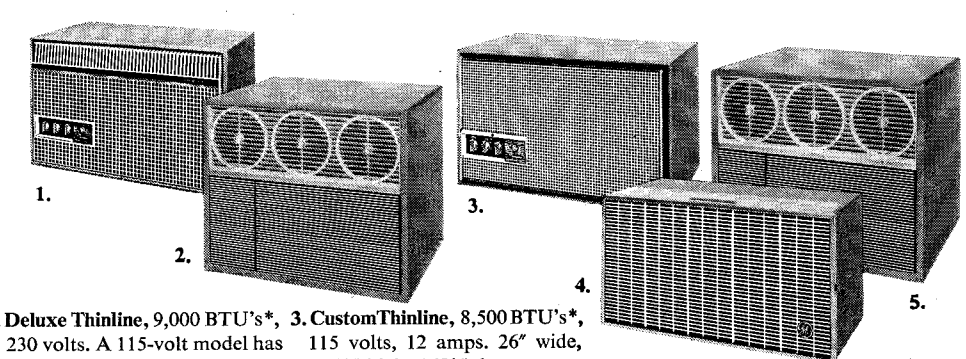
THE JOB: Cooling a bedroom without rewiring . . . *Mrs. Jospeh P. Cody wanted to be cool at night, but she didn't want to go to all the extra expense and trouble of rewiring.*

THE ANSWER: A 7.5 amp, 6,700 BTU* General Electric *Thinline* plugs right into the adequate 115-volt circuit—no expensive 230-volt wiring needed. The *Thinline* cools the 9′ x 17′ bedroom with no strain. A friend installed it in the window for them. "We don't mind summers at all now," says Mrs. Cody. The price for this aloofness to weather vagaries: $205.95 complete.

HOUSTON, TEXAS

THE JOB: Baby's heat rash . . . *the doctor recommended air conditioning. Mr. and Mrs. Robert J. Fisk also sought relief from dampness and "weeks and weeks at a crack of temperatures in the 90's."*

THE ANSWER: Mr. Fisk and his father installed a 1½ hp, 14,000 BTU* General Electric *Thinline* air conditioner through the living room wall. It took them only an afternoon. Not long after that, the baby's heat rash cleared up. The General Electric *Thinline* shoots cool air down the hallway where it spreads to the bedrooms, cools and de-humidifies the whole 990-square-foot house.



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2. **Super Thinline,** 16,000 BTU's*, 2 hp. A 1½ hp model packs 13,000 BTU's*. Both 230 volts.

3. **CustomThinline,** 8,500 BTU's*, 115 volts, 12 amps. 26″ wide, 15⅝″ high, 16⅞″ deep.

4. **Thinette,** 6,000 BTU's*, 7.5 amps, 115 volts. 13″ x 13″ x 25″. You-do-it installation.

5. **All-Weather Thinline,** 10,000 BTU's* of cooling; 10,000 BTU's* of heating.

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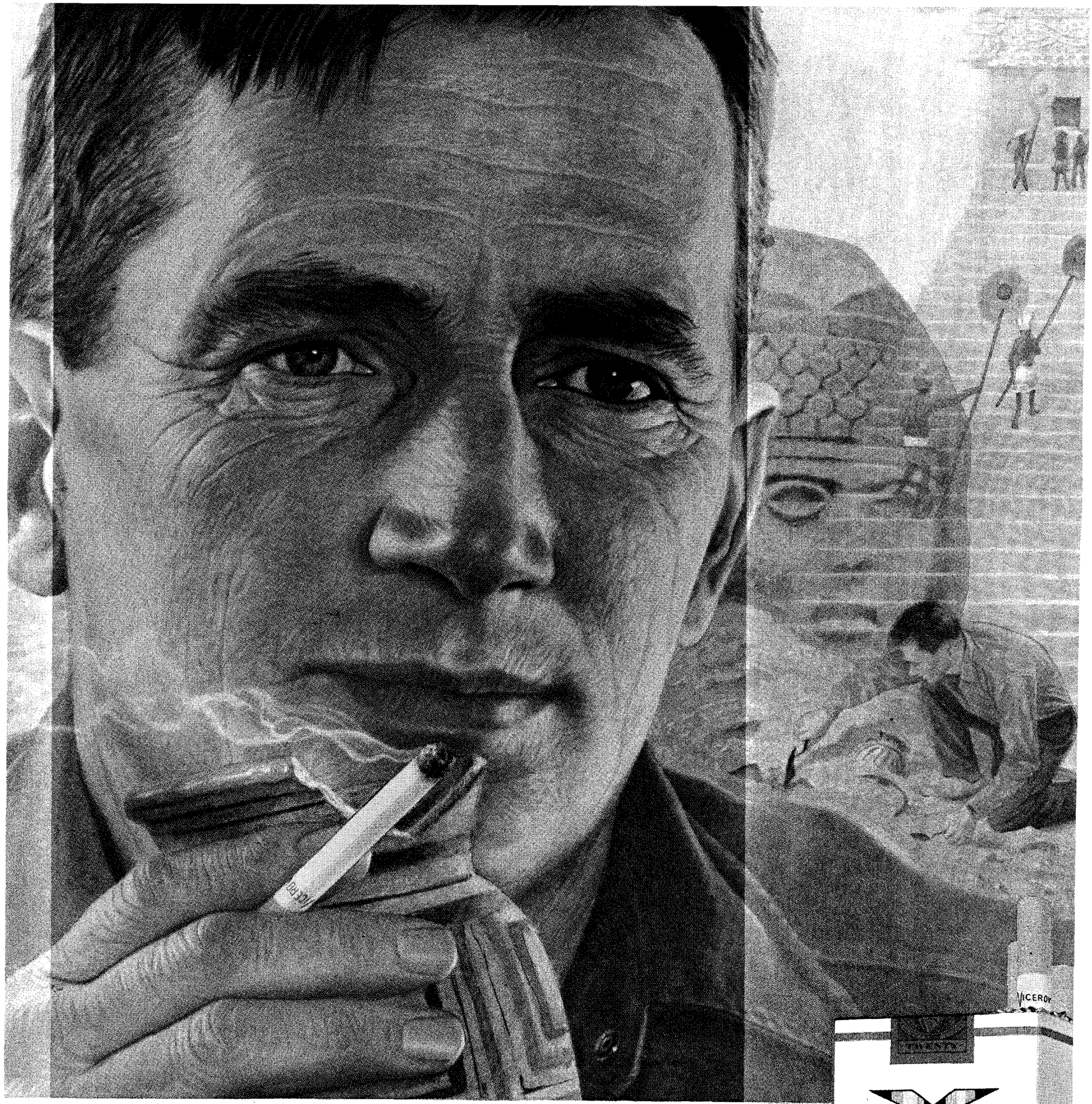

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a thinking man's filter...
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(*Continued from Page 62*) Irish-Americans, like Ted Manion's family—had been so tiny a minority that there was not even a Catholic church in town. The Italians made the Catholics a majority—last year Avon's Catholics raised $10,000 in a single afternoon for their big new church.

The coming of the Italians also changed the political balance of power in the town. Fifty years ago Avon was a poor man's town, in comparison with both Farmington, a richer and older town upstream on the Farmington River, and Simsbury. In both Farmington and Simsbury there are dozens of houses which are bigger and handsomer than any house in Avon. Perhaps because it was a poor town, Avon was not then a solidly Republican town—as it is not again today. Avon often backslid from the Republican faith of the Connecticut hinterland and sent a Democrat to the state legislature.

But the majority of the Italians were converted to Republicanism, with a big assist from my father as first selectman and my mother as Republican town chairman; and that gave the Republicans, for many years, an unchallengeable majority. There were many defections to the New Deal in the '30's, but most of the older Italians had such an affection for my Black Republican father that they went right on voting for him until he died in 1953. They had a nickname for him—it sounded like "il gioffa"—which we children fondly imagined meant "the chief," or something of the sort. We later learned that they were really calling him "Mr. Pockets"—my father had a habit of standing with his hands in his back trousers pockets when he presided with somewhat tyrannical geniality over the town meetings in the old town hall.

The coming of the Italians changed the town in all sorts of other, subtler ways, and it is not too much to call their coming a "revolution." Suppose that a French or English village were suddenly inundated with people of another race, so that in a few years the original inhabitants were reduced to a minority. Surely the effects would be revolutionary. And yet Avon absorbed the newcomers with amazingly little friction. "You asked me how the Italians and the Yankees have mixed together," my brother John writes, "and I would say that they have mixed exceedingly well. There has been very little consciousness of national background in Avon. Nobody seems to be particularly concerned about it."

So Avon's first revolution was an almost unconscious revolution, and a reflection in microcosm of the great American miracle, the miracle of many races living together in freedom and tranquillity, of great change without violence.

As for Avon's second revolution, its roots stretch back to about the time of the First World War, when a black-top road was built over the mountain, but it only really erupted after the Second World War. As a result of this second revolution, Avon has ceased to be on its own. It has become instead an outlying part of a complex megalopolis, centered on Hartford, a medium-sized industrial city and the capital of Connecticut, eight miles east of Avon.

In a sentence which evokes a sudden sharp picture of a time that is gone and will not return, my mother recalls her first visit to our farm, before she and father were engaged. "After lunch in Hartford on Sunday," she writes, "your father went to the livery stable and got Quicksilver, a very dashing horse, and with sleigh bells ringing and a great buffalo robe over my lap, we slid over the mountain to the farm."

The mountain was Talcott Mountain, a high and handsome ridge between Avon and Hartford, which in those days acted as a sort of Chinese wall, isolating Avon from the city and the world. By the time my parents were married in 1909, my father had bought his first car, a F.I.A.T., then one of the only two cars in town, and the Chinese wall began to crack. But the crack was not wide. The cars of those days were notoriously unreliable, and there was only a thin dirt track over Talcott Mountain. It was impassable to most cars in winter or wet weather, and it was an adventure to cross it even in a horse-drawn wagon or sleigh.

The only really dependable way to get from Avon to Hartford was by train. You took a train to Plainville, fourteen miles south, and sat in the baggage room there, chatting with the genial stationmaster and waiting for the "Dinky," a tiny train that connected Plainville with Hartford. The whole trip took almost two hours. My mother remembers it as a "genial, pleasant jaunt," and no doubt it was if you weren't in a hurry.

The Chinese wall was broken down with the building of the black-top road over the mountain and with the coming of reasonably dependable, reasonably priced cars. A few rich people bought houses on the Avon side of the mountain and commuted to work. But they were still very few, and Avon's reason for existence, all through the '20's and '30's, continued to be Avon itself—Avon's stores, the small fuse factory which has been there since the Civil War, and above all the many farms in the township. Then, after World War II, the commuters came, as they have come to thousands of American small towns outside of large or medium-sized cities. In 1920 the population of Avon was about 1500. It was just over 2000 in 1940, and today it is pushing 6000. If the foresight of my father and others had not enforced strict zoning laws, the population would already be much higher than that, and even with zoning, my brother John estimates that the town's population may double again in the next ten years or so. And Avon is not the same town it was.

It is no longer a farming town. Only a few years ago, to anyone coming over the mountain, the valley below seemed filled with silvery lakes—the lakes were the hundreds of acres of white tents over the shade tobacco. Now there is very little shade tobacco grown in Avon, and there are only a couple of producing herds of dairy cattle left in the township. The town, moreover, is no longer on its own—Avon is no longer the chief reason for Avon's existence. "We have become," my mother writes, with a trace of sadness, "suburbia."

Was the Avon of fifty or twenty-five years ago a better place than the Avon of today?

It is easy to become unreasonably nostalgic about the old Avon. Take, for example, the matter of prices. Meat was brought to our farm twice a week by Mr. Louis Case, a sensitive butcher who wanted to be a florist. Mr. Case—who eventually achieved his heart's desire—would haul a whole lamb out of his cart and expertly cut off the saddle, for which he charged thirty-five cents a pound. More often the family would make do somehow with porterhouse steak at twenty cents a pound or lowly beef or veal at ten cents.

In 1903, when my father came to Avon, the total school bill was $2413, a sum which educated 160 children. At last count, there were about 950 children in Avon's schools, and the school bill comes to more than $300,000. The bill in 1903 included the magnificent sum of $234 for teachers' wages in six separate school districts, which can hardly have provided the teachers with a full and happy life. And when you take off the rose-tinted glasses through which it is customary to view the past, one simple fact becomes clear:

Although everything cost a great deal less, almost everybody—except the rich, who then lived in a tax-free paradise—had a lot less to spend. High prices, high taxes and all, the people of Avon Present are by and large a great deal better off in the good things of this world than the people of Avon Past.

Or take politics. My father's successor as Avon's first selectman is Mario Solari, an able man of Italian descent. He is a Democrat—to the regret of my stanchly Republican mother and brother. Theirs is a prejudiced viewpoint. But objective students of our political system would agree that the decay of the old party system, which is as startlingly visible in Avon as in many other suburban areas, is not an altogether healthy development.

In the old days a man was a Republican or a Democrat, and he voted accordingly all his life. In 1924, when my mother ran for the state legislature—my family runs for office as instinctively as lem-

... ...

City View

By Alice Clear Matthews

The roofs get in the way.
  Yet space is there
Beyond—and distant hills,
  And wider air.
I must somehow surmise
  The breadth I cannot see,
Contrive the farther view
From this afforded me.

... ...

mings run into the sea—one of her closest friends was Nort Fish. Nort was a lifetime Democrat, but my mother thought she could win him over, so she drove him to the polls, reciting all the reasons why she would combine the virtues of Solon and Demosthenes in the Connecticut legislature, and confident that here was an extra vote. But when Nort emerged from the polling booth, he looked at her sadly and confessed, "Mrs. Alsop, I just couldn't do it." He couldn't do it, not because she was a woman, but because she was a Republican.

Nowadays the voters switch back and forth between parties with all the ease of the young man on the flying trapeze. Avon went for Eisenhower by a landslide in 1952 and 1956—and yet it elected Mario Solari, and voted in 1958 for the Democratic governor, Abraham Ribicoff, by a handsome majority. This disregard of party labels may reflect a new political discernment, but it is robbing the party system of the built-in discipline and stability it used to have.

But in this respect, too, one should beware of rose-tinted glasses. The days my father knew, when votes were bought with cheap whisky and two-dollar bills, are no more. And much that was good endures and flourishes—the town-meeting system, for example, which dates from Avon's and America's earliest beginnings. If the subject to be debated is zoning or education, the big auditorium of the Towpath School is always jammed.

But the real change in Avon is not in its prices or its politics, but in its people. There is no doubt at all that the people of Avon of fifty years ago differ in certain striking ways from the Avonites of today. "If a sculptor made a bas-relief of the people of Avon today," my mother writes, "he would show a large, rather homogeneous group of very fine Americans. But fifty years ago, to picture the New Englanders of Avon as they were, he would have to carve in such a way that each figure, each face, stood alone."

What produced those remarkable people, with their passion for standing alone? History had something to do with it—their ancestors came to New England because they wanted to stand alone. So did the rugged land and climate. But economic circumstances had a lot to do with it too. In those days the vast majority of Avon's people made their living in Avon, and they worked their own land or owned their own shops. Nowadays, my brother John estimates, at least four out of five of Avon's workers, both white collar and blue, commute to Hartford or elsewhere to work, and, of course, almost all of them work for a company or corporation. People have become—not only in Avon but everywhere in the United States—very much more dependent on each other than they used to be.

This interdependence was necessitated by America's economic growth. It was made possible by the automobile and the telephone, and it was reinforced by the mass means of communication. And is it, after all, a bad thing, once you remove the rose-tinted glasses of nostalgia?

The fierce individualism of the old days has, perhaps, been lost—there is no Mr. Sperry now, to float down the Farmington River, reading his newspaper. But there is no Aunt Marietta, and no poor farm either, and the terrible wintry hardness of the life of the poorer people of the old Avon is a thing of the past. By any reasonable test, Avon is a pleasanter place in which to live than it used to be.

This is not true in every way, of course. The Farmington River, where as children we used to swim and catch dace and perch and even an occasional exciting trout, is badly polluted now, and hardly anybody swims or fishes in the river. Avon has other problems. As in every bedroom town, the cost of education is a heavy burden. The water table is dropping, as in many suburban towns, and a new sewer system is going to have to be installed someday soon. But these are the problems of success, and no doubt they will be solved, and both Avon's population and its standard of living will go on growing in great upward leaps.

And perhaps, after all, the people of Avon Present are not altogether different from the people of Avon Past. When my mother attended that first Annual Church Supper fifty years ago and was met by those stony stares, she was quite close to tears. Then my father introduced her to Mr. Bishop, the old man who couldn't smile. "Mrs. Alsop," Mr. Bishop said, in a solemn twang, "it must be hard for you, so young, to leave New York and come to Avon." My mother replied with a quavering smile that it was "a great adventure." Mr. Bishop looked her up and down, and said, "Folks are folks no matter where you go. Remember that, and you'll get along."

Mr. Bishop was right, and folks are still folks, in Avon as elsewhere. But the people of the Avon of those days that are gone were surely a rather remarkable kind of folks. That old Avon was no paradise lost, but even so one may be pardoned for dropping a small nostalgic tear for the Avon of wintertime storytelling round a flat-sided, wood-burning stove, of sleigh rides over the mountain behind a dashing horse while the sleigh bells rang, and of a people who "stood alone" in a way that hardly anybody can stand alone today. THE END

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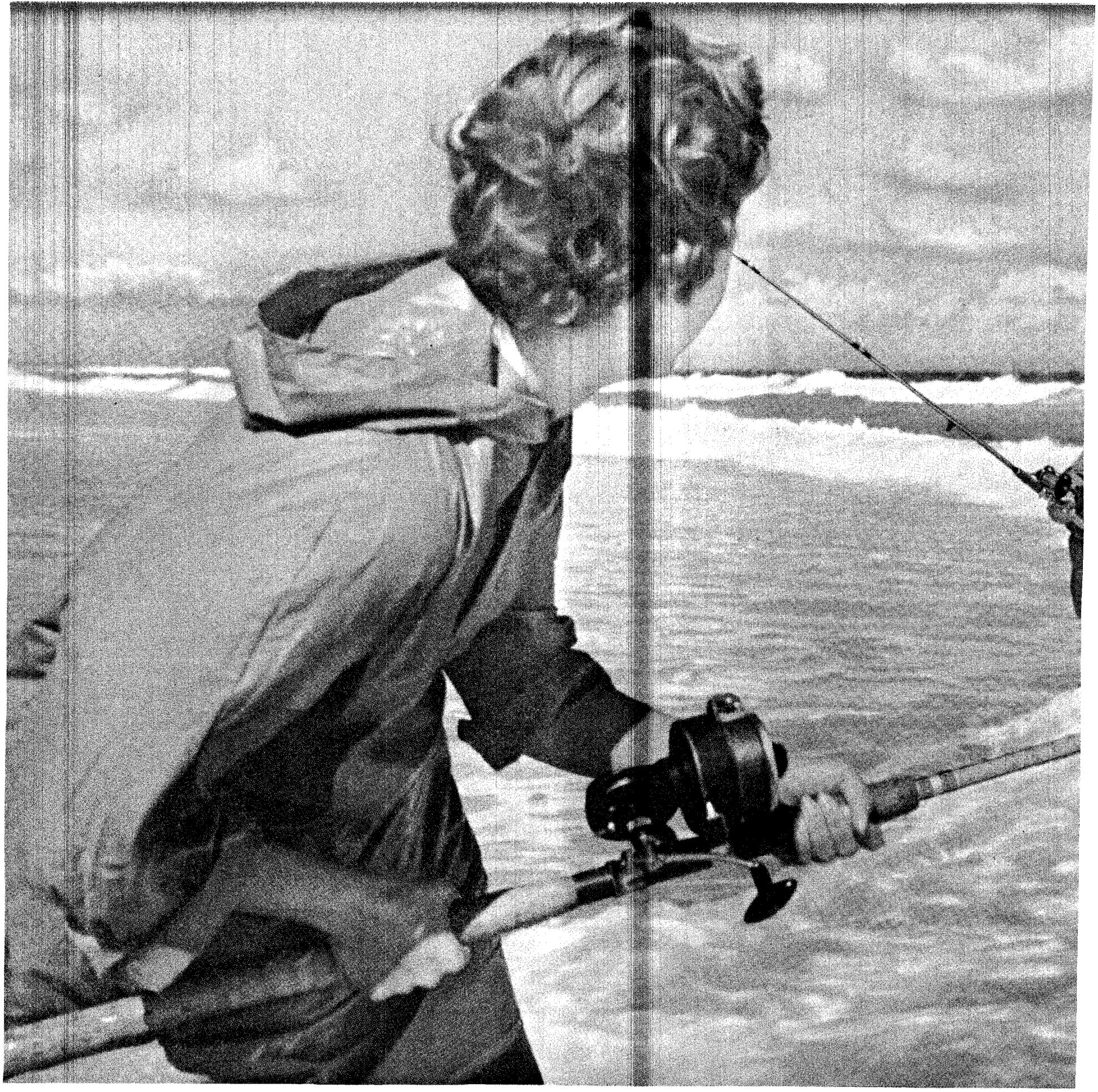

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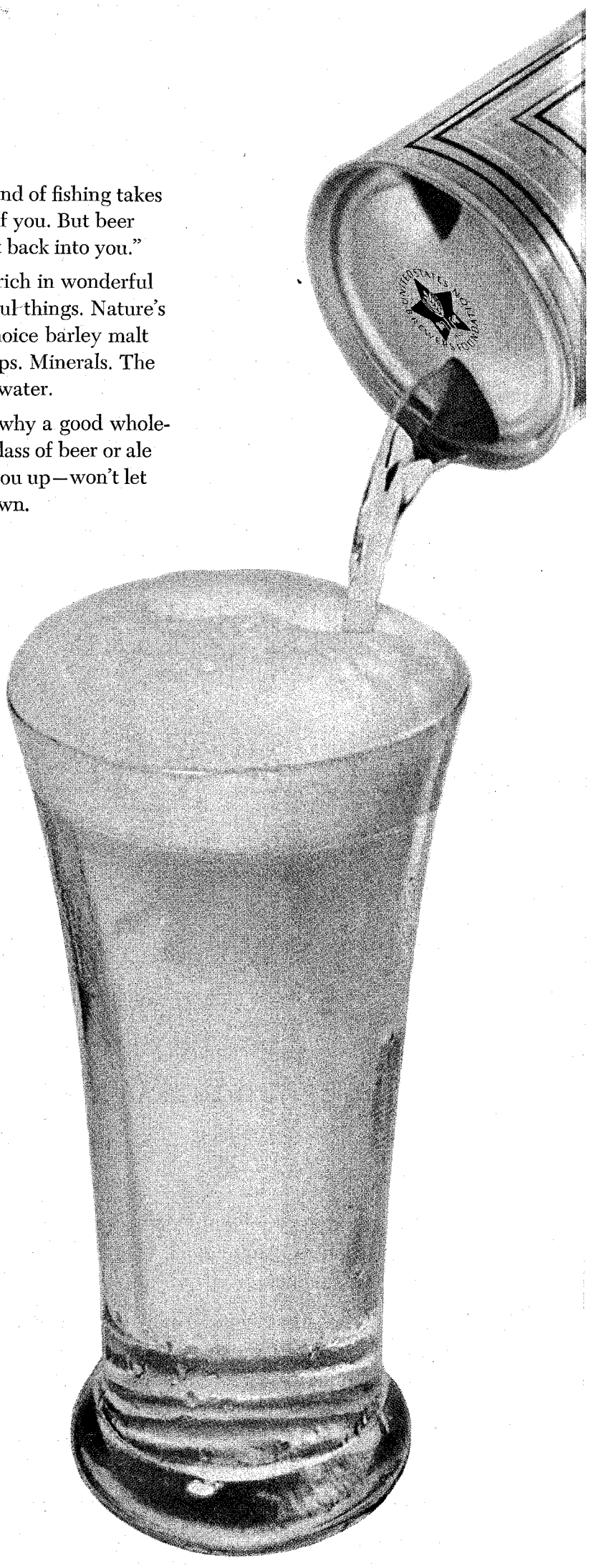

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Don't Call Them Baby Sitters

(Continued from Page 33)

school nurses, science-club advisers and more than fifty career counselors. Announcements went over classroom loudspeakers and in daily bulletins. Before we knew what was happening, school pride was being put to the test."

The day of the first class, seventy-five students from seven Phoenix-area high schools showed up in their Sunday best. But United Cerebral Palsy headquarters was too small to hold them. So Mrs. Olmsted arranged chairs on the front lawn, helped rig up a public-address system, checked the soft-drink supply and opened session in the bright sunshine. "I'm sure a lot of passing motorists were wondering what was going on," she recalls.

One demonstration particularly impressed the teen-agers. A speech therapist was teaching a cerebral-palsied girl how to blow out a match, so that she might pronounce certain words. Tensely the fascinated students held fists clenched and jaws ajar—as if to "think" the girl into speaking. This scene was etched in the mind of Ellen Darland, then a senior at Camelback High and now a prenursing student.

Weeks later, during summer vacation, while six-year-old Dennis Mitcham's mother worked days, Ellen monitored the cerebral-palsied boy. "I was determined that he say the word 'blue,'" Ellen recalls. "Every day I placed a candy wafer at his mouth and promised he could eat it if he kept it between his lips while I counted to ten. That soon brought the first letter in 'blue,' and one day he said the whole word. I was so thrilled. We both laughed and laughed. Denny showed me how a handicap can challenge people to help."

According to Fred Lynde, who has two normal sons besides handicapped Linc, that very challenge is the force which can turn despair into hope. "In a way, we are more fortunate than parents of healthy children," he explains, "because we have something special, really special, in Linc. We learn patience beyond the scope of the ordinary parent. Linc had to be taught to change his position in bed, to get on his hands and knees, to crawl, to walk. Lately he is speaking two-syllable words. All this is wonderfully painstaking work. You have no idea of the joy we experience when Linc does something for the first time."

Seated between his parents, Lincoln Lynde yawns. It is past his bedtime. Earlier in the day he had finally caught up with Gregg, a neighbor who was teasing him, and managed to tackle the boy. Gregg went home crying, but came out again to play with Linc.

"Linc is more boy than angel," Lynde's wife, Barbara, adds lovingly. "Once in a while he misbehaves, and I have to put my foot down. Then, like many another eight-year-old, he sulks, puts his back up, slams doors and sometimes cries."

Linc also is more "normal" than some other cerebral-palsy victims served by the monitors, whose work is not always so pleasant, not always a task of only kindness and understanding. That is why they feel justified in scorning the title, "baby sitter." Frequently, they do much more than sit, and some of their charges are well beyond the baby age.

One young lady on monitor duty was dwarfed by a sixteen-year-old boy who was subject to *grand mal* (epileptic) seizures. He suffered an attack on her first evening with him, and she became frightened—but only long enough to remember what to do. As the boy began to fall, his arms flailing helplessly, she seized him from behind and eased him to the floor, rolling him onto his left side. Swiftly taking a gauze-padded, wooden mixing-spoon handle from her monitor kit—which also contains toys, books and first-aid materials—she pushed it firmly but gently between the boy's teeth. When he became quiet, the girl loosened his collar. Then she telephoned the family physician, who advised her to let the victim sleep. It all went as smoothly as a monitor-course demonstration.

That incident illustrates a strict rule at United Cerebral Palsy headquarters in Phoenix: Do not give the monitors medical training—only first aid, tips on common-sense child care and home-nursing routines.

"Yes, the monitors know their limitations," says Dr. William La Joie, a specialist in physical rehabilitation. Former chairman of the Medical Advisory Board of United Cerebral Palsy of Arizona, he delivered the first lecture of the monitor course. "But they also know their capacity for maturity. I tell you, it is pure joy speaking to those teen-agers—watching their enthusiasm, their grasp at every word said, their quiet intenseness. I can actually see those kids soak up a feeling of responsibility."

This year's medical advisory-board chairman, Dr. John E. Schramel, adds, "The monitor program has taken away the fear of the unknown from those teen-agers. They are seeing that handicapped youngsters are not all mental defectives by any means." The observation may be a professional one—Doctor Schramel is a psychiatrist—but it hits home for Peter McClintock, a Camelback High School junior who has his heart set on being a physician. "Before I took the monitor course," Peter says, "I thought CP kids were creatures. Now I know they're human beings just like us."

In what way, then, are these children afflicted? Cerebral palsy is a general term for a group of disorders caused by injury to the "motor centers" and related areas of the brain. These brain cells function as traffic policemen, directing the muscles in various parts of the body. In a normal person, the signal which converts a thought into action operates almost automatically; it is taken for granted. But in the cerebral palsied, jumbled signal responses may create a traffic jam. There is impairment of voluntary muscle control, awkward movements, lack of balance, irregular gait, guttural speech, grimacing, drooling, spasms or rigidity. But many CP's are acutely aware of the world around them—sounds, smells, tastes, color, touch; they know the number of steps to the schoolhouse, the rustle of a falling leaf, the goodness of home-baked cookies, the beauty of a rain-washed sky.

As the monitors learn in their course, cerebral palsy can develop from faulty growth of brain cells before birth, cerebral injury during birth, or brain damage later from head injury or certain severe illnesses. A palsied child may have the I.Q. of a genius—or of a moron. He may be impulsive and unpredictable—or reliable and thoughtful. But no matter what his intellect or personality, the CP child exerts an important influence upon his entire family.

One couple has a monitor on duty every weekend. "This fine young lady," they report, "taught us how blundering we had been. She merely treated our little girl like our other three. We were angry at first, but when Eleanor as well as her brothers and sister asked for her, we saw the light. Now we don't favor Eleanor so much during the week, like we used to do."

Such family situations are faced almost daily by Mrs. Peggy K. Leonard, the United Cerebral Palsy social worker for the Phoenix area. Recently she visited a home where the father was staying awake nights, worrying about his wife's depressed aloneness and blank stare. Fondling her afflicted son, the mother would say, "I have to live with it all the time." Mrs. Leonard suggested that a monitor be called in. Now the mother is more objective toward the boy.

"So far as I am concerned," says Mrs. Leonard, "that monitor saved the family. Selfishness among teen-agers, we hear, is supposed to be rampant. Well, many of us adults might be amazed to see the unselfishness displayed by these young people."

One monitor she has in mind is Barry Karant, a Central High senior who looks to a career in pediatrics because he believes that branch of medicine, which is devoted to children, can determine the future of the world. Barry says, "Here, these CP kids have their share of troubles, and they can't help it. What I got out of the monitor course was not doctoring but a social view."

Certainly there is no glory or glamour or riches in the work. Lainy Nodiff, a

"Sending him to obedience school seems to have been the answer."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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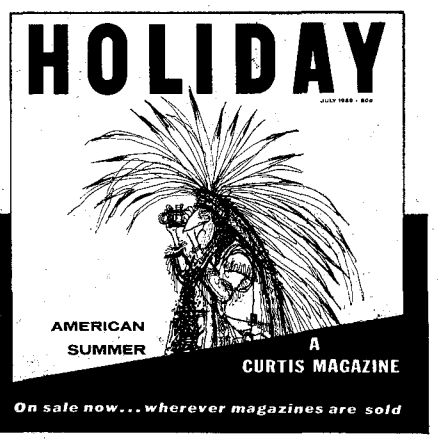

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pretty West Phoenix High senior who plans to become a nurse, tells about the CP youngster she monitored. "For no apparent reason he let out a scream. It was my first time with the boy, and I wanted to understand him. When I put him to bed he cried out again. Then I decided he was in pain. As I rubbed his back, he motioned me closer and kissed my cheek. That will always be my reward."

Monitors charge the same rates as sitters for normal children—fifty cents an hour in most Phoenix neighborhoods, although occasionally a bonus may be forced upon them. Joanne Gerlach, a junior at South Mountain High, remembers the happy expressions of one pair of CP parents when they returned home after a first night out in years. They were so pleased that, after paying Joanne the two-dollar fee, they showered her with all the coins in the cooky jar, which amounted to about a dollar and a half.

Parents of cerebral-palsied children can select a monitor from names in a special U.C.P. directory, 600 copies of which have been distributed free of charge to their homes. Copies also go to physicians, clinics and hospitals, visiting nurses, parent-teacher groups, nursery schools and kindergartens, the Youth Employment Service, and other health agencies. One unexpected result is that parents of normal children call upon the monitors for baby-sitting work, knowing that these young men and women are better qualified than others. They are teen-agers suddenly grown up, but still teen-agers.

One, blond and bright-eyed, explains, "I've just made a discovery. It's more fun to do something for somebody who needs help than it is to play rock-'n'-roll records on hi-fi. These children shine with love and appreciation in a way you seldom see in a child who has not been deprived of bodily ability, material things or love. I remember the day I had trouble adjusting the braces of one young fellow. He grinned and said it must be hurting me more than it was him."

It is experiences such as these which the monitors carry back to school—as reports for English, citizenship and other courses. Peter McClintock delivered two talks on the monitors to his public-speaking class. Joanne Gerlach helped compile a research theme describing the program. Judythe Schott, a North High sophomore who wants to be a missionary doctor, brought it up for discussion in biology studies. "Lots of kids see themselves as second-class citizens until they become adults," Judythe tells her classmates, "but monitors have no reason to feel that way."

Why should that be so? Edward J. Stancik, director of student personnel services for the Phoenix Union High School system, offers an explanation. "The monitor program seems to typify the characteristics of opportunity to these young people, the chance to contribute directly—something many teen-agers cannot otherwise experience. We see that this is not a vehicle for self-aggrandizement, but one of maturing responsibility."

Others, outside of Phoenix, see it that way too. At national headquarters in New York, officials of United Cerebral Palsy are adapting a twenty-one-page detailed outline of the Phoenix project, to be published as a policy guide for all U.C.P. affiliates in the United States. Because monitors are qualified to handle afflicted youngsters generally, such a guide could benefit, also, many thousands of youngsters who are blind or deaf or suffering such other physical handicaps as polio, muscular dystrophy, rheumatic fever, crippling bone conditions and leukemia. Why not monitors for them too?

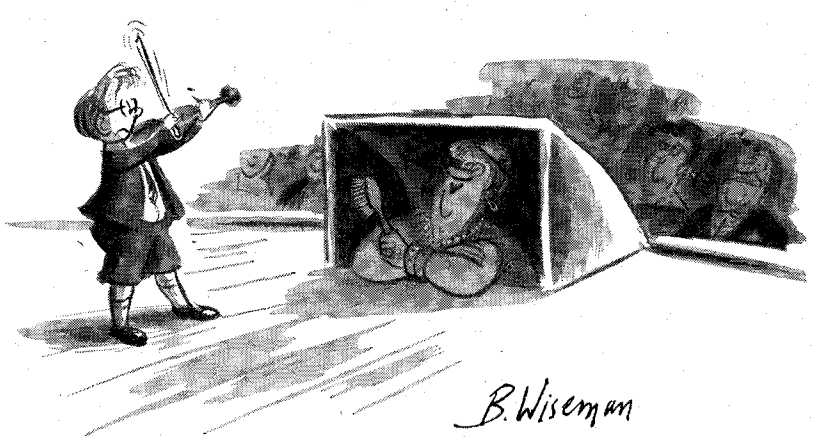
But a printed guide may not be enough. Also needed is the inspired kind of planning pioneered in Phoenix. It is that sort of program which builds better lives, attitudes and careers. For illustration you need only listen to tall, brown-eyed Deanna Dean, a senior at North High.

"I want to be a social worker, but why do most students rate it so low as a career?" asks Deanna. "I think it is because schools are pushing these nuclear-energy things—engineering, math, chemistry, physics, atom-bomb scare. You're told you have to be a walking genius or they'll blow up the world on you. Left out of the future are literature and journalism and civics and law and social work and the arts—some of the directly human vocations. Maybe this has something to do with the juvenile delinquency we hear so much about nowadays. Maybe more teen-agers need a new outlook. I have a new outlook on just about everything, simply from the monitor course—understanding people better, recognizing the injustices against some CP families, and what prejudice and ignorance can do."

Taking a cue from Deanna and other young people in his program, O. D. (Bill) Cole, executive director of United Cerebral Palsy of Central Arizona, now is planning refinements for the next monitor course—which opens in October—to emphasize broader goals. For, like the teen-agers themselves, Cole sees it as much more than a super sitting service.

"This is community service—citizenship in the largest sense," he says. "It's like teaching Sunday school while other dads sleep late or read the comic pages. You may dread it every week. Then five years later you pass some of your pupils in the street—as young adults—and you get your payoff in satisfaction. If, through our program, we can affect the lives of X number of young people in high school, so that they will enter worthwhile careers and become substantial citizens—this, to me, is the payoff."

THE END



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Island of Hate (Continued from Page 38)

been only imagined became real; much that had been wrong in her mind became right. She could not grasp it all at once, or find the balance exactly, or see each limit clearly. That would come, perhaps, in time. Now, only one thing was sure—she would never be the same again.

O'Brien lifted her up with a hand beneath her arm. There was compassion in his face for her. She did not see it, though she looked at his face a long moment. She was seeing him in the light of her new understanding—not quite with horror or quite with pity, but with something somewhere in between. She walked a step or two away, then sank slowly to her knees again. Kneeling, she covered her face with her hands and wept. She wept for Alfonso Corrales, which was good, for a man who dies without the tears of a good woman to mourn him will lie in the coldest of graves.

O'Brien and the sergeant shouldered their packs and took up their weapons. O'Brien went to Jill Corby and lifted her to her feet again. "We're finished here," he said. The sergeant led the way, Jill followed and O'Brien came behind them. They went to the bottom of the valley and found the path that followed the stream. A little after noon they came to another valley and the joining of two streams and went left there. That night they stopped beside the second stream.

Jill fell in her tracks. She lost consciousness almost at once. It was not quite a fainting, though the result was the same. She had been awake all the night before, driving from the capital, and through the day she had spent more of herself than she had spent in any year of her life thus far. Sometime during the night O'Brien awakened her. She protested and struggled to sleep again. But he was firm.

"You've got to eat," he said.

"I don't want anything."

He held her head cradled in his arm while the sergeant held a mess kit, and he put a spoonful of food against her lips. She did not want it, but she lacked the strength to fight, and tasting it aroused so much hunger she did not want to fight. The warm food, the comfort, filled her mind with weakness. She was grateful almost to the point of tears. "O'Brien—are you saint or devil?"

Her strength of mind returned in the morning with the pain. She was stiff and sore almost beyond endurance. O'Brien was not without understanding, but he was without mercy. He made her get up and wash her face in the stream and eat again. Both men had shaved, and in the coolness of sunrise they seemed strong and unaffected. But looking at O'Brien again, Jill saw a faint flush on his lean face that should not have been there.

Then an argument with herself began. She had no reason to be concerned about him. She had reason, even obligation, to act against him. She was a prisoner here. And yet she was concerned. She reasoned this, finally, by saying to herself that it was because of decency, not weakness. A decent person could not let even an animal suffer. "O'Brien," she said, "take off your shirt."

He was putting things in a pack. He turned to look at her oddly. "Why?"

"I want to look at your back," she said. And when he continued to look at her in that odd way, her face flushed and she spoke angrily. "You'll be sick if something isn't done about your back. And you're too big to carry!"

"My back's all right," he said.

But Jill insisted, and the sergeant, who became interested, insisted also. O'Brien removed his shirt and knelt on the ground. The sergeant brought water and Jill washed the back. When the dried blood and dirt were gone, the wounds stood out vividly. As wounds they were not serious, but the infection was serious. Jill did as well as she could with the antiseptic from the first-aid kits the men carried. But it was not enough.

"You need penicillin," she said. "At least sulfa."

O'Brien told her the nearest supply of either—if there was any at all—would be at headquarters. He said he would be all right until then. She made pads from the small amount of bandage they had and taped them to his back. It was obvious then that he would not be able to carry his pack. The pads would be rubbed off in a moment. The men had the weapons to carry, and, in addition, the sergeant had a pack of his own. Jill had nothing.

After some further argument with herself, she found she could not walk empty-handed. "I'll carry the pack," she said.

"It isn't necessary ——" O'Brien began.

"I'll carry the pack!" Jill said angrily.

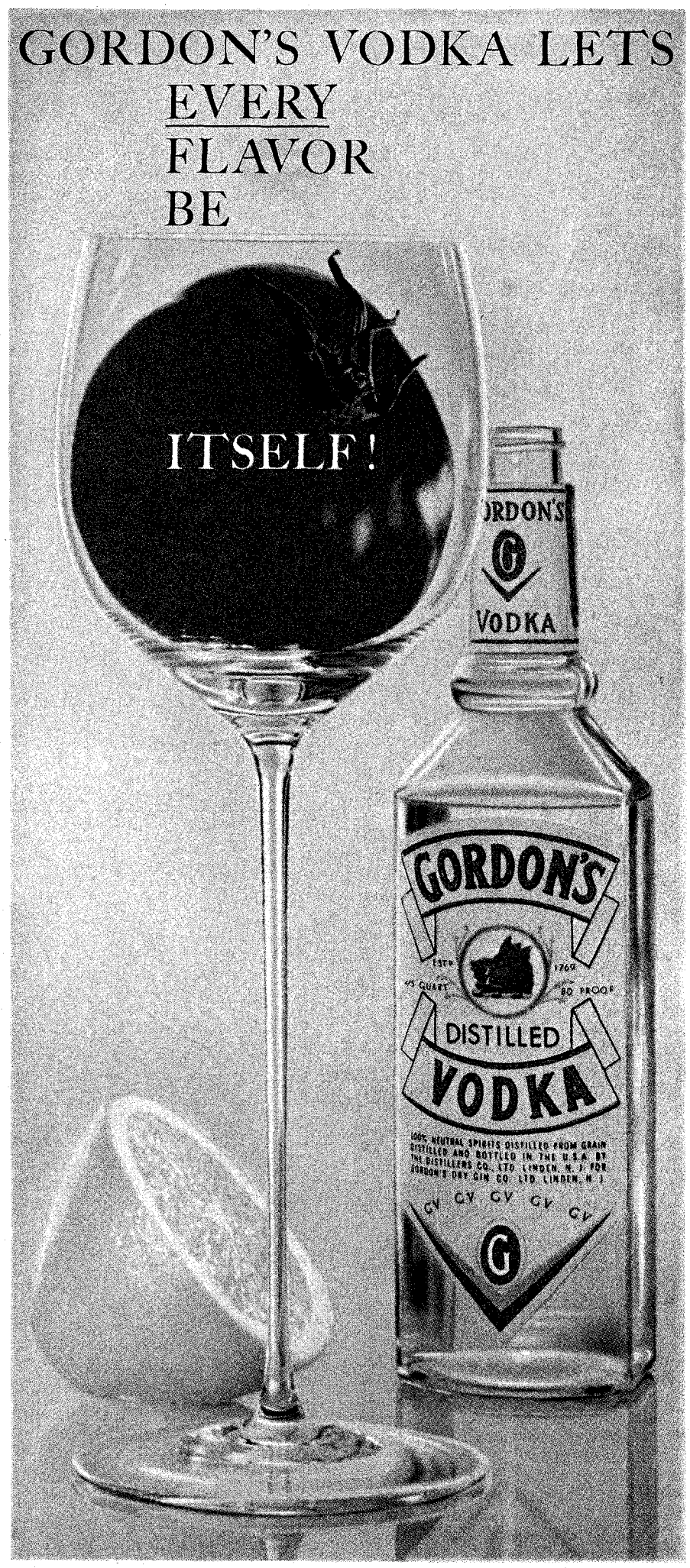
She took it, put her arms through the straps and settled it on her shoulders. The pack was light, weighing less than many she'd carried on hikes, but it weighed heavily on her mind, if not her shoulders. She was carrying O'Brien's pack, as his servant would, or his woman would—and that was about the silliest position she'd ever found herself in.

Angela Diaz, her son and the older men who had gone with her reached the farm of Pedro Redondo without difficulty. The men who had gone down to the road were captured on the road, put against a bank and shot. Of the larger group only four got through: Vilar, the man with the hand radio, the corporal and the captain, Córdova. The others had been sacrificed a few at a time in delaying actions, and because of them Vilar and the remaining few had lived. And because of them Vilar became drunk.

The farm of Pedro Redondo was a place on a small hill. Pedro Redondo had been a man of industry, and he had cleared the jungle for some distance. The house where he had lived with his wife and two small children was thatched and windowless and without doors. The shelter for the animals was the same, except that it had no walls. The farm was not as neat as it had been while Pedro Redondo had lived. It was neat now in the way a cemetery of the poor is neat, which is only as neat as overworked men and women can make it. Pedro Redondo was dead six months, his wife and two small children were gone away.

Vilar was sitting in the shade of a large, spreading ceiba tree at one end of a small table that had been set up for him. Before him on the table was a bottle of rum, half gone, and between his hands was a canteen cup of rum, half full. Vilar was dirty. The salt stains of dried sweat marked his uniform, his face was covered with a thin stubble of beard, and grime blacked his skin everywhere. This was an honest ugliness, deserving sympathy. But there was another ugliness, one that came from within him, and this deserved nothing. It had caused fear in some and anger in others.

Angela Diaz, who had begun a small fire to prepare food, was angry. She had tried to reason Vilar away from the rum. Failing in that, she had tried to nag him away from it, and though she had failed thus far, she was still trying. He was sitting at the table, sullen, obdurate, his officers' cap almost touching his nose.



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"Stupid, drunken clod," Angela said.

"And damned," Vilar said. "Do not forget that I am damned, first of all."

"You are damned without a doubt," she agreed.

"Damned with a charmed life." Vilar was speaking in that slow, morose way of an ill-tempered drunk who is searching for something to settle his anger upon. "My men are not charmed, Angela. They die. . . . They risk no more than I . . . and yet they fall beside me . . . ahead of me . . . behind me . . . and I stand erect, untouched. What do you make of that, Angela?"

"I make of that you are lucky," she answered.

"It is not luck. It is destiny!"

"Your destiny is a hospital for drunks."

"My destiny is to lead!" He struck the table. "To lead and lead and lead! I do not ask for it. To die with my men, that is what I ask for." He swung his head to fix his sullen eyes on Angela. "Do you doubt me, woman? Do you doubt that I take equal risks with my men?"

"You take equal risks."

"Then why am I not dead?"

"Perhaps they do not want to kill you," Angela said. "Without doubt it would be unpatriotic—since rum is a major industry and since you are a major consumer."

Vilar stared at her. "I will tell you why I am not dead," he said. "I am not dead because I am destined to lead."

"Lead what?"

"This country, Angela. That is a truth." Angela laughed without humor.

"You find it funny?"

"Very funny."

"What is funny about a man's destiny?"

"A country learning to stagger in unison, so they can follow a leader who staggers—that is funny." She thought a moment. "But it is only funny if you like very bad jokes."

"A man's destiny is not a joke," Vilar said. "And I am destined to lead this country."

"I wonder what headquarters would say to that?"

"I am not afraid of headquarters."

"You lack the sense to be afraid of anything," Angela said. "But there are at least five men whose destiny would be considered before yours."

"Headquarters knows the hold I have on the people," Vilar said. "To the people, Tomás Vilar is more than a man. More, even, than a hero. He is almost a god. Do you argue the hold I have on the people?"

"You are a hero," Angela admitted.

"Headquarters fears me," Vilar said. "Not I them."

"Why should they fear you?"

"Because of this ——" Vilar ran a finger across his throat and made a ripping sound with his lips. "A purge would put me at the top in a day, or less. They know it well."

"Purge?" Angela looked at Vilar sharply. "What kind of talk is this? Are you Stalin's brother?"

"I spit upon Stalin," Vilar said. "I spit upon Khrushchev and every part of Communism."

"So do we all,"Angela said. "And we spit upon purges."

"Do you spit upon me?" Vilar asked.

Angela did not answer him. She was looking at him still, and, considering him in the light of what he had just said, she had found much to speculate about. Truly, rum made a window through which the inside of a man could be seen clearly. She turned away from Vilar, her face sober and thoughtful.

Harshly he said, "Answer me!"

She shrugged. "I do not spit upon you."

Vilar lifted the canteen cup and drank from it. His domination of Angela had indicated this gesture of triumph, and he had intended making the drink a deep one. But the drinking had lifted his eyes so that he saw the well of Pedro Redondo's farm. O'Brien, the American woman and the sergeant were approaching it from across a field. Vilar put the cup down and wiped his mouth with the back of his hand. "My mutineers," he said. "Somewhat reduced in numbers."

Angela turned quickly and looked in the same direction. She saw O'Brien was unharmed and was grateful. Then she looked at the American woman. That one, wearing the uniform of a government soldier, was carrying a pack. O'Brien had no pack; therefore, the pack the girl was carrying was O'Brien's, and she was carrying it willingly. Angela's mouth went flat with pain.

Vilar said, "The American woman is your burden while she is alive. See to her and send O'Brien to me."

Angela went toward the well unhurriedly. Carlos, her son, also had seen O'Brien and the American woman, and he was running toward them from a different direction. Angela called to him sharply, but he pretended not to hear. He ran with the fleetness of a young goat to walk beside O'Brien the last hundred yards to the well.

"I was worried about you," he said, looking up earnestly at O'Brien's tired face. "I was afraid that they had killed you."

"Thank you for worrying, Carlos," O'Brien said.

"My mother was worried also," Carlos said. "Though she may not admit it to you."

"I will thank her." O'Brien said nothing more to the boy. Nor did he look at him again. He was watching the closing distance to the well, thankful it was only a few yards now. His feet were lead, and his head was light. The arch of his big nose seemed the only support for his drawn face, holding up flesh that sagged on either side of it. A drink of cool water, a place to rest—he would give his right to heaven for these.

The sergeant reached the well and turned to relieve Jill Corby of her pack. She sat on the ground at once, not caring that she was still in the sun. What mattered to her was the liquid fire that seemed to fill her shoes. The soldier who had owned them first had not molded them for the long, slender foot of a woman. Her feet were blistered. The sergeant gave her water to drink, and she used most of it to cool her feet.

Angela Diaz was waiting with a cup of water for O'Brien. She had been angry and cold inside, but when she saw his drawn face, his sweat-soaked uniform and the hungry way his throat convulsed as he drank, she lost her anger. She dipped another cup of water. "Was it very bad, O'Brien?" she asked.

"Bad enough."

"But you are not hurt."

He shook his head. "But Alfonso and César are dead."

O'Brien drained the second cup, then drained another. A third and a fourth he poured on his head. He felt better then, though still lightheaded. "And the rest?" he asked.

"Very bad," Angela said. "Vilar lost six and perhaps more. He is waiting for you now. Be careful of him, he is drunk. I will look after the woman."

"Use kindness," O'Brien said.

He put his carbine and the machine pistol he had been carrying against his pack and retained the forty-five automatic at his hip. Turning then, he went toward the ceiba tree and Vilar. He was carrying the soiled Panama, wiping his face with a shirt sleeve, walking unsteadily. Angela saw this and his back.

"Julio!" she said sharply. "What happened to him?"

"He cut his back on the slope at the beginning," the sergeant answered. "The wounds are minor, but they went unattended, and there is infection. I think he is sick."

"Unattended?" Angela turned angry eyes on Jill Corby. Her English was broken, but her meaning was brutally clear. "What kind of a woman are you?" she asked. "Do you know of only one way to take care of a man?"

Jill stared up at her. She was incredulous at first, then she became angry. "I don't know what goes on in your evil little mind," she said. "But I don't like the insinuation."

"Infection can kill him!"

"So?" Jill said. "I'm a prisoner here, not a visiting nurse. You take care of him."

Knowing Angela, the sergeant knew what was causing her anger. "You are wrong, Angela," he said. "She did all that could be done for O'Brien's back. More than I, because I did not notice it. But there was nothing else between them."

"She was carrying his pack!" Angela said.

"To spare his back." A pause. "You see?"

Angela saw, and with embarrassment. She had accused the American woman unjustly, but worst of all, she had exposed her feeling about O'Brien. She was uncertain, clumsy for a few moments. Then, in English, she apologized to Jill. "I am sorry."

Understanding the Spanish, Jill knew what had caused Angela to make the mistake, and another time it might have amused her. This time, oddly, she felt a sense of guilt. In carrying the pack, she had experienced the sensation of being O'Brien's woman and had endured it without too much difficulty. Now she wondered how and why with embarrassment of her own.

"Forget it," she said to Angela. "He's your man, and I couldn't care less. But if you care so much for him you'd better get him some penicillin—and quick."

"Penicillin?" Angela turned to the sergeant. "Julio, do you know of any?"

The sergeant lifted his hands helplessly.

O'Brien reached the shade of the ceiba tree, where Vilar sat hunched at the table, the canteen cup of rum between his hands. O'Brien put his hat on the table and sat on a bench. Vilar, expecting refusal and prepared to remark with ugliness about it, pushed the rum bottle toward O'Brien. O'Brien did not refuse. He tipped the bottle up and drank fully.

"A woman," Vilar said. "A night with a woman can make a man a man—this ought to be a proverb."

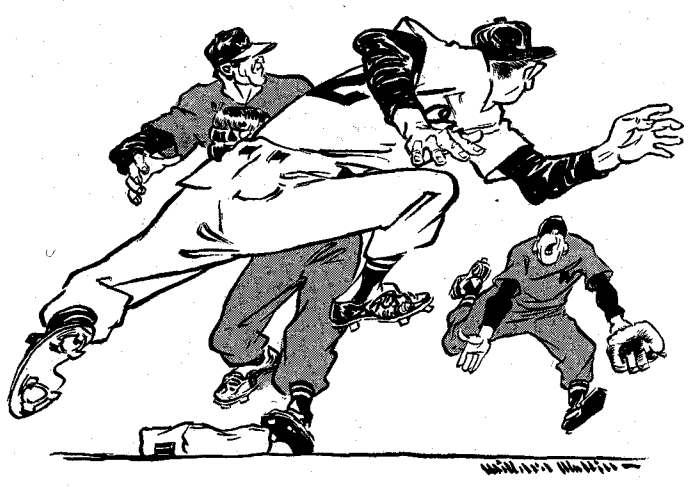
"It is a riddle, at least."

"Last night you had a woman—today you drink rum."

"I drink rum when there is no reason not to drink it," O'Brien said. "As for the woman—whatever I am, she is virtuous. There was nothing last night."

"She carried the pack after a beating?"

(*Continued on Page 74*)



So You Think You Know Baseball!

By HARRY SIMMONS

Umpires are often tempted to ignore rules in favor of common-sense decisions. But do they dare? Here is a hypothetical play, based on an actual situation elsewhere, which raises the question.

Say Washington leads Baltimore, 6–5, as the Orioles bat in the last of the seventh. With one out, Al Pilarcik singles to left field. On a hit-run play, Bob Nieman lifts a fly part way into right field. Pilarcik rounds second and heads for third. But the coach warns frantically that the ball may be caught.

Pilarcik runs halfway back to first base. Then, seeing the ball fall at the Washington fielder's feet, he scoots back to second. He slides to the bag just after the second baseman, standing on it, catches the ball and before the baseman can tag him.

Washington claims there is no need to tag him, as he is out on a force play. But the Orioles argue that the force was removed when Pilarcik first touched second base, and that he is entitled to the base unless tagged out.

If you were umpiring, how would you rule? Force or no force?

(See page 75 for answer.)

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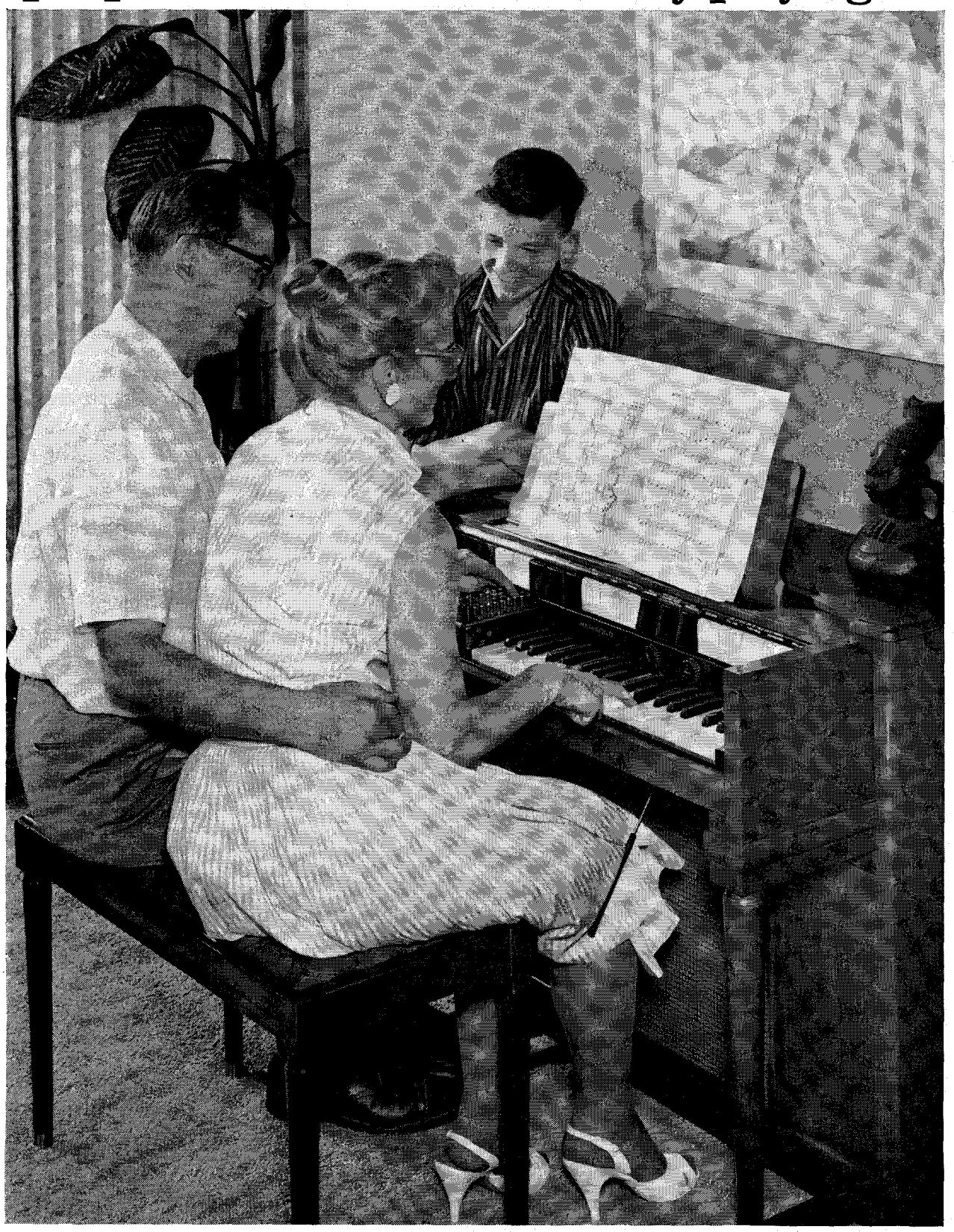
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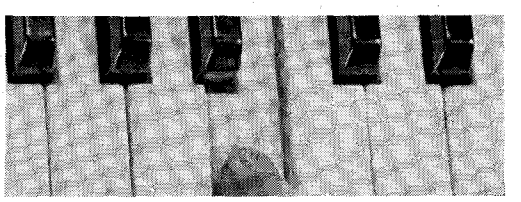

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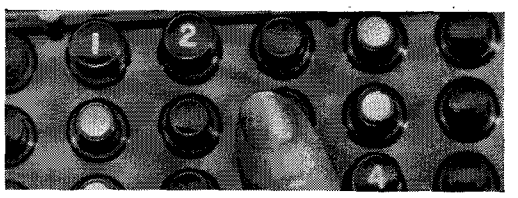

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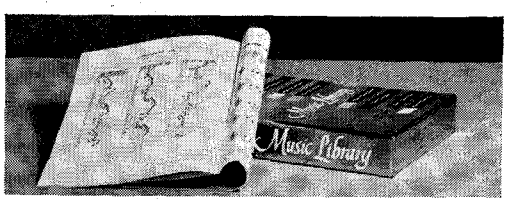

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(*Continued from Page 72*) "Because of small injuries to my back—out of kindness," O'Brien said. He turned briefly to show Vilar the injuries. "They are nothing."

Vilar agreed with contempt. "I could carry a truck on my back with scratches such as those."

O'Brien shrugged.

"My men were not so lucky," Vilar said, staring at the cup of rum, his face turning sullen. "They gave us pure hell, and all of my men died except two. Two, if no more come, though I am waiting for more."

"There is hope then?"

Morosely Vilar said, "We killed three times as many."

"Then ours were not wasted."

Vilar hit the table with his fist, jarring his cup. "Ours are worth ten of theirs! Each one is worth ten! And we lost our mortars and machine guns!"

O'Brien was silent. The rum had gone straight to his head, adding to the lightness already there. He rubbed his forehead, wishing he had not drunk the rum.

"What do you say to that?" Vilar demanded.

"We will miss the men at Boca Rio," O'Brien said. "We will miss the weapons, but the men are more important."

Angrily Vilar said, "They will send us more men and more weapons, and we will manage Boca Rio. I am concerned now with the present!"

"All right ——"

"What happened to you?"

O'Brien told him what had happened.

Vilar said, "Except for bad shooting then, you would have lost only one man. Is that true, O'Brien?"

O'Brien looked at Vilar. "I accept it."

"You would rather reject it?"

"Much rather," O'Brien said. "The federal was no more than ten yards from me—I could have hit him with a rock. But I missed him, and because of that Alfonso Corrales is dead. This is not a thing I want to live with, but it is mine."

"The mutiny is also yours," Vilar said.

"It was not a mutiny ——" O'Brien began tiredly.

Vilar stood erect suddenly, face raging. "Filth on your compassion!" he yelled. "An order is to be obeyed! The men would have obeyed, except for you!"

After a moment O'Brien said, "All right. I accept the mutiny as well."

"Not all of it!" Vilar said. "Some is theirs!"

"All of it," O'Brien insisted. "As you say, an order is to be obeyed, and I gave the order as a superior officer."

"Filth on your generosity!"

"It is only the truth," O'Brien said. Then he said, trying to reason, "But what does it matter, Vilar? Two of them are dead now, fighting for you. Julio and I will take your orders without question now. We will die, if it comes to that. Nothing is lost."

"Discipline is lost!"

"No—as you will see."

Vilar sat down slowly and slopped rum in his cup without taking his eyes away from O'Brien. His expression was threatening, and O'Brien wished there was a sure method of predicting the next thought of a drunken man, or a way to guide his thinking.

"What of Captain Córdova?" he asked.

"You cannot divert me," Vilar said.

O'Brien lifted his shoulders. "But I can try."

After staring at O'Brien a moment longer, Vilar said ponderously, "Mutiny is the worst of all crimes. It must be punished mercilessly in every case. I tell you I am planning your punishment carefully."

"All right ——"

Vilar's mouth curled. "You are very brave."

"Not brave," O'Brien said. "A fatalist."

Vilar drank from his cup and sat looking at it. Then he said slowly, "My men fall ahead of me—and behind me—and beside me. And I stand erect—untouched ——"

"Captain Córdova?" O'Brien asked quietly.

"I wait for my men," Vilar said. "They will not come, but I owe them a decent period of waiting. Then I will attend to Córdova." He did not look up. "Leave me now," he said, "with my men who will not come."

O'Brien took the Panama from the table and walked away. He walked with firmness now and with purpose, calling on a deep resource for the strength. A task waited for him. There had been hope the task would be done for him, but the hope was gone now. Córdova was here and alive.

He found the captain sitting against one of the supports of the building that had sheltered Pedro Redondo's animals. The young soldier whose usual task was the hand radio was sitting at a little distance, a rifle between his knees. Córdova was not tied, and a glance was enough to show there was no need.

His uniform was stained and torn and blood-spattered. His face was sunken, and the color of ashes had worked through to the surface of his brown skin in many places, blotching it. The bleeding from his broken nose and the great exertion had drained his body almost entirely of physical strength. But his eyes still held strength of another kind. They were unchanged in their coldness. In English he said, "You are American?"

O'Brien nodded slowly, his face expressionless.

"Then you're a man I can talk to." Córdova moved his eyes toward the guarding soldier. "He may or may not understand—I'd rather not take the chance."

O'Brien went to the soldier. "How are you called?"

"Luis Delegado," the soldier answered.

O'Brien said, "Luis, the captain has something to say to me. He wants to say it for my ears alone. I will accept the responsibility of guarding him."

The young soldier thought a moment, looking up at O'Brien's face. Then he got to his feet. "I will be in the other building," he said, "with the other men."

O'Brien went back to the captain. His face was still without expression. "You may speak in Spanish," he said. "As you see, I have the language."

Córdova said, "You are a dedicated revolutionist?"

"Completely."

"There is no use appealing to your humanity?"

"None at all."

"But you are an American?"

"Yes?"

"Then I appeal to your American blood. You know what they have planned for me?"

"Yes?"

"I ask you to prevent it because you are an American, and Americans have a tradition of being merciful. I ask you to remember that tradition. I ask ——"

"I came here to prevent it," O'Brien said. "There is no need for an eloquent appeal."

He turned to look about the farm. Jill Corby was sitting in the shade of a myrtle tree at some distance. Carlos, a small sentry, was squatting on his heels close

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by. The boy's back was toward O'Brien. Jill could see him, if she was watching, but her head was against the tree trunk, and O'Brien thought she was asleep. Angela, at the small fire, and Vilar, at the table, were out of sight beyond the other building. Delegado, the corporal and the two older men who had come with Angela were also out of sight, perhaps sleeping on the floor of the other building. O'Brien did not know what had become of the sergeant. He turned back to Córdova.

"Can you run?" he asked.

"I will run somehow," Córdova said.

"Then I will turn my back," O'Brien said. "You will get up at once and run to the nearest jungle. Understood?"

"Yes." There was triumph in the captain's cold eyes. "I will thank you in hell, American," he said.

O'Brien nodded. "We will surely meet there." He turned again and walked a few steps away from Córdova without haste. He heard the small sounds of Córdova rising with difficulty and the irregular sounds of Córdova's feet as the exhausted man tried to run fast. He counted five of Córdova's strides. Then, again without haste, he turned back and drew the forty-five automatic from its holster.

Córdova was a scant ten yards away. He ran clumsily, but with determination, toward the jungle a hundred yards off. He did not go fast at all. His stride and his progress resembled that of a man running on a treadmill. There was much movement of arms and legs, but little ground covered.

O'Brien lifted the forty-five and held it at the length of his arm in the manner of a marksman on a target range. He aimed carefully at Córdova's spine, where it passed between his shoulder blades, and squeezed the trigger. The gun spoke and leaped in his hand. The bullet broke Córdova's spine, opened his chest and knocked him to the ground.

Jill Corby had been watching through half-closed eyes, wondering what purpose O'Brien might have in talking to Córdova. She had seen the sending away of the guard, the small amount of talk, the looking about to see who might be watching, then the agreement and the turning away. O'Brien's purpose had been clear: He was going to let Córdova escape. And Jill had felt a sudden rush of warm feeling for O'Brien, an admiration for his courage, his humanity.

But it had been a lie! It had been a trap, nothing more, a device which would provide O'Brien with an excuse for murdering a helpless man—needless, merciless, wanton. Jill would not have believed a human was capable of such an act. She had seen Alfonso Corrales killed, but that had been an impersonal thing, an act of war. This was a personal thing, a horrible thing, done to satisfy some inner craving. Sickened, Jill turned her face away.

O'Brien was waiting for the others. They came at once. The soldiers spilled out of the near building, fumbling with weapons, to gape at O'Brien and the dead captain with astonishment. Vilar yelled first, then came charging around the corner of the near building. He did not have his machine pistol, his face was loose with drunken alarm, but he came. And Angela Diaz, her face greatly concerned, came after him.

If Vilar had expected to find they were attacked, the mistake was instantly corrected. O'Brien was standing erect in the open, his gun holstered; the captain was lying dead. Still it was several moments before the full truth worked into Vilar's sodden mind. He looked stupidly at O'Brien, and at the captain, his mouth hanging open. Then intelligence and a certain sobriety returned to him. He screamed, "What have you done?"

"I have killed him," O'Brien said. "I was interrogating him, I turned my back for a moment and he attempted to escape. I was forced to shoot him."

He made the statement quickly and quietly, with no special effort to be convincing, and then he said no more. He waited, his hands hanging loosely at his sides, his lean, beaked face expressionless.

Vilar stared at him with outrage.

Angela said, worriedly, "If it was necessary ——"

"It was not!" Vilar yelled, his eyes holding O'Brien's. "He could not run! He could scarcely walk—a turtle could have run him down. This was deliberate!"

O'Brien said nothing.

Angela said, "Vilar, listen ——"

Vilar turned then, suddenly. "Give me a gun!" he yelled at her. She did not move. He yelled at the soldiers, "Give me a gun—at once!" And they did not move.

Pleading, Angela said, "Vilar—you are drunk!"

Vilar struck her across the face. "A gun!"

"No." Angela kept a small distance from him, so the blow could not be repeated. Her pleading had turned to anger. "Vilar, you are drunk! We are under orders to permit you nothing harmful when you are drunk—your orders!"

"A gun!" Vilar raged.

"No!"

"This is the final mutiny—he will die for it!"

"After a trial! At headquarters!"

"Now!"

"No!"

Beyond Angela the corporal made as if to come forward with his rifle. His face was stiff with anger at O'Brien. The corporal had worked hard and suffered much to bring the captain this far. But the others placed Angela's judgment before his and were enough to prevent him.

Now O'Brien saw reason for some prudence. While Vilar's back was toward him he took his forty-five from its holster and threw it aside. Carlos Diaz, a small, darting rabbit, ran to the weapon, caught it up and threw it into bushes where it could (*Continued on Page 77*)

Answer to

So You Think You Know Baseball!

Page 72

The rule (Sec.7.01) says "a runner acquires the right to an unoccupied base when he touches it before he is out," and he is then entitled to it until put out. Nevertheless, major-league umpires would call Pilarcik out on a force play. They explain that he "gave up the base and became liable to be put out on a force."

Here is an instance of an umpires' decision which isn't backed by a rule. And if they are right, there ought to be a rule.

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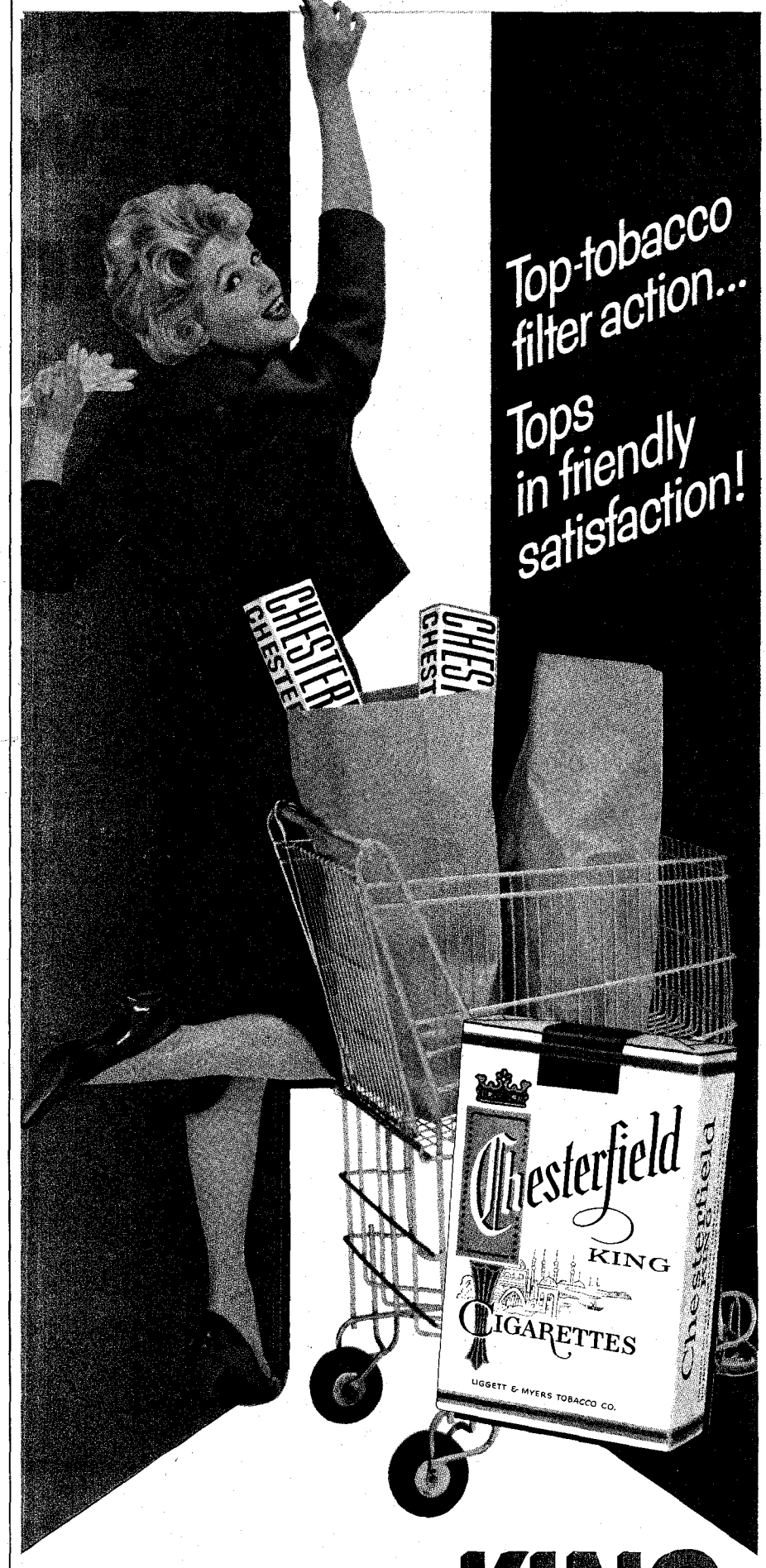

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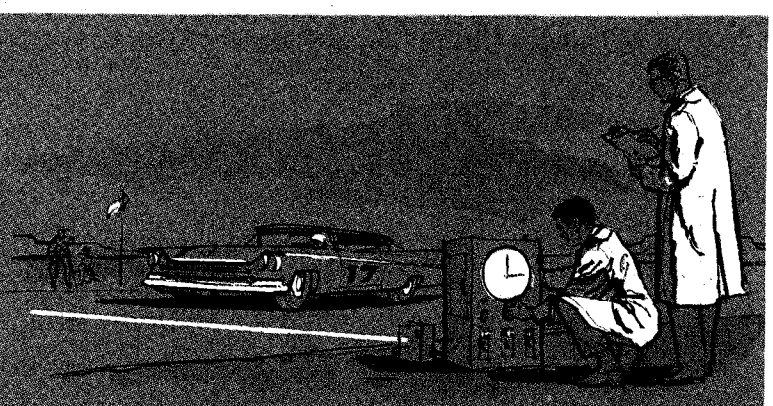

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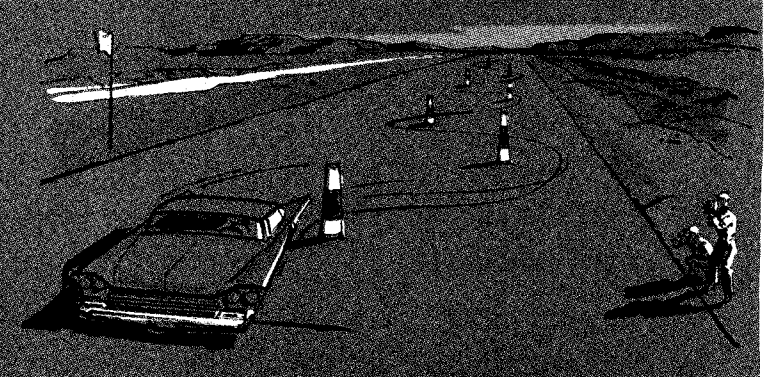

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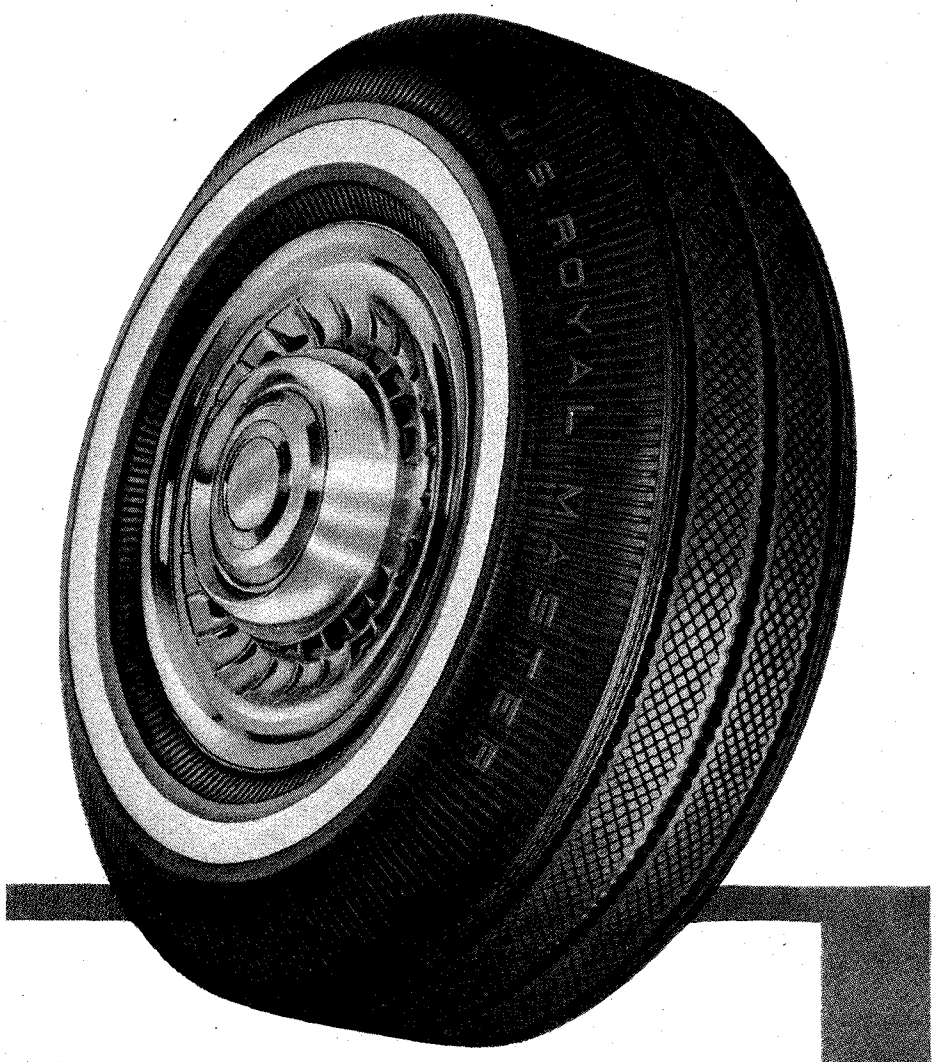

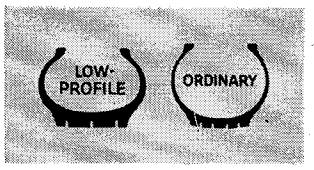

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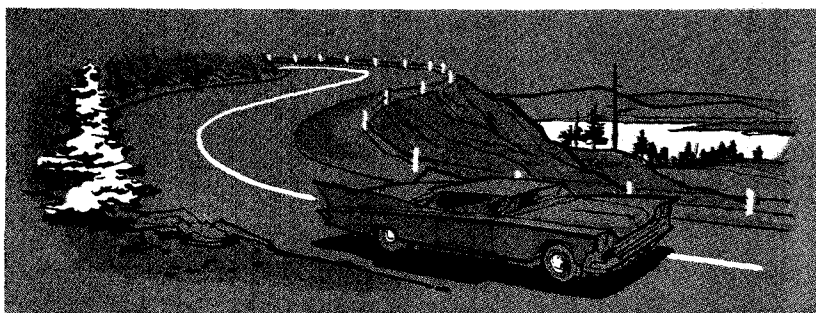

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(*Continued from Page 75*) only be found after search. O'Brien did not even glance at him. He was watching Vilar, waiting.

"I will use my pistol then!" Vilar said. He attempted to push past Angela, but she held firm, and the others closed behind her. If they had not resisted Vilar, they at least had failed to respond to an order, and they had no desire to see a drunken Vilar with a machine pistol.

Vilar stared at them, breathing heavily, face loose. And then, without warning, he swung about and charged at O'Brien. His first blow struck O'Brien in the mouth. O'Brien did not move away or lift his hands. Vilar's second blow caught O'Brien in the throat. The pain was severe, and O'Brien gagged and choked for breath, but he did not try to avoid the next blow or the next or the next.

He could not stand against them long. Lying on the ground, he was kicked and struck and kicked again. He could protect his face with his arms, but he could do nothing about his head and body, and Vilar worked on these with vicious, drunken cruelty, staggering away, cursing, then lunging back to swing a booted foot again. In this no one intervened.

Vilar exhausted himself finally. O'Brien had not lost consciousness, though the ground moved in waves and he could not see clearly or feel anything but pain. He heard Vilar's voice, as if from a great distance. "Get on your feet!"

O'Brien tried once and fell, then tried again and succeeded. Now the world spun as if he were at the hub of a great wheel. He tried to focus his eyes, to stop the spinning.

"A pack," Vilar said hoarsely. "Bring me two packs—three! And two empty rifles!"

Three packs and two rifles were brought and thrown on the ground before O'Brien. Vilar ordered O'Brien to shoulder them. O'Brien managed the task somehow, becoming like a burro under the unwieldy burden. Vilar called him to attention, and O'Brien managed that also, though badly.

"You will march!" Vilar said. "Do you understand that?"

"Yes."

"You will march, American—at attention—until I give the order to stop!" Vilar had more to say, but it was obscene for the most part and unimportant.

O'Brien marched. He marched around the perimeter of a field close by, with the sun beating down on him strongly and with the corporal in the center of the field, holding a rifle. He tried to march at attention, as ordered, and to be erect and proud as a soldier should while marching, but his weakness, the clumsy burden and the heat of the sun defeated him.

Rain, the first in three days, came late in the afternoon and brought coolness, but O'Brien could not be grateful. The path became slick and the mud weighed upon his feet, and he began to fall often. He got up each time without orders from the corporal, but each time he went a shorter distance before he fell again. A few moments before darkness he fell and became unconscious, and the corporal could not move him.

The corporal sent word to Angela by Carlos, who had watched faithfully in rain and sun. Vilar, by this time, had fallen to the rum and was snoring loudly in a corner of Pedro Redondo's hut. Angela and the others carried O'Brien to the animal shelter and began to care for him. Each of the men contributed something—a shelter half, blankets, carefully hoarded sulfa powder, equally prized bandages, dry clothes and the like. And they attended the unconscious O'Brien with as much care as doctors, with as much concern as priests.

Jill Corby could not understand why. But there was much that was confusing in her mind. The murder of Córdova had filled her with great revulsion—not alone was O'Brien a murderer but he had killed wantonly and without cause. And now, as she watched them care for O'Brien, she was shocked to find she also felt a great concern for him.

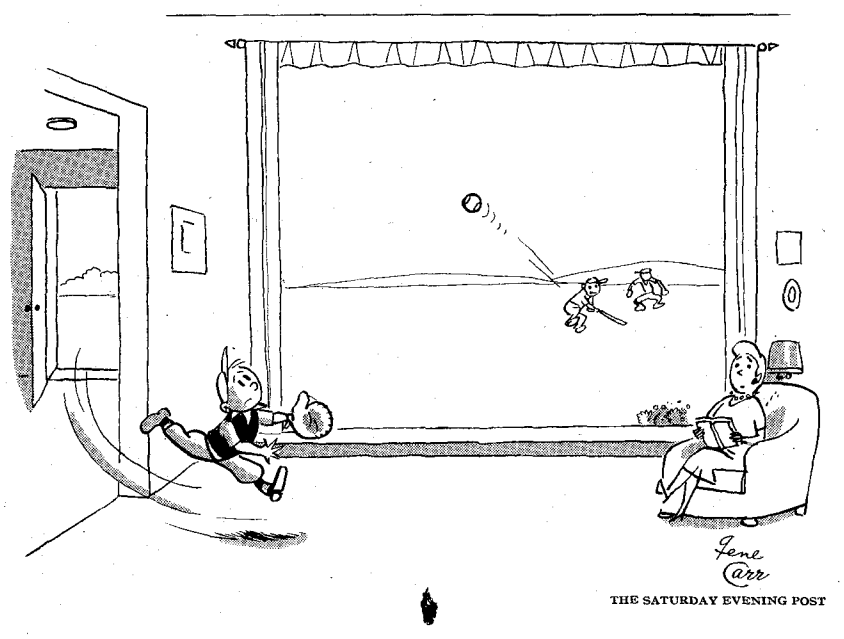
What kind of a weak and spineless woman was she? The beating and the marching, added to the infection, could very well kill O'Brien—all right, but he deserved it. He was no better than Vilar, and Vilar was an animal. They were all animals! Proof? There was an enormous proof, hanging from the branch of a tree not a hundred yards away at this very moment. It was the body of Captain Córdova, hanging by the heels, stripped, and they were going to leave it there.

O'Brien was like them! Then how could she feel concern? Why? The answer crept slowly out of a far corner of her mind. She would not accept it at first, but there was no other explanation. She did not know the truth about the killing of Córdova—that was the answer.

O'Brien had gambled his life to save hers on the road. He had worked hard to keep her safe; he had fought with courage; he had suffered with the killing; he had died a little himself when the young man, Alfonso Corrales, had died—this man, this O'Brien was not capable of killing wantonly and without cause.

Jill got up suddenly and went to Angela Diaz. Angrily she said, "Tell me why he did it!"

TO BE CONTINUED



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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A Visit With Ingemar Johansson

(Continued from Page 27)

become a target for Johansson's uppercuts, that makes this a potentially good fight.

I asked Johansson whether many people recognized him when he went out in New York.

"Oh, yes," he said. "When I go into a shop somewhere they recognize me and always they say, 'Aren't you the fellow, Johansson, from Sweden? I wish you a lot of luck.' "

"You must enjoy this," I said, "being recognized in a big city."

"Yes. Especially in a country like this, who is so big."

Johansson first came to the United States in 1951, when he won the heavyweight title in the International Golden Gloves. I asked him now if he could recall what his first reactions to this country were.

"Well, I was not very well known at the time," he said, "and I feel America was very hard. I mean a life was not worth much. Too many, many people. The more I be here, though, the more I like it."

The conversation turned to his early life. Johansson said that he was always somewhat stronger and tougher than other boys his age and was not often called upon to fight—"maybe two times a year."

"Do you remember your first fight?"

"I was going in the second class, so I was eight years old. The boy I fought with was a year older than me. Something trouble was up against us and he should hit me. Well, when he hit I ducking, and I hit him back. His lips was cut and his nose was bleeding, and I was afraid because he had a very ——"

He turned to Bill Hamilton, and they talked in Swedish.

"He had a very angry teacher," Hamilton said. "Bad-tempered."

"He had a very angry teacher," Johansson said, "so I was afraid for weeks that this boy should tell the teacher about me."

"Were you ever in a fight with another boy who was so big that you were afraid of him?"

"No," Johansson said, shaking his head. "I not feel nervous, ever, because when I feel angry on someone it happens so quick I don't feel afraid of him."

Near the center of his forehead Johansson has an old scar about two inches long. When I inquired about it, he said that he had got it as a small boy, but couldn't remember how.

"I've found that typical of fighters," I said. "A fighter must, as part of his nature, have little regard for cuts or bruises."

"Yes," Johansson said, nodding. "A fighter must not care."

"Do you remember any accidents you had as a boy?"

I persisted with this because any fight involves a conflict of personalities as well as physical abilities, and earlier this year in a similar interview with Floyd Patterson for The Saturday Evening Post, I had been given an interesting answer to the same question. Patterson remembered having a violent nosebleed once and, on another occasion, stepping on a nail. In the first instance he had been worried only about what his mother would say. In the second he had been so afraid of the anger of a neighbor who was taking care of him that he had sat with the nail in his foot for three hours.

It developed that Johansson once had a comparable experience. He nearly cut off the middle finger of his left hand with an ax that his mother had forbidden him to use. He was afraid to tell her what had happened. By the time he finally did go into the house, he was so weak from shock and loss of blood that he passed out on the kitchen floor.

There was no punishment afterward. "My mother was feeling sorry about me that time," Johansson said.

Johansson quit school when he was fifteen because he had little liking for it and because he wanted to help support the family. His father, Jens Johansson, was a manual laborer who worked at such things as setting paving blocks and digging sewer lines.

"What do you think your teachers thought of you?" I asked.

"I don't think they liked me. I never did my lessons. My father and mother, they was too kindly with us. When we say that we go out on the farm or someplace, they let us go."

"Would the teachers in Sweden hit pupils?"

"Not now. At that time, yes. They give you a flat hand." With his open right hand he made a slapping motion.

"Also," he said, "they had a stick and hit you sometimes on the hand, you know, when you were very bad. When somebody should do that I couldn't stand it. When I know that a teacher should hit me I always draw my hand away."

Johansson told me that the only subjects he really enjoyed in school were drawing and gymnastics. "I didn't like to read at all." He does little reading today, not even bothering to keep up with what is written about him in the Swedish press.

"Somebody writes good and somebody writes something wrong," he said. "If they write something, I can't stop it. It's already out, you know."

When Johansson left school he worked as a laborer on the streets and later on the docks, unloading banana boats. He also served fifteen months in the navy. When he was seventeen he married, and he is the father of a nine-year-old daughter. Three years ago he and his wife were divorced, and he has since become engaged to twenty-two-year-old Birgit Lundgren, who works as secretary in the office of a construction firm that Johansson owns in Göteborg.

Johansson remembers having been impressed as a boy by a story he saw in a Swedish newspaper about Joe Louis—who was Patterson's boyhood idol. "I will not say I was hoping to be like that," Johansson told me, "but they write about Joe Louis like he was something better than everything."

Johansson started boxing at the age of sixteen and won eighty of eighty-nine amateur fights. His official manager has been his father, but his professional career has been under the guidance of Edwin Ahlquist, a Swedish magazine publisher who is also that country's leading boxing promoter. Ahlquist moved Johansson slowly, picked his opponents carefully and rewarded the fighter handsomely.

An American fighter usually receives fifty or seventy-five dollars for his first bout. When Johannsson embarked upon his professional career in Sweden on December 5, 1952, by knocking out Robert Masson in the fourth round, his purse was 10,000 kronor, or roughly $2000. His biggest purse was for the Machen fight—400,000 kronor, or about $80,000. Swedish newspapermen say that because of the difference in purchasing power in the United States and in Sweden, $160,000 would be a more accurate translation.

For the Patterson fight Johansson agreed to take 20 per cent of the net proceeds, with a minimum guaranty of $100,000. He was then introduced to one of the more familiar machinations of the fight game in this country. He was prevailed upon to cut in an American manager for 10 per cent. This is Harry Davidow, a Brooklyn luncheonette proprietor and one-time associate of Cus D'Amato, Patterson's manager. Johansson was released from this obligation, however, when the New York Athletic Commission refused to license Davidow. There were veiled hints from D'Amato that he might try to have the fight postponed or moved.

I remarked to Johansson that most prize fighters in this country are from slum areas and become fighters because it is the only way they can hope to make a good living. "In your case," I asked, "what would you say made you want to be a fighter?"

"Well, I just want to be a fighter. I like to box, but not because I wanted the money. No. It was not my meaning to make money on it when I started. It was just because I like it."

"Again in this country," I said, "the higher levels of our society look down upon prize fighters. They feel fighters to be ruffians. I wonder if that's true in Sweden."

"Yes," he said, smiling. "They look down at them, but the ringside is full of society."

My next question was, "When you have a man cut or hurt badly, do you ever feel any pity for him?"

This I asked because it has been apparent in several of Patterson's fights that he disliked punishing an almost helpless opponent. He told me, in fact, that he actually felt pity for Roy Harris last year after opening a cut over one of Harris's eyes.

"No," Johansson said, shaking his head. "You know, I meet an English boy whose name was Joe Erskine. You know?"

Erskine was then the British Empire heavyweight champion. The two fought at Göteborg on February 21, 1958. Johansson won when Erskine was unable to leave his corner for the fourteenth round.

"Before the fight," Johansson went on, "the English newspapermen, they say, 'He's going to win easily, Joe Erskine. He's the best fighter in the world—only one thing. He can't hit.'

European heavyweight champion Ingemar Johansson with some of his fans in his home town of Göteborg, Sweden.

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"I say, 'If somebody not can hit—if I not could hit I shouldn't stay in the ring, because the other fellow is not afraid of me.' Then when I box Joe Erskine I take him with his own weapon. I walk out fast and I put with my left hand in his face and I never stop. It was the most easy fight I had, and he was so hurt. His eyes—he couldn't see, you know—he was cut everywhere, but I didn't feel sorry for him. No."

The most controversial fight of Johansson's career was one that he had as an amateur. In the Olympic heavyweight finals at Helsinki in 1952, he was disqualified for "not trying" against Ed Sanders, the American who won the gold medal.

"Now I want you to tell me," I said to him, "about the Ed Sanders fight."

"Well, you know," he said, nodding as if he had expected this, "I was nineteen years old and I was not full grown up for boxing. You understand? I wasn't too strong enough. I was strong to lift things, but I was not strong ——"

"In the boxing sense?"

"Yes, and at that time we trained for the games I have no condition. You know, the Swedish boxing, they will not do something for the guys. The guy has to do everything himself.

"And so it was, even this time. They took us out to a training camp ten days before the games, and I haven't run a meter before I be there. They took me out about one and a half Swedish miles, which would be about ten English miles, the first day, and after two days I couldn't move my foots. And they don't let us train. I mean they want to give us lessons about to shadowbox ten days before.

"Two hours of every day we should be sitting, and a man who never had a glove on his hands was talking about how we should do, and we should write it with a pen. I told them, 'Is not this way I want to do boxing. If I must do this I can't.' So they left me off."

According to Johansson he still wasn't in proper condition when the actual competition began in Helsinki. Although he succeeded in winning all his early matches, he found that he was unable to go at top speed for more than a round or so.

"And then I should meet Ed Sanders, a big fellow. He was strong, you know? He was always waiting for the boys."

"A counterpuncher," I said.

"Yes," he said. "He was a counterpuncher, and I was a counterpuncher that time. You know?"

He stood up now and, facing me, he took his boxing stance. His hands were low, in good punching position, and his head was down to hide his chin behind his left shoulder.

"Ed Sanders, he did like this," he said, taking one step forward. "He took a step forward to get the boys to come on, but I took a step back to let them come. So when I took a step back he took a step forward. Nothing happened, and the referee stopped the fight and told us to have to box. I know that if I should go in on him in the first round I couldn't take the two other rounds, so I was taking it easy.

"The second time the referee stopped the boxing he tell us again we must both box, but the third time he give me a warning, and then he give me a warning again. In the end of the second round, when this gong goes, he disqualified me.

"You know," Johansson continued holding his hands out toward me, palms down, "it was the same thing as when the old teacher should hit me on the finger tops. I couldn't hold my fingers in something that was wrong for me. I couldn't go in and try because I know I shouldn't make it."

The Sanders episode brought Johansson a very bad press in Sweden. I asked whether he had stayed away from people for a while after he got back home—if he avoided going out on the streets.

"No," he said, shaking his head.

"Would people come up to you on the streets and say unpleasant things?"

"Well, it was not many who tell me to my face, because they wouldn't. They thought I should hit them, but I did not hit somebody. Then, you know, Ed Sanders died."

Sanders died in Boston, two years after the Olympics, from injuries suffered in his ninth professional bout.

"My opinion was right, you see?" Johansson said now. "It helped me a little bit to show people who said I should go in. Then they said, 'Look there. He was going in, and what happened?'" In other words, Johansson apparently feels that Sanders made the mistake of abandoning his natural counterpunching style and sought to please the fans by carrying the fight to his opponent.

I remarked, "As was the case with Ed Sanders, some fighters are killed in the ring, and others are seriously injured. Do you ever think of the danger in it?"

"No," he said, shaking his head. "It depends on how the boxing is. It depends on how they are handling the boxer."

Johansson has been knocked down only once in a professional fight. On March 5, 1955, at Göteborg, Aldo Pellegrini, an Italian heavyweight, floored him in the fourth round. Pellegrini was disqualified in the fifth round for fouling. Johansson told me that the knockdown neither hurt nor alarmed him, but simply spurred him on to greater effort.

Some fighters say that while training for a fight they "see" their opponent when they hit the big bag. Johansson said this was not true of him. "But I go on thinking before a fight. I beat the guys out hundreds of times before a fight. I feel I got the right feeling when my right hand comes."

"Have you ever seen the Patterson fight in your mind?"

"Many times already," he said, smiling.

He disclaimed being nervous before his fights, then turned to Hamilton and discussed the question with him in Swedish.

"He says the tension is the worst thing," Hamilton said.

"The tension," Johansson said, nodding. "But is not for the guy, not for the other fighter. It's for how the fight shall go. It means so much, and that's the worst thing in boxing."

"Do you feel that you carry the responsibility for your country?" I asked. "In other words, do you feel you represent Sweden?"

"Yes. I represent the whole Europe now. Not only Sweden. Everybody in Europe have been talking. They say, 'We in Germany, we hope that you win.' . . . 'We here in England ——' And so on. It should be very good for boxing in Europe, a very big help."

"Do you feel this is an extra burden that you carry?"

"No. I like it."

"Do you ever think, 'What if I don't win? What will they think of me? Will I have let Europe down?'"

"Well, is nothing to do with that. I will do my best. Maybe I can try again. The only thing I want is—certainly I want to win, more than somebody can believe—but I want to do a good fight, so they not say something that it wasn't."

Some of the money Johansson has made in boxing has gone into luxuries such as sports cars, but he has put much of his income into his construction business. Out of his purse from the Machen fight, he bought a 270-foot fishing boat. He also endorses a number of products, has sung professionally on the radio and has appeared as a fashion model. Now I asked him about these outside interests.

"I start with the construction business," he said, "because I was worrying about the money from boxing. The tax was taking every cent from me if I don't do something about it."

Although the exact percentage is a secret between Johansson and the Swedish Government, it has been estimated that at first he was paying about 70 per cent of his boxing income in taxes. Under the Swedish tax laws, it was to his advantage to invest a large proportion of his earnings.

"So," he said, "I start with one machine two years ago and now I have eight. I selling sand and dirt, and I bought the fishing boat, because my mother is coming from a fishing town and her brother is in that business."

"What do you think you'll be doing fifteen years from now?"

"I don't know, but I hope I can be boxing three or four more years, so I can be staying with the good foot on the ground, you know, and have a good deal of money in the pocket. I have boxing income in my back pocket, so if something not so good in construction business I can take from there and pay, so I will get this construction business free from every guilty."

"Debt?"

"Yes. Free from every debt."

"Now that you've become accustomed to living well," I said, "do you think you could ever go back to hard work if you had to?"

"Well, I'm not afraid to lose," Johansson said, looking at me. "I always have two hands to work with."

He held his hands out toward me, palms up. "You see?" he said.

THE END

NEXT WEEK

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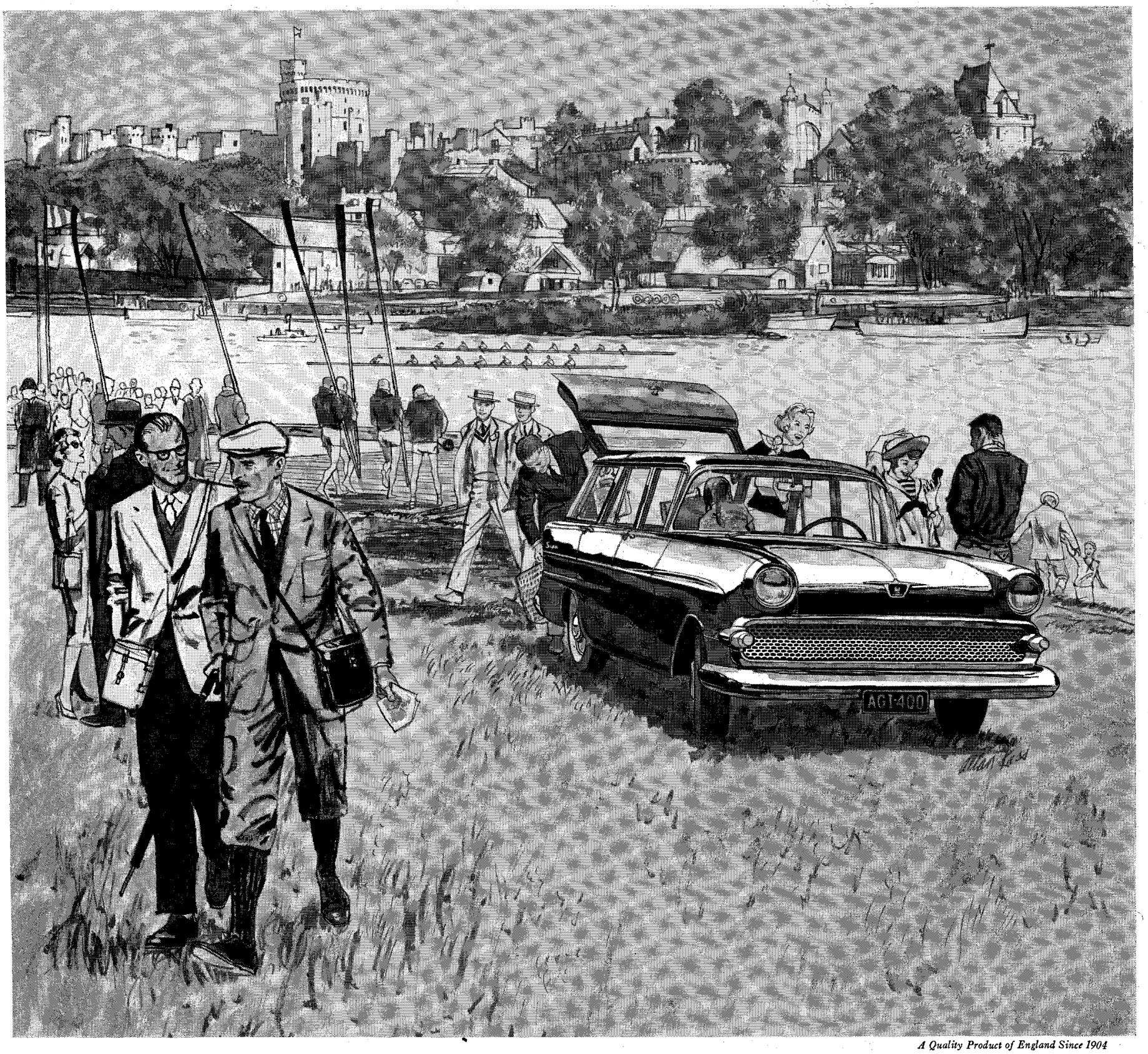

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Loneliest Man in France (Continued from Page 25)

In the big-city vote, the Communist Party took a whacking 27.7 per cent of the total, as against 19.5 in the November elections. And in Paris alone the Red vote jumped from 20 to 29 per cent—the highest Communist percentage since 1946. Parisians, who had been told by Gaullist propagandists that this time the Red bosses would be "chased from the last town hall in the country," woke up to find that the tight-fitting "Red Belt" around the capital had been reinforced. Instead of twenty-seven suburban townships the Communists controlled before, they now held thirty, and had a say in a half-dozen others.

I spent a day in one of the newly Red fortresses, the town of Pantin, on the northeast edge of Paris, whose relatively prosperous population of 40,000 merchants, professional people and skilled workers had given the Communists a narrow but decisive majority of 50.83 per cent.

The town council, made up of twenty-five card-holding Communists and six fellow travelers, was safely in for a six-year term. The mayor—a sharp-faced, sharp-witted cement worker planted in Pantin as a party agent some twelve years ago—received me in his office. Seated behind his desk, flanked by his faithful aldermen, he seemed a living illustration of Marx's theory of the victorious working class.

His Honor was all smiles as he explained to me that it was "economic discontent" that had expressed itself in the Red landslide. The statement warrants looking into.

Frenchmen, it is true, have been asked to make sacrifices in the last twelve months, but an adjustment, after several fat years, was overdue. Enjoying full employment and high wages, the public had been on a spending spree before De Gaulle came in. Living above its means and fighting an expensive war in Algeria on top of that, the nation was in debt—the budget showed a gaping hole, and gold and foreign currency reserves were low. Unless France wanted to go on forever depending on American handouts, drastic restrictions were in order.

De Gaulle's immense authority enabled him to take some measures that would have wrecked any previous government. Devaluating the French franc by 17 per cent in order to improve the country's trading position, he firmly told his fellow citizens to keep out of inflation's way. "Austerity" became the watchword of the hour. While prices started climbing—as they must after every devaluation—wages, with few exceptions, were kept down by government pressure and persuasion.

As a result, the franc today is healthier than it has been at any time since World War II; as if to demonstrate its vigor, it has shed two zeros, and the new "heavy franc," worth five rather than 500 to the dollar, is, at this writing, pouring from the mint.

"Why didn't I think of that!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

A miracle? Alas, nobody is deceived by the shiny new five-franc piece which, after all, is worth no more than a tattered 500-franc bill was worth yesterday. What seems far more important to the Frenchman in the street is that he is being squeezed between high prices and low wages. Not only has the average French worker lost about one tenth of his purchasing power since De Gaulle came in, but some of the reform decrees seem needlessly severe and irritating. State health-insurance benefits have been sharply trimmed; and veterans' pensions, never very generous, have been wiped out, except for hardship cases. Striking those who can least afford the loss—the "infantry," in De Gaulle's own words—these measures have created an impression of injustice. No doubt the mayor of Pantin was right when he attributed the increase in Red strength to "economic discontent"—voting Red in this country is a traditional way of registering a protest.

However, this is only half the story, and the less-interesting half. What is taking the steam out of the Gaullist surge is President de Gaulle's reluctance—or inability—to put an end to the Algerian war. "We called him in to stop the fighting," people will argue, "and still there is no peace."

Here we are face to face with a dilemma which, to an American, is sometimes difficult to comprehend. The average Frenchman is not ready to give up Algeria, whose total loss, he fears, would reduce his country to the status of a fifth-rate power; the fabulous oil strikes in the Sahara Desert reinforce, quite understandably, his sentimental attachment to that vast domain. But he knows, too, that this is 1959, and that the era of colonial wars is over.

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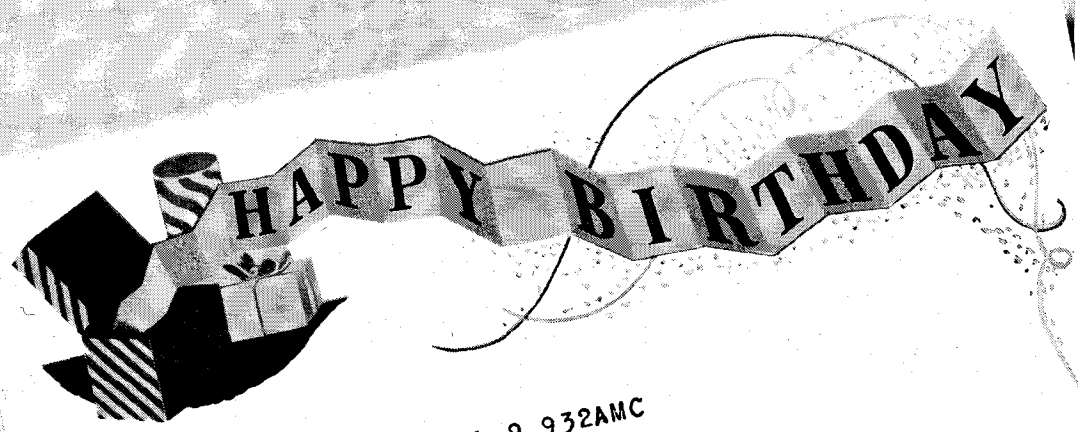

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President Charles de Gaulle (in left foreground) reviewing units of the French Army in Algeria.
His failure to end the costly war there has disenchanted many of his supporters.

After nearly five years of fighting, this still is not an all-out war. But it is big enough to keep more than 400,000 French soldiers pinned down in Algeria and to bring grief and hardship to innumerable families. Draftees, obliged by law to serve eighteen months, are often held for twenty-seven months, and many, when they finally come home, are in poor health. Some don't come home at all. Official casualty lists are doctored, but when a red-eyed little woman comes into the corner bakeshop to buy her stick of bread and to exchange the usual greeting with the baker's wife, the neighborhood will know by nightfall that Jean, her eldest son, was killed in action. Stop your car somewhere as you drive through France, and you will soon be told how many boys are missing from this village.

Why has De Gaulle not raised his hand and thundered, "Halt!"? The answer must be found in the ambiguous circumstances under which he came to power. On May 13, 1958, French settlers in Algeria and their army friends had risen in revolt against the French Republic. Rebellious colonels were about to fly their paratroopers up to Paris in order to set up a military dictatorship when De Gaulle stepped in. But while most Frenchmen turned to him as the one man who could save the republic, the mutineers themselves accepted him for quite a different reason. Their hope was that De Gaulle would crush the Algerian nationalists, "integrate" Algeria forever into France and, incidentally, perpetuate the privileged position of 1,000,000 Frenchmen in Algeria.

This ambiguity has held De Gaulle in bondage ever since. Those close to him are certain that he favors a "liberal" solution in Algeria—a gradual disengagement, say, leading to an autonomous Algerian state within the French Community. But he himself will not come out and say so lest he offend the pressure group that stands for "integration." How long, the French are wondering, can even so astute a politician as De Gaulle play this kind of game?

Now, what strikes many an impatient Frenchman as procrastination may well be a slow, careful piece of business. De Gaulle has made no secret of his strong dislike for French extremists in Algeria, to whom he has referred, in private conversation, as "mountebanks" and "nobodies." On more than one occasion he has openly defied them. He has commuted the sentences of some 230 Moslems condemned to death by military courts and liberated thousands from concentration camps. He has moved Ben Bella, a captive Moslem leader, from a Paris jail to a less degrading "forced residence" on a French island. He has broken up the revolutionary Public Safety Committees and transferred some 1200 "doubtful" French officers above the rank of major out of the Algerian hothouse. Last, but not least, he has neutralized the brain of the extremist group, the versatile and clever Jacques Soustelle, by giving him the hollow job of vice premier.

Loud howls, as a result, have come across the Mediterranean from Algiers, where terms like "monumental fraud," "Machiavellian maneuvers" and even "crypto-Communism" have recently been used with reference to the Gaullist regime. Clearly the men behind the May-thirteenth revolt feel cheated out of its results. "We wanted to make a full-blown revolution, and not a *révolutionnette*," I was told, in Paris, by Léon Delbecque, chief organizer of the coup and now a rather crestfallen Gaullist member of parliament.

The general impression, at this writing, is that De Gaulle is cautiously conditioning the public's mind for peace talks. His hope that the Algerian elections would yield a set of freely chosen spokesmen with whom he could talk terms failed, it is true, when French as well as rebel activists prevented independent-minded Moslems from stepping forth as candidates. Nor has his call to nationalist leaders to come to Paris to discuss an armistice been heeded by the Tunis-based "Algerian Provisional Government," which stands for independence pure and simple. Still, almost imperceptibly, the climate both in Paris and Algiers is changing; and those French die-hards who would rather swap De Gaulle for a French Salazar or Franco than swallow a negotiated peace find themselves, more and more, out on a limb. Nobody knows just what De Gaulle is up to. Proceeding with the patience of a chess player who, blocked in one sector, will try for a solution in another, he expects, no doubt, to win the game.

American observers here had watched France's renewal with mixed feelings. Pleased as they were by her hairbreadth escape from military dictatorship, they felt, from the beginning, that De Gaulle's preoccupation with French "grandeur" would face his allies with a problem. Recalling that Franklin D. Roosevelt and Winston Churchill had often thought of him, during World War II, as a "cross" they had to bear, they saw no reason why De Gaulle should prove more tractable this time around. "Only a dreamer or a fool would expect to find him changed," one highly placed western official said.

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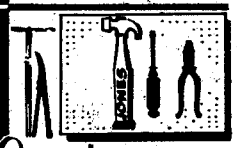

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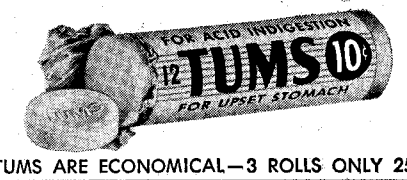

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And, sure enough, hardly had he assumed control than Charles de Gaulle confronted his partners in the North Atlantic Treaty Organization with a few surprises.

In an as-yet-unpublished memorandum he sent last September to President Dwight Eisenhower and British Prime Minister Harold Macmillan, De Gaulle proposed a "big Three" steering committee for NATO; consisting of France, Britain and the United States, this super NATO would, he argued, give the alliance a top echelon that could determine global—and in particular, atomic—strategy. As most of NATO's fifteen members would have indignantly opposed the change, the French suggestion met with no encouragement in Washington and London.

Undaunted, De Gaulle turned his attention to France's atomic program, which, using methods that risk early obsolescence, and at a cost likely to reach $1,000,000,000, aims at producing an atomic bomb. Inasmuch as American contingents now in Europe would make nuclear warheads available to France—and other western allies—as soon as war broke out, western defense planners look at the French "deterrent" as a luxury which France can ill afford. "It won't make Khrushchev shake in his boots," one of them wearily observed. Still, to De Gaulle's mind, crashing the "atomic club" would force the United States and Britain to recognize France as an equal partner—hence the bomb.

Nor could De Gaulle count on much comprehension when, earlier this year, he canceled a commitment pledging part of France's Mediterranean fleet to NATO in case of war. Not that the ships in question—one aircraft carrier and eleven destroyers—were indispensable to NATO's forces in that area, whose backbone is the United States Sixth Fleet. But the brusque gesture seemed indicative of a narrow nationalism that finds the Allies' integrated pattern of defense not quite compatible with France's "grandeur." It added a new disappointment to the unpleasant fact that France, needing its soldiers in Algeria, now keeps no more than two divisions in readiness against a possible Soviet attack in Europe, instead of twelve—four in the "shield force" and eight more on call—officially committed to the NATO host.

Happily, NATO bigwigs are philosophers. Although Gen. Lauris Norstad, USAF, Supreme Allied Commander in Europe, publicly voiced "concern" at the withdrawal of the naval units, a visit to his headquarters near Paris convinced me that military planners there, and in particular Americans, do not consider a more independent France a threat to NATO. On the contrary, convinced that a strong France will make a better partner than a republic sapped by indecision, they see the Fifth Republic as an asset, rather than a liability, to the alliance. However irritating they may find him on occasion, they still root for De Gaulle.

At home, the Fifth Republic, no longer a mere piece of paper, is taking on a personality of its own. And if the major organs of the state—subordinated by the Gaullist constitution to the chief of state—are withering away, this seems to suit the current taste of most French citizens. The once all-powerful National Assembly—France's house of representatives—whose endless squabbles are blamed for the downfall of the Fourth Republic, now finds itself up against the presidential power to dissolve it should it get out of line. So far its members, two thirds of them political debutants, have tried in vain to gain the respect of the country—or, for that matter, of President de Gaulle who treats them, as one Gaullist deputy complained, "like schoolboys."

The same goes for the cabinet headed by Premier Michel Debré, a former senator whose Courier of Wrath week after week threw rocks at the already-tottering Fourth Republic. He and his fellow ministers, operating in the long, dark shadow of De Gaulle, have no authority to speak of, and find themselves reduced, much of the time, to paraphrasing their chief's deliberately enigmatic statements.

The lonely role De Gaulle has chosen for himself is made still lonelier by his lack of personal advisers. The two men closest to him are André Malraux, the famous novelist and art expounder who serves as his "Minister of Ideas," and Georges Pompidou, a polished Greek and Latin scholar who until recently headed his secretariat, but who has since returned to managing the Rothschild banking interests in France. But while both of these men share Charles de Gaulle's keen intellectual interests, they do not help him solve the pressing problems of the day. "He has no pals," one close associate said, and, one might add, no one is in his confidence.

With party politics in disrepute and with a painful shortage of high-caliber personalities on top, De Gaulle relies almost entirely on his technicians. Some of these, operating directly out of the presidential office, now constitute a kitchen cabinet which translates the chief's broad objectives into action. There plainly are some overtones of our own early New Deal in this approach. It is the technocrats who work the levers of the Fifth Republic—able young men hand-tooled in France's most distinguished schools, armed with impressive engineering or administrative degrees, and possibly out of touch with the realities of life.

De Gaulle himself misses few opportunities to stress the regal aspects of his job. When he was first shown through the presidential mansion, the Elysée Palace, he stiffened when his guide, a granddaughter of outgoing President René Coty, explained they were now entering his predecessor's private study. "Madame," said Charles de Gaulle, "I have no predecessor."

Indeed, no sooner had the general moved in than he let it be known that he did not feel at home in his official residence. An elegant, three-story mansion whose history is as capricious as French vaudeville, the Elysée had once belonged to Madame de Pompadour, was given by Napoleon to Josephine—who promptly sold it back to him—and served at one time or another as a dancing and gambling establishment, an ice-cream parlor and a bank. The city, since the building was constructed, has closed in on it; and though a spacious garden in the rear affords a modicum of privacy, the main door gives on one of Paris' busiest shopping streets, the Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré. De Gaulle would have preferred, he told his staff, the solitude of the Château de Vincennes, a brooding stronghold flanked by royal pavilions, on the outskirts of town. Would France's medieval kings, whose haunt it was, make more congenial "predecessors" than the fifteen presidents of the republic who had resided at the Elysée before him? Only when he was told that it would take large chunks of time and money to make the ancient palace habitable did Charles de Gaulle desist.

He has since made the best of a bad bargain. His first press conference as president, held in the overdecorated ballroom of the Elysée, was more remarkable for its unusual stage effects than for what was, or wasn't, said. Seated in a red-and-gold armchair placed on a dais, his back to a rich tapestry, De Gaulle was peering down at a respectful audience of some 500 journalists. On his right, well below him and facing him rather than the press, was his entire cabinet; and on his left, the presidential staff. (It was three P.M. on a busy weekday, but ministers had to be sick in bed to be excused.) Here, clearly, was the picture of a royal court, and Paris' humorous weekly, *Le Canard Enchaîné*, expressed what many of us felt when, in reporting the event, it portrayed Charles de Gaulle in crown and ermine, surrounded by his faithful courtiers.

The personality cult, fortunately, stops right there. Those who work with De Gaulle day in and day out find him an affable, relaxed and often witty gentleman. Impervious to the doubts and fears he has aroused, he goes about his chores with an Olympian calm that constantly amazes members of his staff. The Gold Room, on the second floor of the Elysée Palace, where he receives his callers, has no telephone; its three French windows overlook the park, with its magnificent old trees, and visitors succumb to the impression that they are calling on a squire in a remote and elegant château.

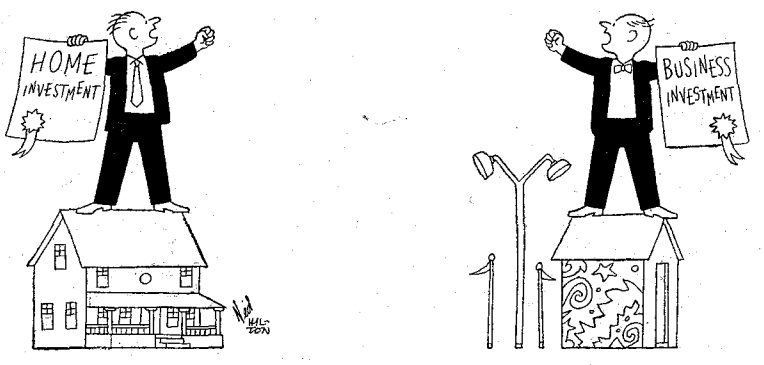
Immediately below, in the ornate Ambassadors' Room on the ground floor, the working mechanism of the Fifth Republic is turning over. It is here that De Gaulle presides over the weekly council of his ministers, as well as over the occasional top-level meetings of the French Community of thirteen states—twelve of them African, the other France—which is his own creation.

Receiving and dismissing callers on the dot, and rarely dropping behind schedule, he keeps in form largely by knowing when to stop. At eight P.M. he leaves his office—and his worries—to dine with Madame de Gaulle in their private apartment, a six-room suite in the east wing whose décor is in simpler taste than that of the gilded, stuccoed state rooms. Twice a week he receives a visit from his grandchildren, and he spends weekends at his country house at Colombey-les-Deux-Églises, where he still keeps most of his books and souvenirs.

The secret of De Gaulle, according to men who have seen him operate, is that he has no "secret." Going along with the evolving situation and not committed in advance to any line of action, he evidently hopes to improvise when the occasion comes. His tragedy is that he must succeed. Should he step down before Algeria is at peace, before the army is well out of politics and before the Fifth Republic is firmly rooted in the French tradition of representative government, a noble effort would have come to naught. For France has no one else to turn to. Gaullism must die with De Gaulle, and after him, the charlatans, the rabble rousers and the demagogues would, at long last, be free to fight it out among themselves.

In the remaining years of an old man's life, a great deal has yet to be done. The chances are he'll do it in his own good time—and to the satisfaction of all those who see in him the trustee, not the gravedigger, of French democracy.

THE END



You be the Judge

By SARAH MORRIS

After a long search, Ray found an ideal location for his used-car lot on a heavily traveled highway in a residential section. He bought a tract, built a small office which he painted vivid yellow and vermilion, and strung the roadside with advertising banners and 1000 electric light bulbs in triple rows. Owners of the $40,000 to $50,000 homes in the neighborhood went to court to shut down Ray's business as a nuisance.

"All those electric bulbs cast excessive light onto our premises and even inside our homes," counsel for the homeowners asserted. "The testing of brakes, raising and lowering of hoods and other noises create an infernal din which prevents us from enjoying the use of our properties."

"Our business is a lawful one," Ray's lawyer replied. "While we are operating in a residential area, there is no zoning restriction against a used-car lot. Besides, there are stores nearby and others coming in."

If you were the judge, would you close Ray's business?

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The Case of the Mythical Monkeys

(Continued from Page 42)

"And I would," Irwin said.

"Perhaps I'll tell you someday," Mason said casually. "A great deal depends on the developments of the next few minutes."

Hamilton Burger got to his feet angrily. "Ellington," he said, "I guess you can handle this. Good day, your honor."

"This seems to me to be rapidly approaching a situation where it will be necessary to make a major policy decision on the part of the prosecution," Judge Bagby said coldly. "I know that you are a very busy man, Mr. Burger, but I do think that it would be advisable for you to remain, at least for a few minutes."

"Very well," Burger said. He strode off to one side, turned and engaged Ellington in a whispered conference.

Gilman took advantage of the opportunity to move his chair up close to that of Gladys Doyle. "I'm awfully sorry, Miss Doyle," he said. "If I had had any idea of the real situation—well, you can see how it looked to me."

"I certainly can," she said, smiling. "There are no hard feelings."

"Well—thank you."

"There's one thing about your testimony that concerns me, however," Gladys said.

"What?"

She lowered her eyes demurely. "Your statement that you waited until you were sure I was taking a shower—you were watching me while I undressed."

Gilman's eyes widened. "What do you mean?"

"There was no shade on the window. You were looking in."

He shook his head. "I was waiting for the sound of water running from the hot-water tank," he said. "I held my hand against the tank and felt the hot water going down and the cold water coming in. Then I knew you were in the shower, so I left."

"And you weren't looking at me through the window?"

"Certainly not," he said, and she suddenly smiled.

The phone rang. Judge Bagby answered it, then called Burger. "It's for you," he said.

Burger picked up the phone, said, "Hello," then listened for some two minutes, said, "All right, bring him up here right away."

He hung up the phone and his face was suffused with smiles. He walked over to Ellington and engaged him in a whispered conference. It was quite apparent that he was in the greatest good humor.

The door opened and Lieutenant Tragg entered the judge's chambers.

"Sit down, lieutenant," Judge Bagby invited. "We're having something of an informal conference here. I understand that you found some fingerprints in the cabin, some fingerprints that were not immediately accounted for."

"We found some fingerprints," Tragg admitted.

"Were you able to account for all of them?"

Tragg shook his head. "We found some of the defendant's fingerprints, and we found a few man's fingerprints, but we weren't able to identify them. I now assume they're those of Mr. Gilman. And we found fingerprints of one other person that the expert hasn't been able to identify. He thinks they may have been left by a woman or a child."

Gilman glanced at Mason.

"Did you," Mason asked, "check those fingerprints to see if one of them had been made by Mauvis Meade?"

"Certainly," Tragg said.

"Were any of them hers?"

"No."

Gilman looked up in quick surprise.

"Do you know whose prints they were, lieutenant?"

"I don't."

"Were they good prints?"

"One was a very good latent print, almost a perfect print."

"Where did you find it?"

"There was an aluminum teakettle on the stove," Tragg said. "It had evidently been used quite a bit. Then there was a very fine, modern, stainless-steel, copper-bottomed teakettle in the cupboard, and that teakettle apparently had never been used for heating water, but it had been used apparently as some sort of a receptacle. It had been handled quite a bit. There were smudges of fingerprints on it. We found several fingerprints on the cover, and I now assume some of them were Mr. Gilman's fingerprints."

"I lifted the lid," Gilman admitted.

"And we found some prints that we couldn't identify. As I say, we think they're the fingerprints of a child or a woman."

"They were not the defendant's?"

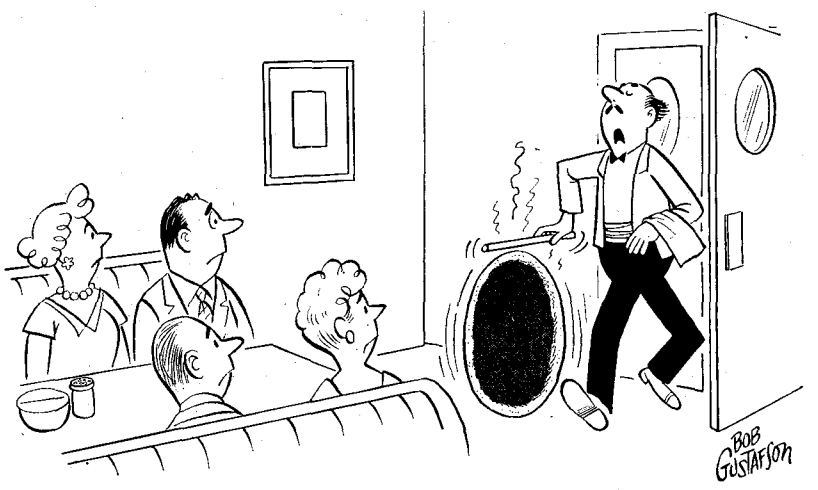
"Definitely not."

"And not those of Mauvis Meade?"

"No."

Judge Bagby turned to Mason and said, "I couldn't help but notice, Mr. Mason, that when you exhibited that document to Mauvis Meade when she was on the witness stand it seemed to cause her a great deal of consternation. Frankly, I expected you to follow up your advantage."

Mason merely smiled and said, "Certain things are matters of courtroom



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Watch it! This pizza is very hot!"

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strategy, your honor, and an attorney has to play his cards as he sees them."

Judge Bagby frowned thoughtfully, said, "Well, the court is not entirely satisfied. I'd like to have Mauvis Meade brought in here. I'm going to ask her some questions. . . . Mr. Bailiff, will you ask Miss Meade to come in here, please?"

Ellington said, "The court can readily see why we objected to this entire procedure. This inquiry is now getting far, far afield."

"That's all right," Judge Bagby said. "If we can't get justice on the high road, then we'll take to the fields."

Gladys Doyle looked up to find Gilman looking at her not unsympathetically. She smiled at him. He cleared his throat, started to say something, glanced at Irwin, changed his mind and remained uncomfortably silent.

Burger leaned forward and again whispered to Ellington, then turned and said to Judge Bagby, "Very well, your honor, I see that my hand is being forced in this matter."

"Not at all," Judge Bagby said, "we're simply trying to get at the bottom of a rather puzzling situation."

"I know, I know," Burger said impatiently. "But nevertheless it is forcing my hand."

Judge Bagby flushed.

"Now, since we've got to this point," Burger went on, "and since Mr. Mason is adopting the position of a sort of czar where things have to be done his way or he won't co-operate, I want to show that co-operation is a two-way street and that Mr. Mason is in no position to say what he'll do and what he won't do.

"I'm going to call a witness. I would like to have your honor hear what this witness has to say. I may say I am going to use this witness in preferring charges against Mr. Mason, not only for unprofessional conduct but also for concealing evidence."

Judge Bagby said, "If you have a witness you want to call, you may go ahead and call that witness. I will permit you to reopen your case."

"Very well," Hamilton Burger said. "I'm going to call Ira Kelton. He should be in the witness room by this time. Will the bailiff bring him, please?"

Burger glanced triumphantly at Mason. Mason's face was utterly without expression. Judge Bagby was drumming on his desk with the tips of his fingers, a sure sign that the jurist was annoyed. The bailiff returned with Ira Kelton.

Hamilton Burger said, "Now, Ira Kelton is an operative. He was employed by the Drake Detective Agency, which in turn was employed by Perry Mason to ——"

"Hadn't you better have this man sworn if he's going to make a statement?" Judge Bagby asked.

"I'm quite willing to have him sworn, your honor," Burger said. "Hold up your right hand and be sworn."

Kelton held up his right hand and was sworn.

"What's your occupation?" Hamilton Burger asked.

"I'm a detective."

"Have you been employed by Paul Drake?"

"Yes, sir."

"Were you in his employ on the ninth of this month?"

"I was; yes, sir."

"Did you go out to the cabin on Pine Glen Canyon road, where the murder was committed?"

"Yes, sir. Several times."

"Can you tell us the circumstances under which you went out there?"

"I had been instrumental in getting a lead on the identity of the victim. I noticed that there was a pile of firewood in the back yard. I measured it. It measured almost exactly a cord, so I felt that it had been delivered recently. I made inquiries, found out who was selling the wood, found this man, a man whose name was Atkins, and learned from him that the wood had been paid for by a Joseph H. Manly. I traced down Joseph H. Manly and reported to Mr. Drake, who in turn reported to Mr. Mason."

"Then what?"

"Then I believe they called on Mrs. Manly. I'm not certain, but they got enough information to feel that they had some knowledge in advance of the police as to the identity of the murdered man."

"Then what?"

"Then they drove up to Pine Glen picnic ground where I was stationed. They asked if they could get in the cabin. I told them I thought they could get in through the bedroom window."

"Go on. What happened?"

"Well, we three went out there to the cabin and went in and looked around."

"Now then," Hamilton Burger said triumphantly, "did you find anything?"

"Mr. Mason did."

"What?"

"Down under the cabin, in a container, Mr. Mason found a scarf with a distinctive pattern, and wrapped in this scarf was a box of shells, the variety known as the twenty-two long-rifle."

"Shells which fit the gun with which the murder was committed?" Hamilton Burger asked.

"Yes, sir."

"And what did Mr. Mason do with this very interesting bit of evidence?" Hamilton Burger asked triumphantly.

"He put it in his pocket."

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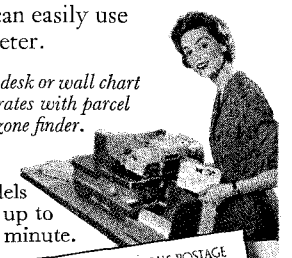
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"Now you say that this scarf had a distinctive pattern. What was it?"

"It was a pattern of the classical three monkeys, one with his hands over his eyes, one with his hands over his ears, one with his hands over his mouth."

Hamilton Burger turned triumphantly to Judge Bagby. "Now then, your honor," he said, "that presents a new angle. Here we have counsel deliberately tampering with evidence, concealing evidence and obstructing the administration of justice. I call your honor's attention to this photograph of Mauvis Meade. It is a publicity photograph for use on the dust jacket of her book.

"Your honor will see she is wearing a scarf which is streaming out in the wind, presumably a stiff ocean breeze. Your honor can plainly see that it is a scarf showing the traditional three monkeys. I am going to call on Mr. Perry Mason to produce that scarf and that box of shells."

Judge Bagby turned to Perry Mason, frowning thoughtfully. "You have heard the district attorney, Mr. Mason?"

Mason gravely bowed. "I have heard the district attorney. I have also heard the witness. I believe that it is proper to permit counsel for the defense to cross-examine a witness before his testimony is taken as final."

"Certainly," Judge Bagby said, an expression of relief on his face. "If there is any misunderstanding about this situation, the court would like to have it cleared up."

"You had been out at the cabin before we made that trip?" Mason asked Kelton.

"Yes, sir."

"You were working for Mr. Paul Drake at the time?"

"I was, Mr. Mason, and don't misunderstand me. I still feel loyal to him and to you, but I cannot condone the commission of a crime. I have a license and a wife and children. I ——"

"Never mind that," Mason said coldly. "Never mind volunteering information. Just answer the questions. You had been out to the cabin before?"

"Yes, sir."

"You had noticed that there was no catch on that window and it could be raised from the outside?"

"Yes, sir."

"That window was found open when the police first arrived at the cabin?"

"I believe it was, yes, sir."

"When we got there you opened the window and let us in?"

"Yes, sir."

"Now we went in and looked around. The police at that time had been in and had finished with the cabin. Right?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then we went out and I suggested I wanted to look under the cabin. There I found a coffee can and in it was this silk scarf and a box of twenty-two-caliber shells?"

"Yes, sir."

"A full box?"

"No, sir, it was not. As it happened, we counted the shells and seven were missing. I believe there were six in the magazine of the automatic rifle with which the murder was committed, leaving the other shell as the one which was fired into the body of Manly."

"And was any comment made about this being evidence at the time?"

"Mr. Drake said that we would have to turn it in, and you simply put it in your pocket and said, 'I'll take charge of this and the responsibility will be mine. You folks don't need to worry about it,' or something to that effect."

"Thank you," Mason said. "That's all."

"That's all?" Judge Bagby asked incredulously.

"I want to ask Lieutenant Tragg one question in connection with this," Mason said.. "You've already been sworn, lieutenant. You can just answer this one question."

Lieutenant Tragg turned expectantly toward Mason. "You went out to the cabin where the murder had been committed?" Mason asked.

"Yes."

"When?"

"Late in the morning of the ninth."

"You were looking for evidence?"

"Yes."

"Did you overlook any?"

"I hope not."

"Did you," Mason asked, "look in an old coffee canister underneath the house?"

"Certainly," Lieutenant Tragg said.

"And found nothing?"

"Nothing."

Hamilton Burger was unable to restrain the exclamation of dismay which marked the complete collapse of what he had intended as a devastating coup.

"Why in heaven's name didn't you tell me you had searched this old coffee canister and found it empty?" Burger asked Lieutenant Tragg.

"Why in heaven's name didn't you tell me about this new evidence?" Tragg retorted.

"Because I didn't know about it until just now," Burger said.

Tragg said with dignity, "I am glad to see Mr. Perry Mason has more confidence in my ability than you have."

Mason turned to Judge Bagby. "There you are, your honor. I had confidence in

... ...

Seeing-Eye Dog

By Thomas John Carlisle

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not his feet.
I lend him one bright sense.
I am his pilot in the deadly
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His confidence.

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and I obey
Unquestioning unless
I see some hazard periling
his way.
Then I transgress.

The other dogs must think
me more than odd.
They cannot comprehend
That this man's need of me
makes him my god
And me his friend.

... ...

Lieutenant Tragg. I knew that this scarf and the box of shells must have been a plant because I knew that if it had been there when the police searched the place, Lieutenant Tragg wouldn't have overlooked it."

Hamilton Burger tried to regroup his intellectual forces. "The fact remains, your honor," he said, "that it's still evidence."

"Evidence of what?" Judge Bagby asked.

"Evidence of the murder."

"Quite evidently, this material had never been placed there until after the murder had been committed," Judge Bagby said. "However, the court is very much concerned about this. Apparently this scarf belonged to Mauvis Meade."

Hamilton Burger nodded.

"And," Mason pointed out, "the evidence that the district attorney is now presenting tends to implicate Miss Meade in the murder and therefore absolves the defendant, Gladys Doyle. I would like to ask Mr. Gilman another question."

Mason turned to Gilman and said, "You were investigating someone in connection with income-tax frauds?"

"Income-tax frauds and other illegal acts."

"Was that someone Gregory Alson Dunkirk?"

"Don't answer that!" Dartley Irwin interposed quickly.

"Why not?" Mason asked Irwin.

"Because we can't let that information get out at the present time. We have a complete file in this case. We're almost ready to spring our trap and close the case, but any premature disclosure would, at this time, wreck our plans."

Judge Bagby said, "I think I want to ask Mauvis Meade some questions, and I definitely want to know, Mr. Mason, whether that document you showed her was a map showing the road down the mountain."

"It was, your honor."

"And did that map show the forks of the road at fifteen and three tenths miles from the post office back to Summit Inn?"

"It did."

"And did the map show a left-hand turn or a right-hand turn at the forks?"

"The arrow very distinctly showed a left-hand turn."

Judge Bagby said, "Then it was your duty to have impeached her testimony with that map, Mr. Mason. You owed that to your client."

"Why did I?" Mason asked. "And how is it going to impeach her testimony? She testified that she gave Gladys Doyle directions as to a short cut down the mountain. Gladys Doyle is the one who told the officers the story about Mauvis Meade getting a map out of a drawer and telling her what route to follow. But the fact that the map showed a turn to the left doesn't mean that Mauvis Meade had to follow the directions on the map. She was simply using the map to refresh her recollection as to distances. I'm satisfied that Miss Meade told Gladys Doyle to turn right at those forks."

"I think I'd like to have Mauvis Meade interrogated again," Judge Bagby said.

Dartley Irwin's reaction was close to panic. "Your honor," he said, "if you do that we can't have Richard Gilman present. She simply mustn't see him."

"This is all getting too complicated," Judge Bagby said. He turned abruptly to Hamilton Burger. "Look here, Mr. District Attorney, why don't you dismiss the case against this defendant, Gladys Doyle, then co-operate with the Government and find out what this is all about?"

Burger said with cold dignity, "Because it is against the policy of my office to dismiss a case once I have filed it unless I am satisfied the defendant is innocent."

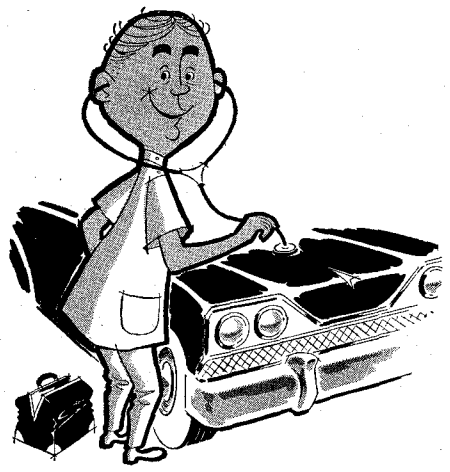
"You can dismiss this case," Judge Bagby said. "It's not a bar to any subsequent prosecution. If, later on, it appears that this defendant is guilty you can have her rearrested or have her indicted by the grand jury. You have the right to dismiss a case, and the defendant can't claim double jeopardy."

"It has a bad effect on public relations," Hamilton Burger said.

"Well, of course," Judge Bagby told him irritably, "if you're going to be more concerned with what the newspapers may say about your office than about the administration of justice, you ——"

"You have no right to say that," Burger protested. "That's unfair."

Judge Bagby said, "Well, I'm going back to court. I'm going to conduct this hearing from the bench, and I'm going to have proper respect from counsel on both sides. I will excuse Mr. Gilman momentarily from attendance in the court, despite the subpoena that has been issued." He turned to Gilman. "I want your assurance, however, that you will be in attendance in an anteroom—in fact, you can wait right here in chambers. If counsel insists on calling you as a witness in response to (*Continued on Page 90*)



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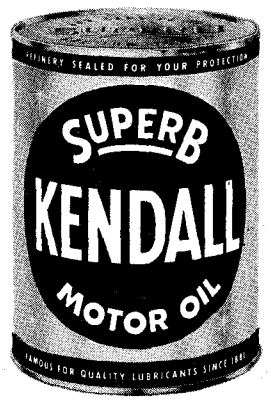

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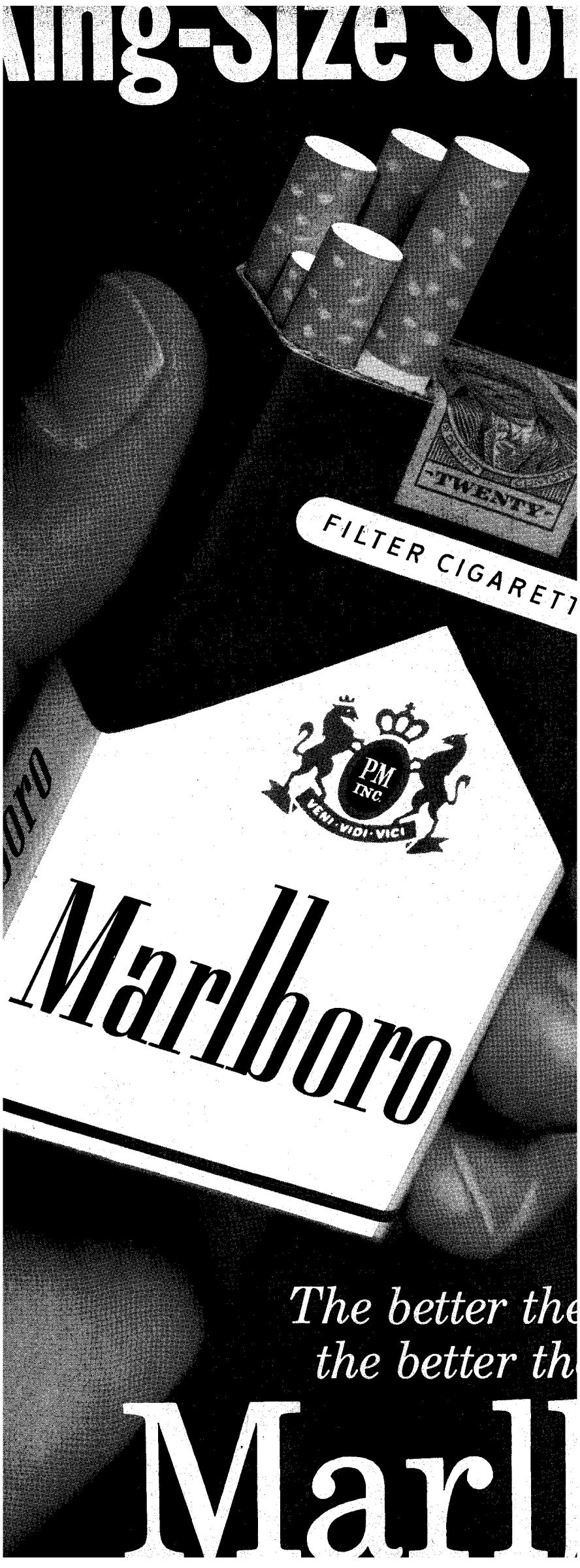

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(*Continued from Page 88*) his subpoena, you're going to have to take the stand."

"But, your honor," Irwin protested, "we have explained the situation and ——"

"I know you have," Judge Bagby said. "If it's so important to the Government, why don't you get Mr. Burger to dismiss the case against this defendant for the moment?"

"You have seen Mr. Burger's attitude," Irwin said.

Judge Bagby got to his feet. "Very well," he said, "we're going back into the courtroom where we'll conduct proceedings in an orderly manner. The court is going to take it on itself to recall Mauvis Meade for some questions. After that, counsel for both sides will have a right to examine her by interrogation which can be called cross-examination or anything else you want. The court will remember, however, that she was called as the prosecution's witness, and her attitude will be considered that of hostility toward the defense as far as leading questions are concerned.

"Very well, gentlemen, we're now going into court and try and handle this thing on some sort of an orderly basis."

Judge Bagby took his place on the bench and said, "I have to apologize to the parties for the delay in resuming our hearing. A matter came up which required the attention of the court in chambers.

"Now, the court is aware of the fact that the prosecution has rested its case and has moved for an order binding the defendant over. The court, however, is not entirely satisfied with the evidence in its present shape, and the court is going to recall a witness on its own motion.

"Miss Meade, will you come forward and take the stand, please? Now, you've already been sworn. Just step forward and take the stand."

Judge Bagby studied Mauvis Meade thoughtfully as she walked up and took her position on the stand. He regarded Dukes, who followed her as far as the rail and then took his position once more on the edge of one of the front seats.

"Miss Meade," Judge Bagby said, "the gentleman who accompanies you and is sitting there in the front seat is in the nature of a bodyguard?"

"Yes, your honor."

"Why do you need him?"

"I have been disturbed a lot—that is, people annoy me. I have interruptions from persons who want autographs, who want to talk with me—persons whom I don't want to see."

"I understand that, but is there any other reason that you deemed it necessary to have a bodyguard. Are you afraid of something?"

"No, your honor."

"Mr. Mason showed you a paper when he was cross-examining you?"

"Yes, your honor."

"Did you recognize that paper?"

She glanced helplessly about her, then said, "I thought I did."

"Now, was that a map showing the road from Summit Inn down to this cabin where the murder was committed? In other words, on that map was there an arrow leading to the road that went by the cabin?"

"Now just a moment, your honor," Hamilton Burger said, getting to his feet. "I dislike to interfere with the court's examination of a witness, but I insist that we keep the evidence within the issues and the issues within reason. The question is whether Gladys Doyle was given directions which took her past this cabin in Pine Glen Canyon, and there again the evidence can have no practical application except insofar as it tends to support the statement that she made to the arresting officers."

"You're objecting to the court's questions?" Judge Bagby asked.

"Yes, your honor."

"On what grounds?"

"That it is incompetent, irrelevant and immaterial."

"The objection is overruled. Now answer the question, Miss Meade."

"I think that was the map," she said, "and I think that map showed an arrow turning left. But I'm quite certain that the directions I gave to the defendant were that she was to turn to the right."

"Do you know why the defendant tore those directions out of her notebook and put them in the wastebasket?"

"I don't think she did."

"You found them in the wastebasket?"

"Yes."

"Do you know who tore them out of the book?"

Mauvis Meade took a deep breath. "I did."

"Why?"

"Because it was her custom to type up the notes from her shorthand notebook. I thought she had typed up these directions, and I tore the page out of her notebook and threw it in the wastebasket because I didn't want to have those directions left in her shorthand notebook."

"You had been at that cabin before?"

"I—I refuse to answer that question."

"On what grounds?"

"On the grounds that the answer may tend to incriminate me."

"The court sees no reason for you to take advantage of any constitutional rights under the circumstances," Judge Bagby said. "The court is going to overrule your objection."

A voice from the spectators' benches in the courtroom said, "May I be heard on that, your honor?"

A tall, spare man with a horse face, large, expressionless blue eyes and a determined mouth, came striding forward. "Let the record show," he said, "that I am Wendell Parnell Jarvis. I wish to represent Miss Meade. I think, if the court please, that the court misunderstood the scope of her objection. It was not referring to any matter in connection with the murder which was committed in the cabin, but had reference to other matters which I believe are under investigation by some branch of the United States Government. I am advising Miss Meade not to answer that question."

Judge Bagby sighed and said, "Very well. The court will state, however, that it feels this situation is very confused and should be clarified before the court is asked to make any ruling. Would the parties object to a continuance for as much as two weeks? It would, of course, have to be made on the motion of the defendant and acquiesced in by the prosecution."

"Would the defendant remain in custody?" Hamilton Burger asked.

"The defendant," Judge Bagby said, "would be released on her own recognizance."

"Then I certainly would object to it."

"May I ask a question of the witness?" Mason asked.

"Proceed," Judge Bagby said.

"Miss Meade," Mason said, "you are a badly frightened young woman, aren't you?"

There was no answer to the question.

"Aren't you?" Mason asked.

Jarvis said, "If the court please, I think that question is completely foreign to the issues in this case."

"Your objection is overruled," Judge Bagby said. "You have no official status in this hearing. You can advise the witness as to her constitutional rights. The prosecution and the defense will take care of the record in this case. The objection is overruled because you have no right to make it. I hear no other objection. Answer the question, Miss Meade."

Mauvis Meade hesitated a moment, then slowly shook her head.

Mason said, "This bodyguard is not employed by you, is he, Miss Meade? He is employed by someone else, not so much for your protection as to see that you don't get out of line and make some statement which would incriminate others, isn't that right?"

She remained silent.

"And isn't it a fact," Mason said, "that because you knew you were in danger, you wrote a letter. That letter was to be turned over to the authorities in the event of your death or disappearance. You didn't dare to leave that letter where anyone who was searching your things would find it, so you put the letter in Gladys Doyle's belongings, so that if anything happened to you Gladys Doyle would read that letter.

"Isn't it a fact that someone tried to lure you out of your apartment by making a publicity date at Summit Inn in your behalf, and, having insured your absence from the apartment, carried on a search? Isn't it a fact that when you returned to your apartment and found that the place had been searched, you dashed into the room of Gladys Doyle for the purpose of finding whether that letter had been disturbed, and you found it gone?"

Jarvis expostulated, "Now, if the court please, this is entirely outside of the issues. This is an attempt on the part of counsel to crucify this witness under the guise of cross-examination. Simply because the district attorney's office is willing to sit there without making objection is no reason that this witness has to be pilloried by any such series of questions."

"She hasn't, as yet, refused to answer," Judge Bagby said.

"Well?" Mason asked.

Mauvis Meade hesitated.

Abruptly Judge Bagby leaned forward on the bench. "Look here, Miss Meade," he said, "this is a court of law. If you feel that you are in danger, if you feel that you are threatened by outside parties, will you take the advice of this court? Will you tell this court the whole story? Will you realize that if you continue to seek refuge from the law by living without the law, you are not finding safety, but only further danger and further troubles?"

Abruptly Mauvis Meade said, "Yes, your honor, I want to tell my story. I want protection. I claim the protection of the court."

"From whom?" Judge Bagby asked.

"From Gregory Alson Dunkirk," she said. "From this man, Dukes Lawton, who is supposed to be my bodyguard, and from this attorney, Wendell P. Jarvis, who is actually representing Gregory Dunkirk."

"Now just a moment!" Jarvis shouted. "I wish to be heard on a matter of professional privilege. I rise to that point."

"Well, sit down again," Judge Bagby said. "I'm interested in this witness. You go right ahead, Miss Meade. Tell me your story."

She said, "I became acquainted with Gregory Dunkirk. I had been acquainted with other men, but Greg was different. He was ruthless, he was powerful, and he started using me in connection with schemes that had to do with the underworld. He ——"

"Miss Meade, do you know what you're saying?" Jarvis demanded.

"You sit down and stay down," Judge Bagby ordered. "You say you're representing this witness. This witness says she wants protection from you. Now she's going to get it. One more word out of you and you're going to jail for contempt of court. . . . Go on, Miss Meade."

She took a deep breath. "Josh Manly was mixed up in the rackets. I don't know all of the details. Manly did. We would meet at that cabin. Sometimes we would be there together; sometimes I would come and get large sums of money, which were left in that teakettle in the cupboard."

"What did you do with these large sums of money?"

"I turned them over to Greg—Mr. Dunkirk."

"And then what?"

"Then," she said, "I tried to get out of it, and I couldn't. I was in too deep, and—and I became frightened. I did write the letter that Mr. Mason asked me about. I left it with Gladys Doyle. I—I became (*Continued on Page 92*)

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(*Continued from Page 90*) suspicious of that date at the Summit Inn. I rang up the American States Producers Studios and asked them if Edgar Carlisle was in their publicity department. They said he was not, so I made arrangements to send Gladys Doyle up to keep the date in my place. I went into hiding because I felt certain—because I felt afraid."

"Of whom?"

"I don't want to state."

Judge Bagby frowned.

"May I ask a question, your honor?" Mason asked.

"Do you think you can clarify this matter?" Judge Bagby asked.

"I think I can," Mason said. He turned to the witness. "Miss Meade, you have cultivated a manner, a seductive type of approach. Let me ask you, did you have this same approach when you were dealing with Josh Manly?"

"I tried to be myself."

"But after a while Josh Manly began making passes at you?"

"Yes."

"And do you feel it was because of those passes that he was killed?" Mason asked.

"I—I don't know."

Mason addressed Judge Bagby. "I think that the reason an attempt was made to decoy Miss Meade to the Summit Inn was so her apartment could be ransacked by someone who wanted to get that letter. I think Miss Meade had told Manly she had written such a letter. I think she did this to show him that simply removing her wouldn't bring safety to Manly and the others. Manly reported that conversation.

"If Miss Meade had gone to the Summit Inn in person, it is quite possible she would have met with a fatal accident. Her car would perhaps have been crowded over the grade. I think this publicity interview at Summit Inn was a trap. The minute she left the apartment it was to be searched for that letter. The minute that letter was found Miss Meade's life was in danger.

"The apartment was searched, the letter was found, but Miss Meade wasn't at the Summit Inn. She had become alarmed and had gone into hiding. But she had to go back to her apartment. She waited until she was certain Gladys Doyle would have returned, and then Miss Meade went back to her apartment.

"Not only did she find it a wreck, but as soon as certain people learned of her return a bodyguard was brought into the picture ostensibly to protect her, but, in reality, to see that she had no opportunity to get in touch with the authorities. And I think this is the first opportunity this woman is having to tell the truth."

"Then who do you think killed Manly?" Judge Bagby asked.

"I am not making any accusations," Mason said, "but there is one fingerprint on that teakettle which has not been identified as yet by the police. Someone raided Mauvis Meade's apartment. Someone found the letter, and that letter was virtually Mauvis Meade's death warrant. It only remained to set the stage for an 'accidental' death.

"Later on, however, another person went to that apartment. That person found the door had been forced, the apartment searched. That person made a second search. That person found two things, a map showing the cabin and the scarf showing the three mythical monkeys. That person took both of these things. That search was made after Manly had been killed, but before Miss Doyle had returned to the apartment Monday morning.

"Simply because police found the lock on the apartment door had been forced and the apartment searched, it was assumed one person had made a single search. I feel there were two searches made by two separate people and at two separate times.

"The scarf that was taken from the apartment must have been taken before the police knew of the murder. It was taken for one purpose—to implicate Mauvis Meade in the murder. Therefore, the logical assumption is that it was taken by the person who killed Joseph Manly."

"Who?" Judge Bagby demanded.

Mason said, "I can't be certain of my deductions, but I would suggest to the court that if Lieutenant Tragg would take the fingerprints of Mrs. Joseph Manly he might find that the mysterious fingerprint on the teakettle had been identified."

Judge Bagby's eyes narrowed. "It is," he admitted, "a thought. Lieutenant Tragg, have you had occasion to compare that unidentified fingerprint with that of Mrs. Manly?"

Lieutenant Tragg slowly shook his head.

Mrs. Manly jumped to her feet. "You can't frame me! Suppose I did go to that cabin? It doesn't prove a thing!"

"It proves you were lying," Mason said.

She hesitated for a moment, then suddenly made a dash out through the door of the courtroom.

Lieutenant Tragg half arose, then settled back in his chair.

"Aren't you going to follow that woman and bring her back?" Judge Bagby demanded indignantly of Lieutenant Tragg.

"Not right away," Tragg said, with a slow drawl.

"And may I ask why not?"

"Well, it's like she said," Lieutenant Tragg observed, "the fingerprint in the cabin proves she was lying, but that's all. But her flight is evidence that the district attorney can use in the case against her when he's trying her for murder. So if she's foolish enough to resort to flight, I'll give her a good start before I catch her."

Slowly the look of annoyance on Judge Bagby's face was replaced by a smile. "It is always a pleasure to watch a really efficient officer at work," he said.

Perry Mason, Della Street and Paul Drake were gathered around the big desk in Mason's office.

Della Street plugged in the big coffee percolator.

"Now," Drake said, "suppose you open up with a little information, counselor. How did you know?"

"I didn't know," Mason said, "but I had a growing suspicion."

"How come?"

"Someone," Mason said, "was trying altogether too hard to frame Mauvis Meade. Someone wanted to drag her into it. That person was altogether too eager, altogether too persistent.

"What happens when you're shooting at big game? If you feel your bullet might miss, you shoot again, and again, and again.

"I received a letter. It had been written on a typewriter. The letter enclosed a map which must have been taken from Mauvis Meade's apartment, *ergo*, the person who wrote the letter had taken the map.

"When we went to the Manly house, you'll remember that Mrs. Manly told us she had been cleaning the house. She was wearing rubber gloves. She took off the gloves and her finger tips were black. Now how does one get black finger tips from house cleaning if one is wearing rubber gloves?"

"You mean the typewriter ribbon?" Della Street asked.

"Exactly," Mason said. "The smudged finger tips weren't so much of a clue as was her guilty attitude. The minute she glimpsed those smudged finger tips she put her gloves back on. I noticed it at the time. The significance of it didn't occur to me until later.

"Now then, the person who typed that letter to me was trying to bring Mauvis Meade into the picture. The map which she enclosed must have been stolen from Mauvis Meade's apartment. The box of twenty-two shells wrapped in the scarf was left for the purpose of dragging Mauvis Meade into the murder. The scarf must also have been stolen from her apartment.

"Mauvis Meade made the mistake of trying to lure everybody on. She couldn't be with a man without encouraging that man to make passes any more than she could be thirsty without drinking. The association with Manly was originally a business association.

"Mrs. Manly was a plain, vigorous, executive-type woman who had probably been a highly efficient secretary before she was married. She couldn't compete with the seductive curves and carefully cultivated sex appeal of Mauvis Niles Meade. Something happened to arouse her suspicions. She followed her husband. She traced him to the Gandarra Apartments, where he had a jeep. Then she traced him to the cabin. Then she saw Mauvis Meade show up.

"Mrs. Manly went home and waited. The next time her husband went to the cabin must have been well after midnight on the weekend. She took a twenty-two rifle and waited in the cover, perhaps twenty or thirty yards from the cabin. Her husband went into the bedroom. The window was open. She shot him, then wiped the gun clean of fingerprints, tossed it in through the open window and then went back, determined to implicate Mauvis Meade in the crime by planting evidence indicating Mauvis committed the murder."

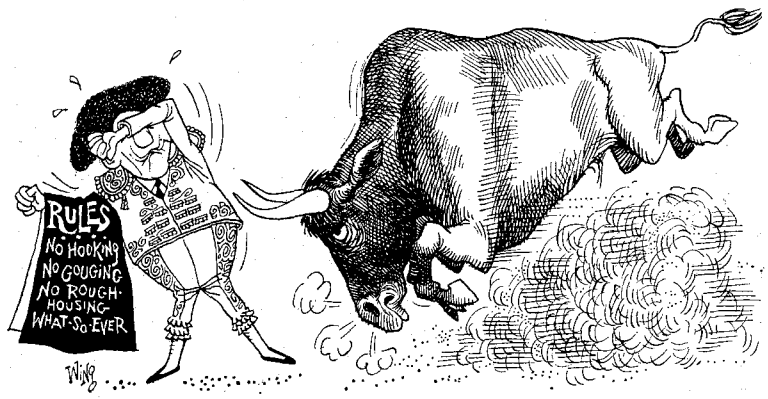
"It always sounds simple when he explains it," Della Street said.

"What's going to happen to Mauvis Meade and to Gladys Doyle now?" Drake asked.

Mason laughed. "You don't need to worry about Mauvis. The way Dartley Irwin and two deputy marshals came forward to escort her from the courtroom leads me to believe that Miss Meade is, at the moment, appearing before a Federal grand jury, and that Gregory Alson Dunkirk is going to be plenty busy trying to save his own skin without having anything else to worry about. And you don't need to worry about Gladys Doyle. My best guess is that at the moment she's renewing her association with Richard Gilman."

"The moral of all this is," Della Street said, "that a young woman who intends to write a sex novel should be more careful in doing her fieldwork."

"No," Mason said. "Mauvis Meade is going to come out all right. I think the fall guy is Gregory Dunkirk, and the moral probably is that when you work out a foolproof method of beating the law, you want to remember that the law isn't always a fool." THE END



You be the Judge

By WILLIAM DONALDSON

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If you were the judge, would you say, "On with the show"?

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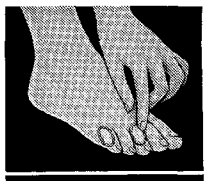

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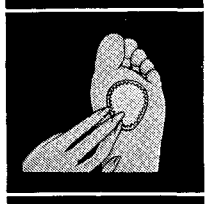

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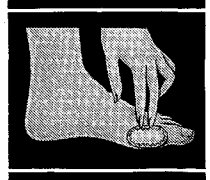

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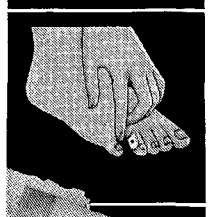

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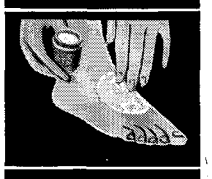

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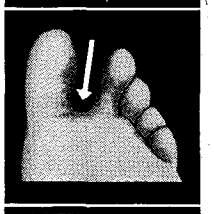

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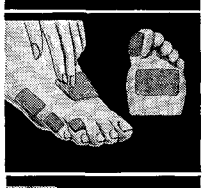

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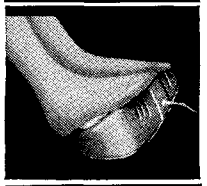

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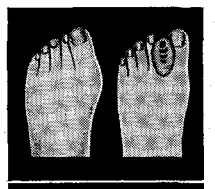

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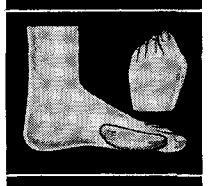

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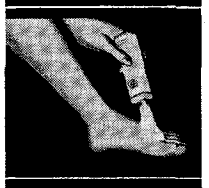

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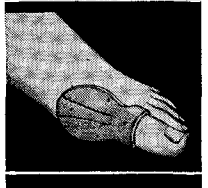

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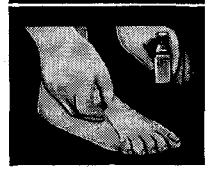

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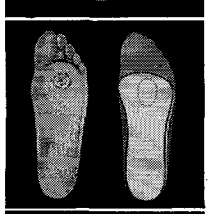

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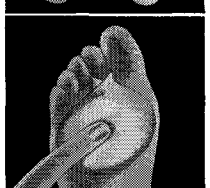

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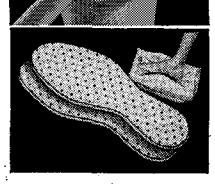

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Unaccountable Affair (Continued from Page 29)

talking—rather a lot about waistlines, and not only their own.

For time went by, the way time does, and Rose's champions turned one by one to solid married men with families. She got to be twenty-eight years old and still single. Once in a while, deep-buried like a polliwog in the mud, but still wiggling its tail, the notion came to her that everyone seemed to be married nowadays, except the group classified as just kids, and even some of these. One day they would be in the library looking up the Bobbsey Twins. Next thing she knew they had twins of their own. It was surprising.

Rose had been bridesmaid at uncounted weddings, wearing a lacy frock and wide-brimmed hat and looking good enough to eat. Then gradually in more demand as godmother—or baby sitter, free of charge.

"She adores children," Kitty said.

"She ought to have some of her own," said Barbara, already mother of three.

"It's funny," said Judith Andrus, who had two and a half. "How things turn out, I mean. A few years back Rose could have married anyone." She paused for a moment, one of the ones having been Harry Andrus, a fact it was pleasanter to forget. "But twenty-eight is something else again."

"And she's getting fat." Kitty stirred unsugared iced tea, but didn't bother drinking it. "Still pretty, though. Class beauty, remember?"

"Yes, but ten years ago."

"That's right—ten years."

A shadow fell as if a crow had flown across the sun. The scoremarks of the years weren't just for Rose.

It was a brilliant afternoon in June. The three young matrons sat on the Andrus patio while assorted offspring played—or fought—in the sand pile, and ears were cocked against the moment to interfere before murder was done. Till when, they chose to leave well enough alone. Peonies were shedding, roses coming on. The tide was out. The double cove glimmered like pale blue silk, trimmed with its summer complement of sailing craft. This was a Thursday, when the library was closed, and Rose had passed them, waving, as she went down to the rocks.

("She ought to lose some weight"—"Quit wearing slacks"—"And cut her hair.")

She had gone out in her dory presumably, or could be hunting crabs in the tide pools. No hungry husband coming home for dinner on the dot. No kids to bathe nor formula to fix nor nursery-school committee at eight o'clock.

"She misses so much," Judith said. Then she raised her voice, "Benny Wallace, quit that. You're hurting Sandra."

"Sandra ought to hit back," Kitty suggested sweetly. "She's rather a docile type, isn't she? And darling Benny's such a rogue. I'll take him home—time we went, anyhow. I left a drierful of dipes."

"I must go, too," Barbara said. "Meat loaf to make, and I guess prune whip—I had some prunes left over. Though what Roger will say ——" She shrugged and let it go. "Rose will be having cracked crab, I bet, and strawberry shortcake."

"With whipped cream," Kitty said.

"Speaking of Rose," said Judith, "there's a new man in town, you know? Arnold Simpkins, at the bank. He's a bachelor and young—well, young enough. And he noticed her. He asked Harry who she was. Seems he has made up his mind to get married—you know how some men are. When they are earning such-and-such, and have this much invested, and so on. So I thought, if we gave a little push?"

"It never works," Kitty said. "We've tried before."

"But this might be the time."

"Or the one," Barbara added.

There was a thoughtful silence while they considered Mr. Simpkins as to age, looks, manners and salary prospects. A test he took unawares, like every bachelor in all small towns, and passed successfully. A Dartmouth graduate. Drove a medium-priced car. Not only worked in the bank but also owned some stock. Passed the plate in church. And perhaps not really bald—he might have been born with a high forehead. In short, O.K. for Rose, supposing they could bring it off. A suitable match, yet not so bright it put theirs in the shade. So how about a party this weekend? No use in wasting time.

"Nor time to waste," said Kitty. "Dozens of willing spinsters in this town, and hardly a single man past twenty-one."

"Saturday's nice for parties," Barbara said.

"Yes, but the library is open till nine."

"Then Sunday evening—a cookout," Judith said. "Here on the patio." Kitty and Barbara had only back yards. "Harry loves an excuse to do steaks, and I'll wangle the budget."

"I'll do salad and rolls," Barbara offered. "And Roger can ask Mr. Simpkins—they're both in Lions."

"Dessert," Kitty promised. "Also we'll help with the drinks, and I'll take care of Rose—including what she wears. But, golly, will you look what time it is! Call you tomorrow."

One child by the hand and one in the baby buggy, she hurried off to fold her diapers. Barbara went to make meat loaf. Judith popped Ian and Sandra into the tub, and hunted up her copy of Doctor Spock, to see if docile type was serious. Darling Rose was forgotten—but not for long.

"A party? How sweet of you, Kitty. I'd love to come, but as a matter of fact ——"

"Listen," Kitty said. "Just for once, will you? I don't mean smile and pretend. I mean, listen."

"Why, Kitty, I always do."

"You don't," Kitty said. "You're wishing right now that meddlesome matchmakers would leave you alone."

"Oh, no," said Rose. Oh, yes, she meant.

"But the point is, you're nearly thirty ——"

"Not quite twenty-nine."

"The same thing, practically," Kitty said, lavish with birthdays that were not her own. "And unless you really want to be an old maid ——"

Nobody wants this in her secret heart. Rose stared through parlor window-panes—small, old-fashioned, faintly lavender glass—toward a far-off blue horizon. She had been waiting vaguely for something, but didn't know what it was. She liked to say that she liked everything the way it was—but nothing stays the same. Years mounted up like steps forever rising. Not forever. First thing you knew you were on the way down.

"And anyhow," said Kitty, "it's just a party."

Both of them knew it was something more. "O.K.," Rose said. "I'll come."

"Well, fine. Now let's have a look at your clothes closet," Kitty said.

The new girdle was too tight. The new dress navy blue, because dark colors are slimming. A Peter Pan collar for youthfulness. Spike-heeled red pumps. Rose wouldn't cut her hair, but she had washed it after work on Saturday, and it came crinkly and soft from nighttime braids. She tied it back with a red ribbon, then put on jeans and a sweater, comfortable if not becoming, and time enough for elegance later on; propriety would certainly be expected from a Mrs. Arnold Simpkins. *But suppose he doesn't like me?*

Her eyes crinkled. He would like her, if she wanted it that way. She remembered other occasions, other suitors. Glances not met, a certain smile not given. Women had powers men barely guessed at. But not, perhaps, forever. No matter. She had reached the age of reason and intended to be practical from now on. Common-sense marriages often worked out best. Heart-fluttery romance was for schoolgirls.

Rose went downstairs, let out the cat, took in the paper, made coffee and sour-milk pancakes with honey syrup and dawdled over breakfast, enjoying it with special poignancy, as for a blessing soon to be withdrawn. She couldn't imagine Mr. Simpkins being lazy, even on Sunday; he looked like a time-schedule man, and possibly would want his coffee weak and his toast made from diet bread. Rose hadn't met him yet, but she had seen him—really quite handsome, tall and fair, and with a pleasant smile. She didn't doubt that he would make a good husband and family man. Suddenly, deep in her mind, she saw three little girls with flaxen hair, sniffles and high I.Q.'s—and sighed and ate the last pancake to save it.

Then she washed the dishes, because she never left her kitchen less than spotless. Mowed the lawn, weeded three flower borders, picked strawberries and piled them, ruby-red, rinsed but unhulled, in one of grandma's green-lined Chinese bowls. It got to be past noon, and she was hungry. Better have a good lunch, she decided, especially considering how Judith lost her nerve when buying steaks, Barbara's salad was apt to be gelatine and marshmallows and Kitty would no doubt settle for store ice cream. *Lobsters? Why not?* thought Rose.

She took a string bag from its hook in the back entry and went cross-lots to Hansen's fishhouse on the old dock. Boiled lobsters from Cap'n Eric were a Twin Cove institution, and she thought, *Why don't I fix a casserole for the party?* "Hi, Cap'n Eric. Can you give me half a dozen?"

"Would if I could." He spat tobacco juice, an amber parabola against the sun. "Fact is, I didn't set many pots last night. Ain't quite so spry as I used to be, somehow." His face was as brown and wrinkled as a walnut. He was old. No reason she should be surprised by this, for who grows younger? Life doesn't stand still. There is a time when all the prizes hang like bags of candy on a Christmas tree, and you can take your choice. But choosing too long delayed —— *All right!* Rose thought. *Let them have sniffles, I don't care.*

Cap'n Eric moved back from the doorway. "Come on in—I've got three left."

"Three?" somebody said. "Hey, now."

Rose turned slowly. Her heart had stirred faintly, as a wave sometimes lifts and then subsides. A still-remembered voice, though long unheard. It couldn't really be ——

"Three," he repeated, "and already sold? What am I going to do about five hungry people on the Araminta?"

The wave lifted again and curled and broke. She knew before she looked what she would see—red hair, green eyes and high-boned, freckled cheeks. He used to have more freckles in high school—or possibly had been less tanned. Used to wear khaki pants and striped T shirts, but not fancy leather sandals. Rose could remember sneakers and ski boots. She said, "Hello, Hank Winters."

There was a pause too brief to measure, yet long enough for a quick prick of pain. Had she changed so much he didn't recognize ——

"Rose!" Hank Winters said. "Say, this is great. I wondered if I would see you—it's been a long while. Couldn't be sure you were still here."

"Oh, yes, I'm here," Rose said. "But I—we—didn't know you were back."

"Briefly. Got in last night."

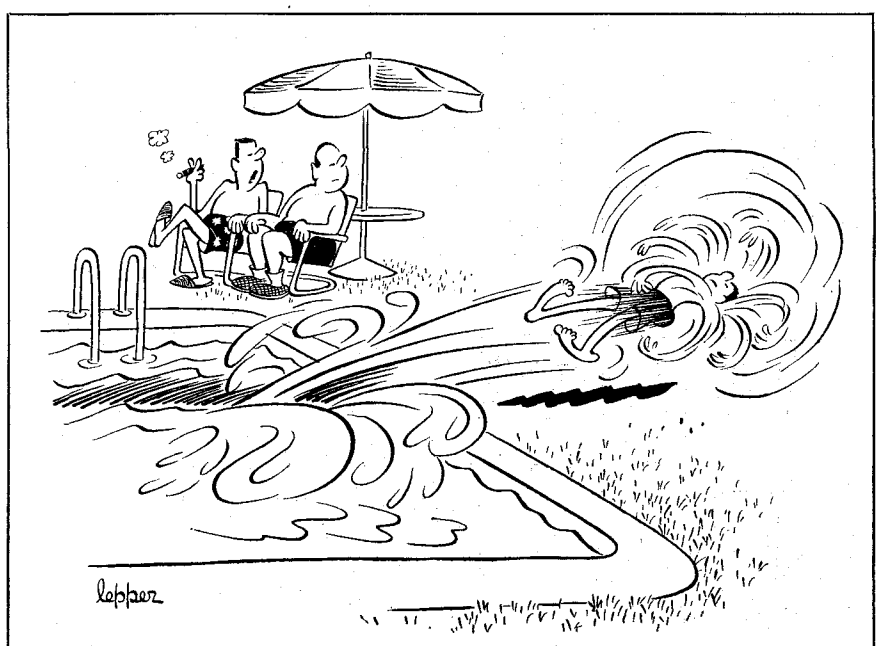
"I saw the Araminta—she's quite grand." Plushy, Rose thought privately. White paint and polished brass—polished passengers too. Sun tans, sun glasses, clipped voices, easy laughter, expensive clothing bought apparently by the square inch, unlimited self-assurance. "A native, dear? Not honestly?" meant for a compliment. On the Araminta if they wanted lobsters for lunch and didn't get them, the cook would be in trouble. She felt sad to find Hank working for summer people; he had had bigger dreams.

"Three lobsters," she said, "are better than none. Couldn't you stretch them out somehow?"

"I thought you wanted them," Hank said.

"Not any more."

"Nor me," he said, "any more. How are you, Rose?"



"Powerful backstroke he's got there."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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"Oh, fine." (As if he couldn't see.) "And you?"

"Top notch. Or put it the Twin Cove way—I can't complain."

He smiled. She smiled. Her cheeks felt hot. She couldn't know that they looked cool and fresh and were the color of clove pinks. It was fun seeing Hank again. They had gone steady, senior year at high school. She could remember dates, dances, his rattly little car, a few kisses, a few wild promises. Goodness, how long ago. How young they were. Graduation came, and Hank went into the Army. Grandma needed Rose—that was the year her eyesight failed. There had been letters, dwindling to post cards, then silence, for such is life. Hank's folks left town to live in Florida, and Rose forgot—or thought she had forgotten.

"S'pose you are married by now," Hank said.

"Not yet. And you?"

"Not yet."

Another pause, as if important news had been exchanged. "Please take the lobsters, Hank. Those folks on the yacht ——"

"They can open some cans," he said. "Or some bottles. I want to walk home with you."

"But won't you lose your job?"

His frog-green eyes narrowed. He said after a moment, "Plenty of jobs," and reached for the string bag. "Pile 'em in, Cap'n Eric. They smell just as good as ever."

"Why not?" Cap'n Eric said. "Gift of the Lord, like apple blossoms, hickory nuts, high tide and plenty else I might mention, such as love, heh-heh."

The path through the pasture was long, then short—never before so short. Here was the gap in the stone wall, the flagged path leading to the back door, and then—then what? *Good-by—thank you—it's been so nice.* Suddenly Miss Rose Mason, practiced walker and as sure-footed as a goat, stumbled and twisted her ankle. "Golly!" she said. "That hurt."

"Better let me help you in," Hank said, and did so. He had strong, wiry fingers and a firm arm. And if she needed a bandage, he knew first aid.

Rose said, "If I rest it a little while."

And then—well, it was lunchtime, wasn't it? And all that lobster, she said—perhaps with mayonnaise? Hank said he liked it hot. She had cream and eggs? Plenty of both, in Rose's icebox. "Then tell me where the hammer is and rest your foot," Hank said.

The lobster in its creamy sauce was as pink and gold as a sunset. There were tiny hot biscuits, crisp outside and soft within, better than Rose could make, though she was proud of her light touch with bread and pastry. Garden lettuce dressed with vinegar and sugar. Strawberries from the green-lined bowl to dip in wine. Black, sweet coffee.

Rose said he really could cook, and Hank replied that some of the places he'd been it was the only way to get a decent meal.

"You ought to be chef," she said, "on an ocean liner instead of the Araminta."

"Well, the fact is ——" He broke it off. "Liners go back and forth like railroad trains, but yachts go everywhere."

"And you've been, too, I guess? Everywhere, I mean?"

"Not up to now. Plenty of places left, and plenty of time."

Plenty of time, Rose thought. Of course there was. Why had she felt that it was drawing in? "Tell me," she said, "about some of the places you have seen."

Clocks steadily say tick-tock and tell each hour in its turn. They do not jump from two to six without notice—or anyhow aren't supposed to. Clouds in the west climbed higher and had turned from pearl to threatening gray, and thunder rumbled. There was one strawberry left in the bowl. Hank said, "For you."

Rose said, "No, you."

The doorbell rang, a loud, prolonged shrilling, as if this weren't the first time, but more probably the last. Rose said, "Oh, hush," then went to answer it, for she had gentle manners. She didn't recognize Mr. Arnold Simpkins, hat in hand, receding fair hair ruffled by the wind, a hint of impatience in eyes and lips. "Hello?" she said. Her smile was radiant; how could he know it was because she was so happy she would have smiled at a mushroom?

He thought it was for his sake and, although pleased, he was not surprised, being fairly well aware of his status as Twin Cove Eligible Bachelor No. 1. "Miss Mason? My name is Simpkins."

"Oh, yes," said Rose.

He looked at her thoughtfully. "If you aren't quite ready ——"

Ready for what? Rose wondered. *Simpkins?* she thought. Deep in her mind she knew the answers, but wouldn't let knowledge come to the surface. She made a gesture as if brushing away a fly, and with it went all the calm, sensible plans of the last few days—a husband who might someday be president of the bank and senior warden at St. James, the unborn little girls and boys with flaxen hair and high I.Q.'s, the solid status of a married woman. None of it mattered, set against another hour with Hank Winters before the Araminta sailed away. This stranger on her steps was an interruption to more important things.

"Thank you so much," said Rose, "but nothing today," and gently closed the door.

Lightning flashed as she turned, and in the hall mirror she saw what Mr. Simpkins must have seen when he suggested that she wasn't quite ready—jeans, sweater, an untidy pony tail. *Oh, gosh,* Rose thought. *Oh, gracious.* And went hastily upstairs. It wouldn't take a minute. It took longer.

While she was gone Hank had put records on the player. The Rain in Spain—it was also raining in Twin Cove, to an accompaniment of thunder and lightning. Rose had brushed her hair and pinned it up. She wore her new girdle, and wasn't quite sure whether or not she could sit down. New blue dress and red pumps and Christmas perfume. She thought perhaps he'd say, "How nice you look."

But what he said was "You forgot to limp."

"Oh, Hank! You knew all the time."

"Sort of hoped," he said.

There was a white-hot streak of lightning, a thunderbolt—the music stopped, and all the lights went out.

Mr. Arnold Simpkins had arrived at the Andruses' just as the storm was breaking. Everyone knows what cookouts are when the weather doesn't co-operate, and there was a frantic rush to get food and drink indoors, not to mention the paper napkins and plates—so cute when bought from the dime store, but a trifle sad if rained on. It's not surprising that some time had passed before Kitty said, "Where's Rose?"

Mr. Simpkins cleared his throat. "Er—um'm—I called for Miss Mason, but she wasn't ready. She seemed to be ——" He paused and speared an olive on a toothpick. "Amused" he certainly didn't intend to say. "Bewitched" would be more like it, but he mistrusted fancy words. And, swallowing his olive, he brought out, "Distraught."

"That doesn't sound like Rose," Kitty said. "I know she meant to come—she bought a new dress."

"She wasn't wearing it," Mr. Simpkins murmured.

Harry Andrus said, "Let's have another drink." Because with the power off they couldn't cook the steaks—which had turned out to be hamburgers—just then.

Time went by. The cocktail shaker was empty. Rose hadn't appeared, and Roger Mason said, "Perhaps we'd better telephone."

Although the lights were off, the phone was working, but no one answered. Judith hung up when it had rung ten times. "I think we'd better go see—I can't stand this."

Two cars went up the hill; one turned toward town, and Mr. Simpkins passes out of this story. No need to worry about him. He married a Miss Daphne Jones soon afterward, and they had three tow-headed daughters with a tendency toward head colds and straight A's on all their report cards.

"I think it's time we got Wilfred a bed."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

In Rose's parlor candles had been lit. They shone on the bridge of ivory elephants brought from Canton in long-gone days and on a Battersea shepherd and shepherdess, forever smiling at each other across a clock forever separating them—as if to say that time was dangerous. Rose sighed, and Hank said, "What's that for?"

"Because you'll have to go."

"But I'll come back."

"You really mean ——"

"Mm-m'm."

And so on. A conversation of intense interest to themselves, but bound to come out dull when recorded. Either you've been there and will understand or no use trying. It's a plain and absolute fact that they didn't notice when the lights came on. But a room abruptly filling up with people isn't so easily ignored.

"Why, Kitty—hello.... And Roger.... Harry.... Judith. You remember Hank Winters—high school, you know? He's cook on the Araminta, and we just happened ——"

"Hank Winters?" said Harry Andrus. "Did you say cook?"

Kitty said, "You forgot the party."

Barbara said, "My salad is certainly melting."

"And we left the kids alone," Judith Andrus said.

They sounded to Rose like a flock of sparrows cheeping. She thought of the Araminta soon to sail and precious minutes wasting. "So nice of you to come," she said, "and will you please go now?"

They went. What else to do? This was a different Rose, somehow, and Mr. Arnold Simpkins obviously a dead duck. "But, oh, dear," Kitty said, stretching her feet toward a slightly smoky fire. "She could have done better than a cook."

Harry Andrus passed her a hamburger on a buttered bun. "Could be Hank Winters cooks on that yacht, I wouldn't know. But I do know he owns it. He made a pile in Venezuela oil, and he's branched out since. You want some catchup?"

"I guess so—I don't care—I mean—you mean he *owns* the Araminta?"

"He sure does."

"And Rose has got him? *Rose?*" cried Barbara. "Sometimes I think that nothing's fair."

But Kitty, who was kind, said, "Good for her."

In the house on the hill Rose and Hank were saying good night. "I wish you didn't have to go."

"But I'll come back."

"I hope you haven't lost your job."

"I'm not worried." Though he had probably lost two darned good options. "Worth it," he said, and kissed her.

"You really mean ——"

"I really do."

And so on and so forth. Rose always slept like a top, but on this night she felt more like one spinning dizzily round and round in a great whirl of happiness. *To think I waited all those years. I knew he would come back.* Not doubting that this was the simple truth—and maybe she was right. What we believe is so, hasn't someone said?

Next morning she had black coffee and toast for breakfast. No butter, jam, cream or sugar. Kitty came in as she poured her second cup. "Can't stay a minute, but I wanted to be first with congratulations. You and your cook! 'Tycoon' would be more like it."

Rose picked a single word out of this spate. "And what a cook! Better than me—I mean than I. How am I going to lose twenty-five pounds without letting him notice that I'm on a diet?"

This may be called The End, or The Beginning. THE END

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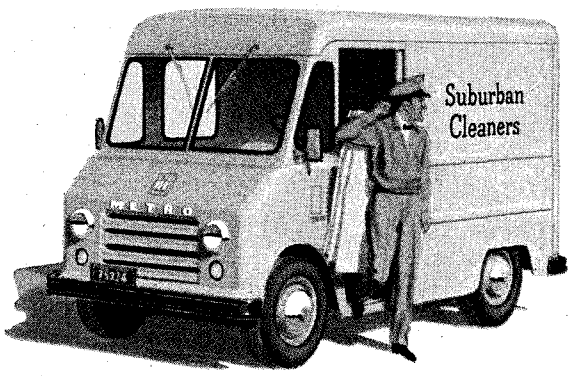

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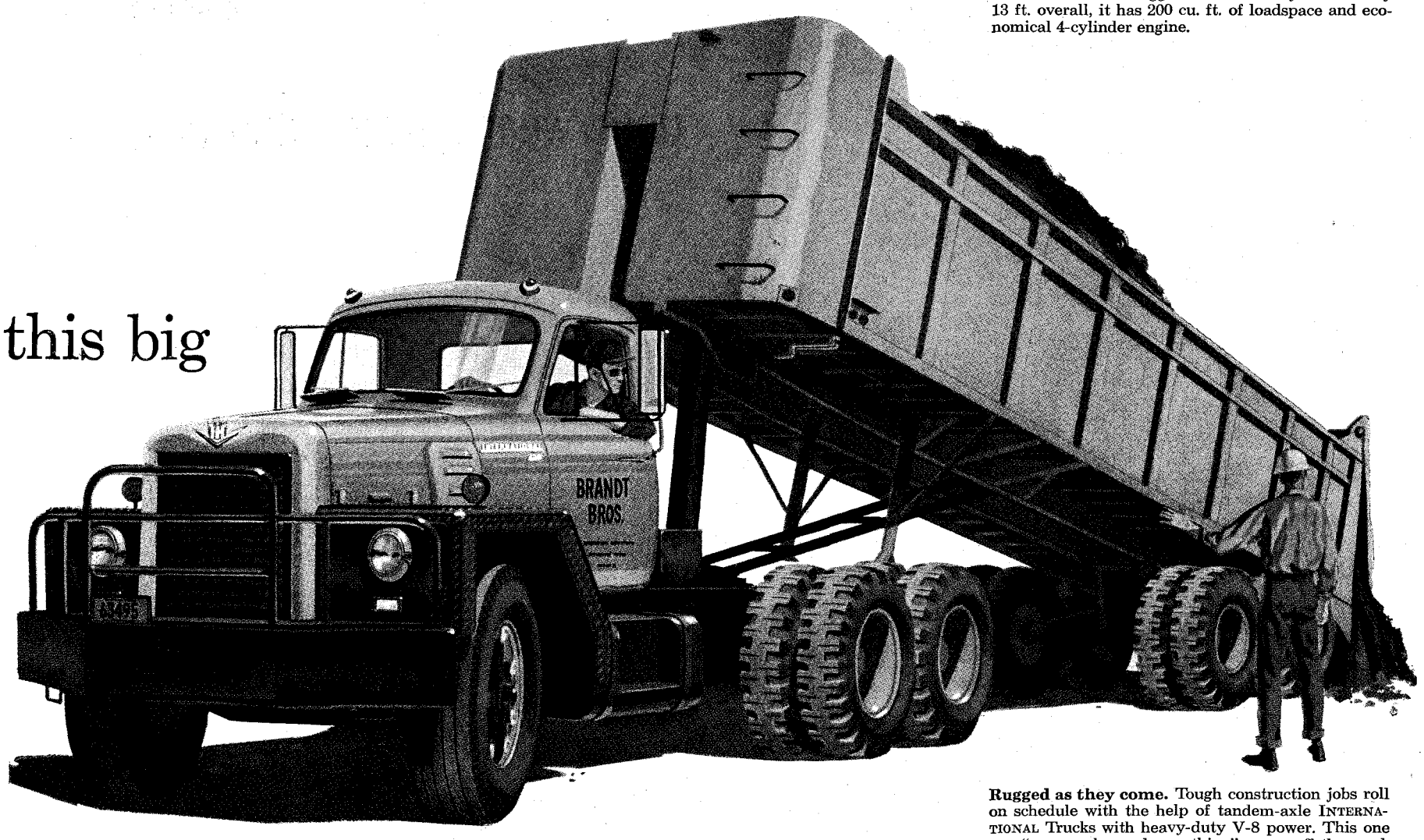

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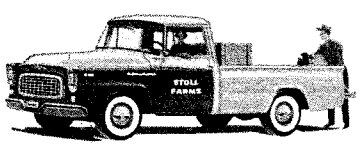

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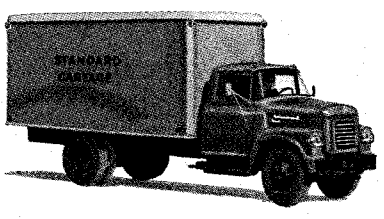

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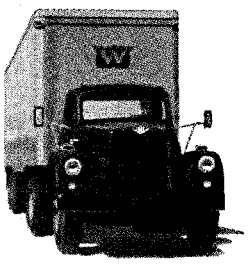

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The Man Who Couldn't Forget

(Continued from Page 24)

"I took some aspirin," Novack said. "I got some cough syrup."

"No good," Ferris said. "You got to have your chest rubbed. You got to get rid of that cough." He left. When he returned, a tube of some kind of ointment was crumpled in his hand. He pulled the bedclothes down and gestured impatiently. Novack sat up and took his pajama jacket off. Ferris pushed him down and lathered his chest with the medicine. His hands were big, heavy and studded with calluses. He worked intently, moving his hands in short, hard circles. He had no skill. He grunted under his breath now and again, and the bed creaked under the weight of his arms. Novack said nothing. He was sure that an appeal for less vigor in the treatment would be perfectly futile. He ground his teeth together and kept quiet. When his chest was brick red, Ferris told him to turn over and repeated the process on his back. He stood then, washed the unguent from his hands and left the room.

Novack found himself drowsy. The upper part of his body was radiantly warm, he felt a lassitude he might have known lying on a pink beach in the hot sun, and the herbs and oils in the stuff Ferris had used were heavy in the air around his head. He slept. At noon Ferris woke him with a kick on the door. He had brought a cardboard container of soup and a sandwich. He was back at six with more, and tea as well, and a new tube of ointment. This went on for seven days.

Toby Ferris worked in a foundry on the West Side, a long streetcar haul from the hotel. He was thirty-six, he said. He looked older. His arms were naturally long, and perhaps the years of carrying heavy ladles of molten metal around the foundry had stretched them; he thought so. The foundry had given him his walk, too: The molten metal popped and sparked as it was poured, and the ladlemen shook their feet to knock it off their shoes before it could burn through the leather.

A couple of days after Novack had got up they met in the hall. "Can I buy you a drink, Toby?" Novack said.

"Sure," Ferris said. "I had dinner."

They walked on Kossuth Street. There had been smog that morning, and the stink of it still hung over the street, the car-exhaust gas and all, and all along Kossuth the different smells waited—the sticky, sweet blast from a popcorn joint; hot hamburger fat; stale beer; sweat; a thin, sad whiff of peaches from a fruit stand, just enough to recall a peach orchard if a man had ever known one, but not enough to do any good; the odd, musty smell where somebody had thrown a couple of pails of water to clean four feet of sidewalk; the latrine stench threading out of an alley; all the smells, but over everything they could still somehow tell it was an April night, although God knows there was no way for any fresh air to get down along Kossuth.

They came to the saloon Novack had been thinking of, an Irish place if it was anything. They went in and leaned on the bar. "What will you drink, Toby?" Novack said.

"Rye and a short beer, I guess," Ferris said.

The drink looked ridiculous in his hand; granted it was a cheating small one, probably not nearly an ounce, still it looked like a thimble in his hand, and the beer didn't seem much bigger. He dropped the whisky down his throat and the beer after it. He stood straight against the bar and looked around the room, both sides and behind him, his chin up. He said thanks when the bartender set up the second round, and Novack understood that in his view whatever obligation had existed between them was now satisfied, and after that each paid for his own.

They drank along for an hour or two. Novack skipped a round now and then. He was not a big man, he knew his capacity and he knew he had to rate himself. He was careful.

People came into the place and went out. The bartender rang up the money for the house and tossed the silver that came his own way clinking into a china cup on the back bar. The TV blatted along—girls and gags and gunfire. The window was half curtained, green billiard cloth strung on brass rings and a brass pole; in the street the new dusk drifted like smoke, stained every few feet with neon pink and red and purple.

"I like a good saloon," Toby said. "For a while I was never in a saloon at all."

"Were you on the wagon?" Novack said.

Ferris shook his head. He leaned over the bar, spread over two men's places. "No," he said. "I was never on the wagon. I was never tight, either. Never in my life. I drank. I just didn't go in saloons."

"So, why not?" Novack said.

"I was married," Ferris said. "My wife didn't like them." He moved down the bar a little way. He had been standing opposite the cash register on the back bar, and he moved to be able to see himself in the mirror. "I look at myself in the mirror," he said, "I think I must be lying to you, but I'm not. I was married to maybe the most beautiful girl who was alive in the world at that time."

"When was that time?" Novack asked.

"That was Nineteen Forty-five," Toby Ferris said. "I was discharged that year. I got off the boat in New York on the third of November, Nineteen Forty-five. I didn't know anybody in New York. You could say I didn't know anybody on the boat, either. My own outfit, it was a Ranger outfit, the One hundred third, and there was one guy left I went in with, that's all. We had a rough war. Hell, we had three guys killed before we ever left the States." He shrugged, his heavy shoulders stirring slowly under his coat.

"I didn't mind the war, to tell you the truth," Ferris said. "You look at me; what do I look like? If I look like anything, I look like a fighter, a soldier. And I was a soldier. I remember I walked down Fifth Avenue that day, civilians everywhere. I weighed two hundred ten pounds, and I stood up straight, I stuck my chin out and let 'em see my face, if you want to call it that. I had three rows of fruit salad on my chest and forty-seven men dead behind me, counting just the ones I knew for sure I killed personally, and I wanted to sew that uniform on me. Lots of GI's felt the other way, but I tell you, I wanted to sew myself into that suit."

"There are some worse ways to spend your life," Novack said. "I knew an old gunny sergeant in Korea; some of the guys claimed he'd been in forty-five years; they said whenever he saw a form that said 'next of kin' he'd put down U.S.M.C."

"How long were you out there?" Ferris said.

"Nine months, about," Novack said. "I got hurt in a helicopter crash, and they sent me home. I was a photographer."

"It wasn't as tough for me as your gunny sergeant," Ferris said. "I had some family, anyway I had a grandmother. She raised me, I wonder how. She used to tell me, 'Tobias,' she'd say, 'you are not a handsome man. But remember, true beauty lies in the soul.' I used to wonder about it, because there were three words in that sentence that I didn't know what they meant—true and beauty and soul." He looked into the mirror again.

"I would have stayed in," he said, "I'd still be in if I didn't walk down Fifth Avenue on the third of November of Nineteen Forty-five. New York didn't mean anything to me; I'd have been just as glad if the boat came in at Portland, Maine; it was all home to me. So I walked around, and I let the civilians look at me and I looked at the civilians, and I thought to myself, *You're right, buddy, I am one ugly son, I'm mean, and that's right, I'm one of those killers you read about that will louse up the postwar world. I'm a guaranteed killer all right.* I looked at the store windows and I looked at the civilians, and after a while I began to think about a drink, and I turned off Fifth Avenue across from the park into a side street to see what about a bar.

"I was walking along, and I heard a car door slam a long way down the block; I just heard it the way you will. I didn't pay any attention, and a girl's voice was yelling, 'Johnny, hey, Johnny, Johnny.' I didn't pay any attention to that either, and then footsteps running behind me, all of a sudden close up, and, of course, that spins me around before I think about it, and this girl is on me and all over me and her arms around my neck."

Ten or twenty seconds passed without his speaking more. Novack looked around at him. His eyes were closed. "Let's get out of here and take a walk," he said finally. "We had enough, the way I'm running off at the mouth."

They had been paying for their drinks as they went along, and Novack rubbed out his cigarette in the ash tray and put down a quarter for the bartender. He turned to follow Toby Ferris and saw him bump into a man, his shoulder shoving out awkwardly as if he didn't really know how far it reached. The man had a glass of beer in his hand, carrying it from the bar to a booth, and half of it slopped on his shirt. He looked down at the wet place.

"I'm sorry," Ferris said. "Let me buy another."

The fellow reached back to the bar and set the half-empty glass down, and, turning away and with the same motion, he hit Toby a pretty good hook on the jaw with his right hand, with a left close behind it. He didn't say a word.

Toby Ferris backed off. He didn't put his hands up. "Look," he said, "I told you I was sorry, Mac. I said I'd buy one. The shirt is on me too."

The fellow shuffled in and tried two more punches. Ferris slipped both of them, but he didn't do anything else. The other stood away for a second, holding his wet shirt from his body, a sly and secretive grin moving his mouth, and then he slipped around to get between Ferris and the door. He was big.

"You yellow stinker," he said to Toby. "You're going to get it anyway, whether you fight or not."

Somebody laughed and said, "With a face like that, what's he got to lose?"

Toby looked at Pete Novack, and Novack thought he half nodded, inclining his huge head toward the other man. Whether he nodded or not, the meaning in his glance seemed clear enough to Novack, but it was hard for him to believe what he thought he saw—that Ferris was asking him to take the man out for him. Ferris didn't want to fight him! Novack thought his reason must be a good one—a bad heart or something of the sort, for all he knew. He did owe

The Perfect Squelch

When newlywed Alice first came to the sewing group, she widened her big blue eyes on hearing some of the older women casually mentioning their husbands' faults.

"Why, my Horace never does anything like that," she said smugly. Then, mistaking the startled silence for interest, Alice went on to describe in detail just how wonderful her Horace was. She proudly pointed out that he neither smoked nor drank, never even looked at other women. She went on to tell how neatly Horace kept his clothes, how he made his own bed, helped her with the cleaning and always washed the dinner dishes.

When she finally paused, the silence was embarrassing. Then one of the older women quietly asked, "And does your Horace make his own aprons too?"

Mrs. P. Twedon

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Ferris a favor. And the man in front of the door was barring the way to both of them, you could look at it that way. Novack walked over to the man, holding his hands up and open, and when he got close he threw a hard, sneaky right from beneath, but just too soon, and the man pulled away and started a short right hand of his own. Novack saw it, but he was still on his way in, and it caught him high on the head and knocked him over.

He wasn't hurt; he rolled and started to get up, and while he was still on all fours he heard Ferris say, "All right, Mac," and he saw him skip in and flick his left hand across the fellow's eyes. Then his right hand came back and started in like the blade of an ax, flat, palm up, straight for the side of the neck, and Novack thought clearly, *Well, that's it, he's a dead beer drinker now. And with sixteen people remembering that face of Toby's, they'll pick us up before we make it even as far as the hotel.* But in the last inches, while it was whistling through the air, Ferris turned his hand, and instead of a killer's clubbing, the fellow got a slap in the face; at least technically it was a slap in the face. He flew off his feet like a lassoed calf when the rope tightens, and he landed sitting, his back against the bar rail, down in the forest of legs, like a kid playing on the floor, and he had his left hand to the side of his face, his eyes bugged out and his face swelling up through his fingers like pink dough.

Novack got up, and they left. Toby turned around on the street. "What's the name of the dump?" he said.

"Moran's," Novack said.

"Moran's," he said. "Remember not to go there next time."

They went along Kossuth to Federal and stood for a minute where the big soda-pop waterfall sign is and then turned left toward the river. There was an empty bench. The far shore was bright with Hangtown's lights. The river lay flat black in the shadows and oily in the long, shimmering streaks of light, nothing on it but a tug and tow bucking the heavy current a long way down.

"Thanks for trying," Toby said. "I thought you wouldn't go with a bum his size unless you were sure you could take him. I didn't want to hit him myself."

"Why the hell not?" Novack said. His head was swelling over his temple, and he remembered now, seeing the punch come in, there had been a big ring on the middle finger. "He was a louse who wouldn't even listen when you said you were sorry."

"I'm sorry I hit him," Toby said. "I could have pulled his coat over his head and shoved him in a chair; we could have walked out and I wouldn't have hit him."

Novack felt vaguely that he had been ill-used. He had seemed to himself heroic on a small scale, and he had waited for Ferris to compliment him or at any rate to ask if the punch he had taken had hurt him. Then it occurred to him that a punch in the head, unless it were paralyzing or bloodletting, was probably not in Ferris' experience noteworthy in any way. He still believed that Ferris should have fought back instantly, but he knew it would be futile to argue the point. He lighted a cigarette and shook one out into Toby's huge hand. "You were telling me about the girl," he said.

"I know I was," Toby said. He sat in silence. When he smoked, the end of the cigarette glowed abnormally bright red, and the fire seemed to run an inch down the paper with every inhalation, and then he was seconds exhausting the smoke from his chest. He burned the cigarette down to his fingers in three drags and flicked the butt over the railing. It pinwheeled down into the water.

"You know how it is," he said. "You see it in the movies. I never had it happen to me before, that a girl runs at you and just takes off and leaves the ground. She wasn't a big girl, and all I could see of her was she had red hair, that dark kind, and I could feel she was lean and hard, and she kissed me. I had my eyes open, but she had hers closed. She opened them and looked at me. Then she opened them another fraction of an inch. Then she made a noise, a noise inside her like a man makes knifed in the belly. She began to fight me to get away, you know, arms and legs moving all together, crazy. I let go of her, and she stood there a second and kept looking at me, and then she just passed out and folded on the sidewalk.

"I picked her up; if she weighed a hundred pounds she weighed a lot. I held her tipped with her head down, and she came around. I could see a hotel up the street, and I carried her there and put her down on a couch in the lobby. I told a guy that was standing around to get me a brandy, and I hunched down on the floor beside her. I gave her the brandy, and she sat right up—you could see there was a lot of iron in her—and when I said I guessed I'd run along, she told me to sit down. So I did, there on the couch, all the civilians in the lobby watching and wondering. I didn't look much better then than I do now, and like I told you before, she was maybe the most beautiful girl alive in the world at that time. Her name was Terry Salter. The Terry was for Terence, a man's name, but she had it anyway, from her father.

"You could guess how it happened she ran after me. She had a boy friend in the Army, built like me, she said; he was reported missing at Anzio. She saw me, going by in the taxi; she thought she had him back. She was very nice about it. She said why she had fainted was she thought she was kissing this Johnny, and it was such a shock to her to open her eyes and see she wasn't. She didn't say it was because she opened her eyes and saw a face that would freeze steam.

"I guess she wanted to prove that to me, because when I finally asked her to have dinner with me, she said she would."

Toby got up and stood by the fence. "You know Riverside Drive in New York?" he said. "You can walk along like this, there's a fence and the Hudson River and Jersey on the other side. We used to do that. One place you could see a roller coaster in Jersey. They had double-deck buses in New York then, and we used to ride up and go for a walk on Riverside Drive. That was later, in the spring.

"Terry was a New York girl, and I took a room in a hotel. I had money. I had pay money, poker money, craps money and some other kinds too. I saw Terry every day. Every time I saw her, I figured it was the last time. Every time, I thought, well, being sorry for a guy goes just so far, being nice to the returning heroes goes just so far, but when I said, 'I'll call you tomorrow,' she always said, 'Fine. You do.' And I did.

"I wouldn't tell you much about her. I wouldn't tell anybody much about her. Some things I don't know how to say anyway. Walking on the street with her, I could never get enough breath in my chest. I used to look down at her hand on my arm, and I'd say to myself, *My gosh, it's just a hand like any other hand,* and I'd half expect to be struck dead for thinking it, because I knew it was a hand like no other hand in the world. She used to ask me not to stare at her all the time; so when we went to the movies, I'd turn my head just a little to her side and cock my eyes around and watch her, and she'd never know it. On the screen they could have Noah's Ark and the Flood, and I wouldn't look. When she laughed, I laughed.

"I can say that it wasn't because I thought a girl friend was such a big deal. I used to make out all right; not when I was a kid, I'll give you that, but later on. You might not know it, but there are women who like real ugly men better than any other kind. They're around, and you can always find them. I could spot one the length of the bar back there in the saloon. That's a kind of dame I hate, but they're handy.

"Of course, a girl as beautiful as Terry, so beautiful you couldn't believe she was real, when we would go into a restaurant you could hear it—people would stop talking when they saw her; a girl that beautiful anybody would flip over. But that wasn't it, and I don't know what it was, except that I used to think about what my grandmother said, 'True beauty lies in the soul.' Because here was a girl, here was a person that was very good, through and through. Terry was quiet and kind and very good. You know how you hear about people saying they would die for their girl or their buddy, and it's usually just talk, I always thought. Anyway, I didn't know anything about that in the war, dying for my country or for anything. I figured I'd die if I was stupid, and die if I ran into a streak of bad luck, but aside from that it was just always somebody was trying to kill me, and I always said no son was going to kill me doesn't get killed first. But Terry I could understand the whole idea of dying for, not fighting and then dying for, but just lying down and dying for. It made sense to me. For the first time in my life, when I was with her I was calm, like she was. I was happy, and I even felt as if I was good myself—and good for something besides soldiering.

"She finally asked me to marry her. I never could ask her, she knew that. I didn't know why she wanted to marry me, and I didn't care if I knew. The only thing I ever thought about it was maybe she never got treated the way I treated her—not the way you treat somebody that's beautiful, but somebody that's good. Anyway, I just sat there looking at her, tears in my eyes for the first time in maybe twenty years, and I nodded my head up and down at her like a dumb ox. And she said, 'We're engaged now, and it would be legal for you to kiss me. And this time if I faint it's for a different reason.' I can hear her saying that.

"We were married a month later. The money I told you I had was serious money, more than you might think, and I started a little trucking business. Every place you turned around in New York somebody was digging a hole. I did all right. It didn't matter to me, though, I just wanted it for Terry."

"I told him about the problem we have making ends meet, and it turns out he had the same problem until he put his wife to work."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Sitting on the bench next to him, their shoulders touching, Novack could feel him shiver. The wet river wind reached for them through the iron bars of the fence. Ferris stood suddenly and stretched his incredible arms across the sky. "You coming?" he said.

They walked back to the hotel, up the steps, through the dismal lobby to the little elevator. An old man stood there alone, reading the cardboard signs on the bulletin board.

"You want a shot before you go to bed?" Toby asked. He laughed shortly, the only time Novack had heard him laugh. "Keep you from coughing," he said.

His room was identical with Novack's, but it was bare and very neat. When he opened the closet door, reaching around on the top shelf for the whisky, Novack could see one suit, one hat, one pair of shoes, nothing else. There was nothing on the walls, no magazines, no books, no newspapers, not even a radio, just the bed, a chair, a table, the dresser. There were two pictures on the dresser. Toby poured two slugs of whisky, one in the bathroom glass for himself, one in a chipped shot glass for Novack. They drank, Toby made the conventional mute gesture of offering another, Novack shook his head. On his way to the door he looked at the pictures, walking past the dresser. A starched white linen runner, very clean, covered the wood.

"That was Terry," Toby said, pointing. It was a sepia portrait in a silver frame. The girl's forehead was deep and serene; she had huge, wide-set eyes, grave and wise; a tiny nose, mouth full and warm, but not overpowering, and the whole face was bright with life and still utterly placid. The second picture, a snapshot in an identical frame, stood at the other end of the dresser. It was full length, a little girl, chubby, and all too clearly Toby's daughter. She stood there in a stiff little dress, white shoes and white knee stockings, her back to a lilac bush, squinting her face into the full light of a summer sun. Novack could think of nothing to say.

(*Continued on Page 103*)

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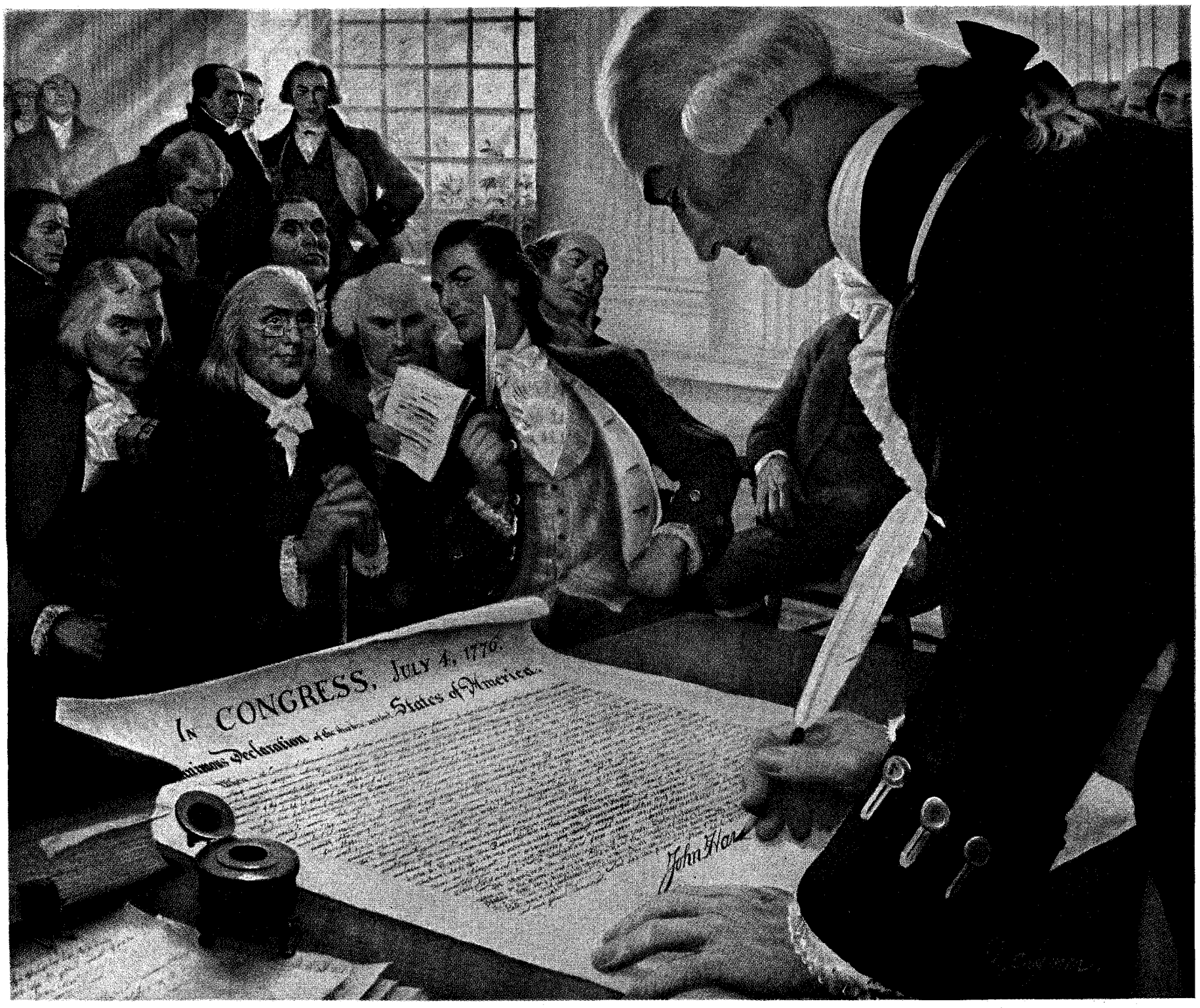

Freedom writes in a big, bold hand

IT WAS QUIET now in the big room.

The weeks of talk were over. The moment of decision had come.

The man picked up the pen.

Strange, to think he might hang for what he was about to do. *Hang!* "Together or separately," as witty Mr. Franklin had put it.

Very well, then. He'd let them know that he'd gone into it with all his heart . . . with a clear conscience . . . with the deep conviction of a man who does what is right.

He smiled. The pen swept across the parchment, and the letters stood bold and clear: *John Hancock.*

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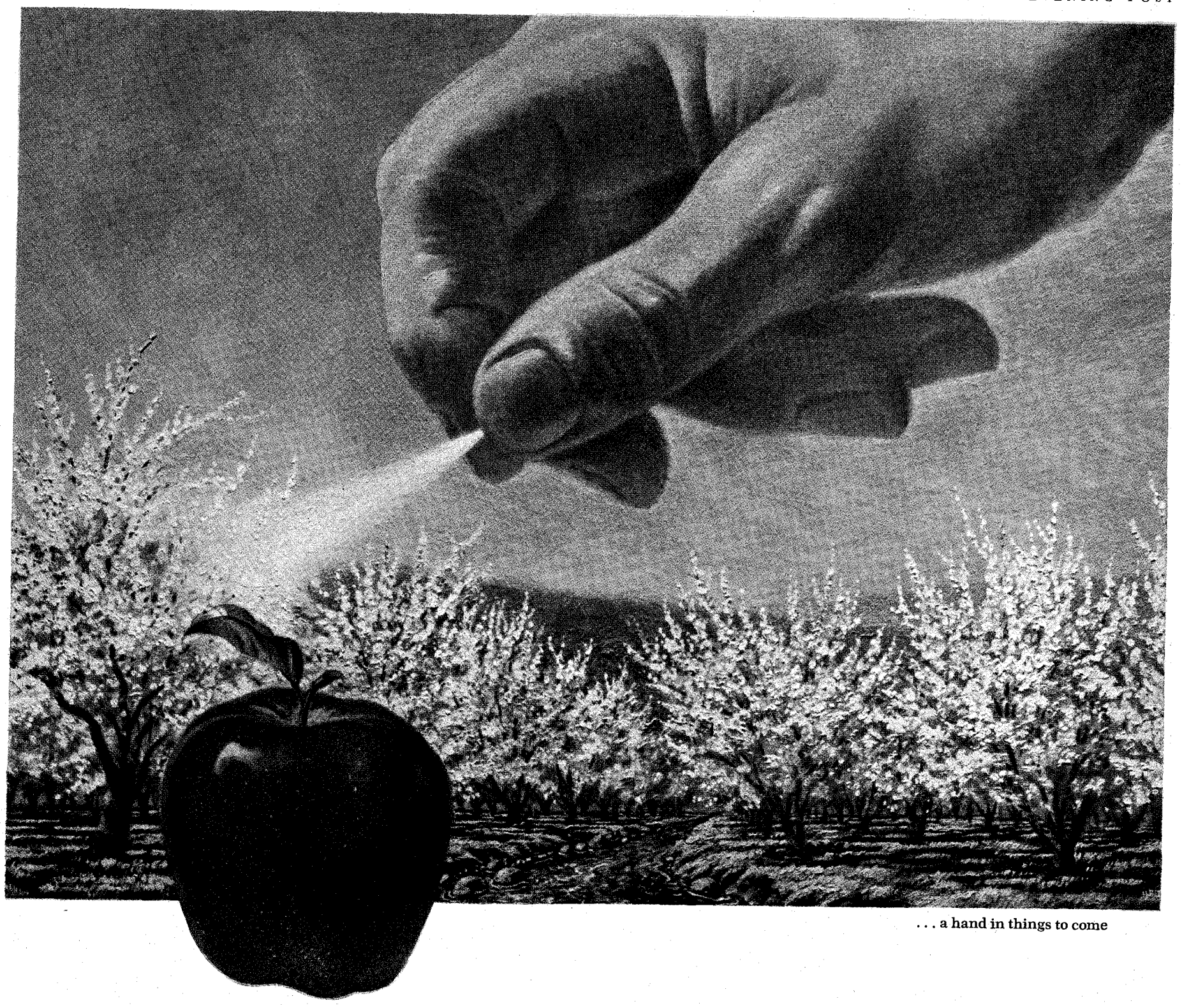

. . . a hand in things to come

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Apples and peaches are the most tempting when they look best. Yet all season long, fruits are exposed to attack from hungry insects that can stunt growth and leave ugly blemishes on the surface. This battle of the bugs is now being won with the remarkable CRAG insecticide called SEVIN. Highly effective against a wide range of insects, it helps fruit trees produce a crop with healthful beauty that is more than skin deep.

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UNION CARBIDE

...a hand in things to come

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(*Continued from Page 100*) "Her name was Linda," Toby said. "She was a sweet kid, I tell you that. She just had no luck, that little rabbit."

"How long were you married?" Novack said.

"Three years and eight months. They went together. I wasn't there; I was supposed to be, but a deal came up. I thought I'd be better off making a couple of dollars. It happened in the summer, in the water. They tried to help each other. I was told that even Linda, a kid hardly three, she was trying to help her mother and not herself. She looked like me, you see, but she had her mother's soul."

"Terrible," Novack said.

"Well," Ferris said. He ran his hand across the snow-white cloth.

"You came out here after that?" Novack said.

"I just wanted to get out of New York," Ferris said. "I sold everything—the business, my car and all. I gave most of the money away; I had no more use for it, and I came here."

"I see," Novack said.

"Well," Toby said, "I don't know. I took a hard job to keep me busy. When I had Terry, I used to try to be the way she wanted me to be, and I try now. I try to be good. It's a hell of a thing for a grown man to say, I guess, you know what I mean, but I don't know how to put it any other way than that. It's why I took care of you when you were sick. It's why I didn't want to hit that bum tonight. I know it was wrong. I couldn't tell why, though, and I couldn't think it through right then, so I had to hit him anyway."

Novack stood against the door. "It's a tough life, Toby," he said finally. "The whole deal is tough."

Ferris didn't seem to hear him. "I kept one other thing from our time together," he said. "I'll show you that. I never showed it to anybody." He opened a small dresser drawer and took out a cylindrical package, a foot long, two inches thick, silver paper, tightly tied with wide blue ribbon at each end. He unrolled it slowly on the bed, a skein of soft, waved, dark auburn hair, thick and heavy. He slid his great hands under it and held it to the light. "You ever see anything like that?" he said. "You touch that."

Novack touched it. It was very soft. A faint scent rose in the warm air and just reached him. "No," he said to Ferris. "I never saw anything like that before."

"You can tell how beautiful she was," Ferris said.

"Yes, I can see that," Novack said.

Ferris laid the heavy swatch of hair on the crumpled silver paper and slowly, carefully rolled it up.

The Untold Story of Little Rock (Continued from Page 30)

segregation extremists. I have since talked to many political figures, but I believe the local reaction to the use of fully equipped airborne troops was best summed up by a distinguished southern member of Congress.

"Faubus did the South a disservice," he said, "by using the National Guard to block integration. Prior to that, southern politicians could hide behind the court's orders. Afterward, no southern governor dared take any less adamant stand against desegregation, although some may have wanted to do so.

"But when the President sent the Army's toughest troops with bayonets on their guns against unarmed white citizens, he made a mistake we will never forgive. Some ordinary soldiers or even military police could have done the job, but you can't use Nazi storm-trooper tactics against citizens!"

I do not quote these words as being objective or unprejudiced, but I know that they were echoed again and again in comments to me and in letters to the editors of Little Rock newspapers. I want to make absolutely clear, however, that the 101st Airborne performed a disagreeable and difficult assignment with circumspection and the least possible use of force. A charge, broadcast at one time by Faubus, that soldiers in the school had followed girls into their dressing room was shown by investigation to be completely false.

On the night of Tuesday, September twenty-fourth, when the Army troops took over, my staff and I worked out details of operation with Maj. Gen. Edwin A. Walker. The five-story school building rambled over seven different levels with long and often narrow corridors that are difficult to supervise. We suggested that for the safety of all children about thirty soldiers would be needed inside. Outside, street-corner and sidewalk barricades were set up, and some 350 men of the 327th Airborne Battle Group went on guard duty, blocking off some streets and keeping traffic moving on others near the school. It was significant that most automobiles parked nearby during the day were from cities other than Little Rock, a count showing forty-two from other counties and twenty-five from out of state.

According to newspaper reporters on the scene, the crowd began gathering around eight o'clock, and some automobilists greeted the troops with shouts of "Hi, Hitler!" An Army helicopter took off from the football field and hovered over the school, communicating by wireless with a command-post truck in front of the school and with jeeps patrolling adjacent streets. Two soldiers with walkie-talkies were on top of the school building, guards were at entrances and along the sidewalks, and reserve squads were lined up for duty as needed. News reporters and photographers were permitted on the sidewalk across from the school, but all other civilians were told to move on. We were an armed camp.

Shortly after eight o'clock a sergeant told a small group of teen-age boys to move away from a nearby corner. They drifted a few steps and stopped to talk to several girls. A lieutenant told them, "If you are students, go inside. If not, leave the area." The youngsters shuffled their feet and did nothing.

A few minutes later the lieutenant motioned to a dozen soldiers on the corner, bayonets fixed on their rifles. The soldiers pointed their bayonets straight ahead and walked toward the teen-agers, who turned and moved away slowly, so that the bayonets were only inches from the backs of two girls who were laughing and giggling. Alert photographers recorded the scene, and one photograph, taken at a slight angle, made it appear incorrectly that a girl was being prodded with a bayonet. Nothing could have better suited the segregation propagandists, and they later used the photograph effectively to stir up resentment against Federal enforcement of integration. Numerous Congressmen telephoned me to ask whether bayonets were used against civilians, whether the troops had tear gas and whether the "Army brass" was "throwing its weight around."

At nine-thirty an Army station wagon, followed by a jeep, screeched around the corner to the school, and twenty-two armed soldiers escorted the nine Negro students into the building. A few moments later several white students walked out and went home as a gesture of protest.

About this time a platoon of soldiers moving on the double—the troops did everything on the double that day—was summoned to a point about a block away to disperse a group of perhaps a hundred persons. One man from North Little Rock refused orders to leave the porch of a house and was reported to have grabbed the rifle of a soldier who approached him. Two other soldiers intervened and one brought up his rifle butt against the man's forehead, knocking him down. He got up with blood on his face, muttering, "I fought in the marines." The soldiers marched him away.

Another man—a war veteran and native of another city—was jabbed in the arm with a bayonet when he refused to move promptly as ordered. A jeep with loud-speaker rolled along the streets, warning, "Return to your homes immediately." Some men and women argued with soldiers that they were on private property with consent of the owners, but they were forced to leave. Late in the morning an Army officer, over a loud-speaker, addressed those who still loitered, "We are now going to start making arrests." A man and several boys were taken into custody. One man who advanced on a sergeant ran into the flat side of a bayonet and was hit in the face with a rifle butt. He departed, bleeding. In all, eight persons were held under arrest. By noon the demonstrators were convinced the soldiers meant business, and the crowd melted away.

Inside the school things were quiet enough under the eyes of the soldiers. Only 1250 of the 2000 students were present, but many had been kept home because of the fear of violence. General Walker told the student body they had nothing to fear from the soldiers, but that no nonsense would be tolerated. A few students surreptitiously showed signs of hostility toward the Negroes, but I would like to emphasize here that about 95 per cent of the students then and later exhibited an outstanding attitude of good sense and good citizenship. Some of them made special efforts to make the Negro students feel welcome. But, unfortunately, it was the hard-core minority of perhaps only forty-five hostile students who later caused trouble and received all the publicity.

The only incident of the first day occurred shortly before noon when an anonymous telephone call to police said that a bomb had been planted in the school. A fire drill was ordered, and the students marched out while the staff and police searched the building for half an hour without finding any bomb. A second bomb-scare call was received later, but the students were not removed again. At the end of the school day, soldiers escorted the Negro students home.

In this way Central High School was integrated—and our troubles began. I mean the troubles of the school board, the school staff and my administrative staff, which became the chief targets of a segregationist campaign to force the closing of the school. Resentment against Army-enforced integration was built up rapidly not only by propaganda literature but by public declarations of southern officials.

"We are now an occupied territory," Faubus said in a nationwide television speech. "Evidence of the naked force of the Federal Government is here apparent in these unsheathed bayonets in the backs of school girls. . . . We find members of the famed (101st Airborne) Division . . . bludgeoning innocent bystanders . . . and the warm red blood of patriotic American citizens staining the cold, naked unsheathed knives. . . . Teen-age girls have been taken by the FBI and held incommunicado for hours. . . . In the name of God . . . what is happening in America?"

There was much more from others, including Congressmen, along the same line and—although the FBI bitterly denounced Faubus' charge as a lie—the effect on public opinion in Little Rock and the South was to turn many moderates

"Oh, good—you met daddy."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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against integration in any form and to spur extremists to far greater activity.

A major phase of the segregationist campaign to force closure of the school was devoted to harassment of school-board members, my staff, my family and Central High staff personnel by threatening and abusive telephone calls—often at intervals in the middle of the night—and letters and telegrams. I will refer here only to the threats to my family and myself of which the following remarks—profanity omitted—were typical: "Ain't you proud of what you're doing to the white race?"... "Traitor!" . . . "Hello, you nigger-loving s.o.b." . . . "We're out to get you!"

Usually the caller spoke some such sentence and then hung up. Some merely hissed or gave a raspberry cheer and swore. The campaign of harassment was well organized, and on some nights my telephone rang regularly at half-hour intervals after midnight. Once when my wife protested that I was trying to get some sleep, a woman's voice replied, "I can't sleep because of what he's doing, so why should he sleep?"

Another woman telephoned and asked my wife many questions about our place of birth and our educational background. "Why are you interested?" my wife asked her.

"A man came to my door today," the woman said, "and told me he could prove that Virgil Blossom is a card-carrying Communist. I wanted to check."

Once when my mother was at our house she answered the telephone and a man's voice said, "Tell Blossom that I've just made up my mind to shoot him if I ever lay eyes on him."

Callers also frequently pretended to be well-known officials of the NAACP and invited us to dinner or to some other social occasion for Negroes. My family was determined not to be intimidated, but as the weeks went by the abuse could not fail to have some effect on all of us. On one occasion I received a letter postmarked at Jacksonville, Florida, in which the writer said he was leaving that day for Little Rock and intended to "get" me. About three days later—a reasonable time for a trip from Florida to Arkansas—my secretary answered the office telephone, and a man with a pleasant voice said, "Did you know that at seven-thirty tomorrow Virgil Blossom will be shot?"

We advised the FBI of the call and they insisted that my secretary telephone a warning to my wife, which she did. My wife tried to act as if the threat did not bother her, but I observed that the next morning at seven-thirty she was peeping out the window to see if there were any strangers in the neighborhood.

On another occasion two men came to the door and said they were state termite inspectors and wanted to look under the house. They were around for an hour or so and, after they left, an anonymous telephone caller asked my wife, "How'd you like to have a couple of sticks of dynamite under your house?"

When I got home that evening she told me about the call and we tried to laugh it off. Then she remembered that the two men who had been under the house had not shown her any credentials. We couldn't help being seriously alarmed, and for the next few hours we were unable to check on whether any legitimate inspectors had been sent to our house. My wife and daughter went next door to stay with a neighbor, and the pest-control company sent men to search under the house until almost midnight, when a series of telephone calls located the two men who had called that afternoon, and they turned out to be legitimate. All was well except for our shaken nerves.

There were two occasions I know of when the threats were real. About the time I was testifying in Federal court regarding the injunction to prevent Governor Faubus from interfering with integration, the police insisted on having detectives accompany me for a few days because of threats. Once when I was returning from the Federal Building in my automobile, the detectives' car fell behind in traffic, and I was alone when I parked near my office. Two men jumped out of a car at the curb and started across the parking lot toward me, but then the detectives' car pulled into the lot, and seeing it, the men ran back and drove away so quickly the officers could not catch them.

On another occasion as I was driving home late in the evening on a main street, a shot fired by a concealed sniper struck the heavy edge of the door of my car. It could not penetrate the metal, but made a dent half an inch deep. FBI experts later said it was a low-caliber bullet, but they didn't know what kind of gun was used. We kept such incidents secret at the time, and they have never been revealed until now.

Prior to the arrival of paratroopers there had been one threat to bomb Central High School, but in the tense weeks after the Army took over we had no fewer than forty-three bomb scares as part of the campaign to force closure of the school. The first threat actually had been in May of 1957, near the close of the previous term, when agitation against our integration plan was just getting under way. On that occasion a reporter called me out of a school-board meeting and said his newspaper had received two anonymous calls that a bomb was planted in the school. I informed the board privately of the threat, and we discussed whether we should close the school the next day. It was apparent, however, that if we closed down one day the extremists could force us to close every day merely by telephoning a threat. So the board authorized me to have a search made with the aid of police and to decide whether to close down. After four hours of searching, we decided the call was a hoax.

In October, with paratroopers on guard, we began getting bomb threats almost every day, and on one day we had no fewer than five. The board continued to leave in my hands any decision to close the school, and nobody had to remind me of the gravity of that responsibility. My daughter was among the 2000 children in the school; so was the son of the principal, J. W. Matthews. With the tireless co-operation of the police, we searched the school after every threat. This was difficult, costly and time-consuming—a ten-man team requiring about ten hours to make a really thorough search. There were 2600 lockers, of which 1900 were in use and locked. All had to be searched, and even the floor panels had to be unscrewed to be sure nothing was underneath. Eventually we cut down the time of search by bolting empty lockers shut and battering the threads on the bolts. But it was slow work at best because the students often changed combinations on their padlocks, contrary to our instructions, and sometimes the search teams had to cut off a bushel basket full of padlocks during a nighttime search.

One morning searchers found two sticks of dynamite in an empty locker, but no detonator or caps were attached. On three occasions we found homemade bombs, usually long, thin bottles filled with gunpowder and shot with a fuse attached. One night when I was summoned from home I helped Police Chief Gene Smith, who had succeeded Marvin Potts, to remove a homemade bomb. The fuse was about eighteen inches long and had been lighted—apparently just after school was dismissed—but the fire had gone out before it reached the bomb.

The actual planting of bombs, of course, required the co-operation of a student, and as the weeks went by most of the teachers at Central High School became firmly convinced that adults outside the school were strongly influencing students to cause more and more trouble. We felt they were determined to prevent the continuation of Army-enforced integration, even if that could be done only by closing down the school. The adult influence was not necessarily that of parents. Resentment against Army bayonets and the intensified propagandizing of segregationists had combined to bring about a definite change in public sentiment in Little Rock, particularly among adults, and this change had its effect on the students. The great majority continued to be tolerant and to show respect for the law, but they adopted a passive rather than a helpful attitude toward the Negro students. None any longer invited Negro students to sit at their tables in the cafeteria. They kept their opinions to themselves, instead of telling reporters or radio interviewers—or other school children—that they were not opposed to integration. They maintained their dignity but, as community feeling hardened, they lost or perhaps just gave up their freedom of speech.

Quite apart from the changed sentiment of the public in general was the redoubled activity of segregationist leaders and such organizations as the Mothers League of Central High School. Advertisements and leaflets day after day urged the voters to put pressure on Governor Faubus to call a special session of the legislature "for the explicit purpose of withholding all state funds from Central High School." If this were done, the segregationists said, the school would have to close, but it could be reopened later as a private institution with Negroes barred. A massive resistance campaign was launched to urge parents to oppose integration and keep their children out of school. Envelopes were stamped with the words "Remember Little Rock," and advertisements called on the people to "strike back" at the Federal interventors and to contribute to a "freedom fund" for defense of persons arrested for demonstrations.

After many talks with students, it was the belief of members of the Central High School staff that some of the leaders of this campaign were exerting a direct influence on a small, hard core of trouble-makers among the students—perhaps one out of every hundred—to create disturbances inside the building. These incidents began mildly, late in September. A girl cheerleader who spoke in a friendly fashion to a Negro student was shoved against a wall by a white boy seeking to intimidate her. Others friendly toward the Negroes received threatening telephone calls, and several were verbally abused in the halls.

On October first, when Federalized Arkansas National Guards took over some duties of the paratroopers, who were being gradually withdrawn, a boy attempted to block the path of Negro students entering the school, but they walked around him as guardsmen hurried up. Another boy walked past a Negro girl, and her books flew up into the air. A group of boys hooted and gave derisive rebel yells when General Walker arrived. Later the extremist students became bolder, pushing and kicking two Negro boys and chasing them up a stairway—apparently with no interference by the guardsmen. Three white boys were suspended for the attack. Later I was informed that General Walker had laid down the law to the guardsmen, and their vigilance improved quickly.

On the evening of October second I was informed that the Mothers League was conducting a telephone campaign for a mass walkout of students the next day. School attendance had been improving steadily, and about 1700 children were attending regularly, despite segregationist efforts to keep them away. A rumor had been circulated, however, quoting Faubus as saying that if half of the enrolled pupils stayed away, the school would be forced to close. The Mothers League apparently hoped to achieve that goal, but the scheduled "walkout" was not successful. A total of 1651 students reported for classes the next day. When the Negroes appeared, about (*Continued on Page 106*)

"This one is a wonderful buy if madame has a sense of humor."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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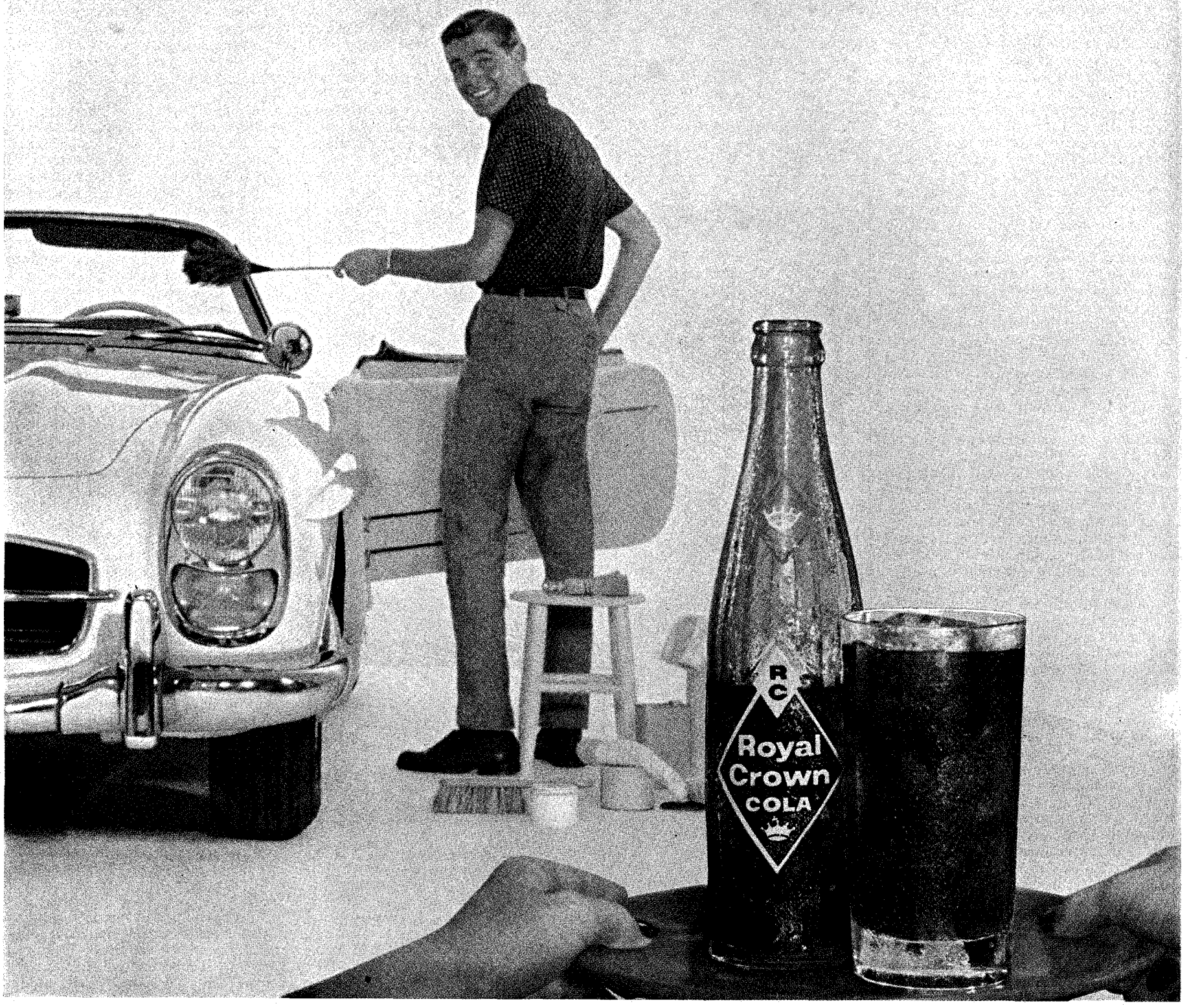
"RC?
That's for me!"



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(*Continued from Page 104*) eighty-five boys and girls walked out, some of them wearing Confederate caps or wearing Confederate flags on their jackets.

One walkout leader paused at the door and addressed a friend.

"Aren't you going out?" he asked.

"No," the other boy replied. "I'm chicken."

The first boy then turned to a Negro boy student.

"How about you?" he asked with a big grin.

"No," the Negro boy said. "I'm chicken too."

Outside about twenty-five adults were waiting. Somebody produced a straw-stuffed effigy of a Negro, which was hung from a tree and set afire. Guardsmen cut it down. A boy and girl who had taunted the soldiers were arrested. All who walked out were suspended for three days, and some of the leaders for a week or for the rest of the term.

Neither suspensions nor expulsions stopped the disturbances inside the school during the late fall and early winter months. I do not want to single out any youngsters who were involved because some of them later changed their attitude and became very well behaved. But I cannot avoid saying that all of the Negro students conducted themselves well, with the exception of one girl who was the main target of harassment by segregation-minded youngsters—probably just because she was bright and high-strung and most likely to show her resentment when abused.

Early in October she and another Negro girl were pushed around in a corridor and blocked by several white boys as they tried to enter a classroom. After that there were more frequent incidents, and soldiers usually accompanied the Negro students from one class to another as a protective measure. One girl angered some white students by treating her guard rather imperiously and often saying, "Come on, guard! I'm going to another class now." As a result she was painfully kicked as she went to her seat in assembly, and sometimes boys called her names to which she replied once in similar language.

Once when everybody's nerves were on edge, a chair was shoved in front of a Negro girl—by accident, it turned out—in the cafeteria, and she retaliated by throwing her tray on the head of a white boy and spilling food on several students.

A few white girls and boys from the beginning took every opportunity to provoke the Negro students, or to get other white students to walk out of school. One girl, who had been suspended for such actions, returned to school afterward wearing a "Remember Little Rock" badge. She was reported several times for shoving Negro girls or for stepping on their heels as she followed them in the corridors. Two girls were seen by a teacher as they shoved a Negro girl so hard she fell to the floor. A white girl told her teachers rather boastfully that she had "plenty of segregation business" to attend to outside of school hours—giving the impression that she was under the influence of adults other than her parents.

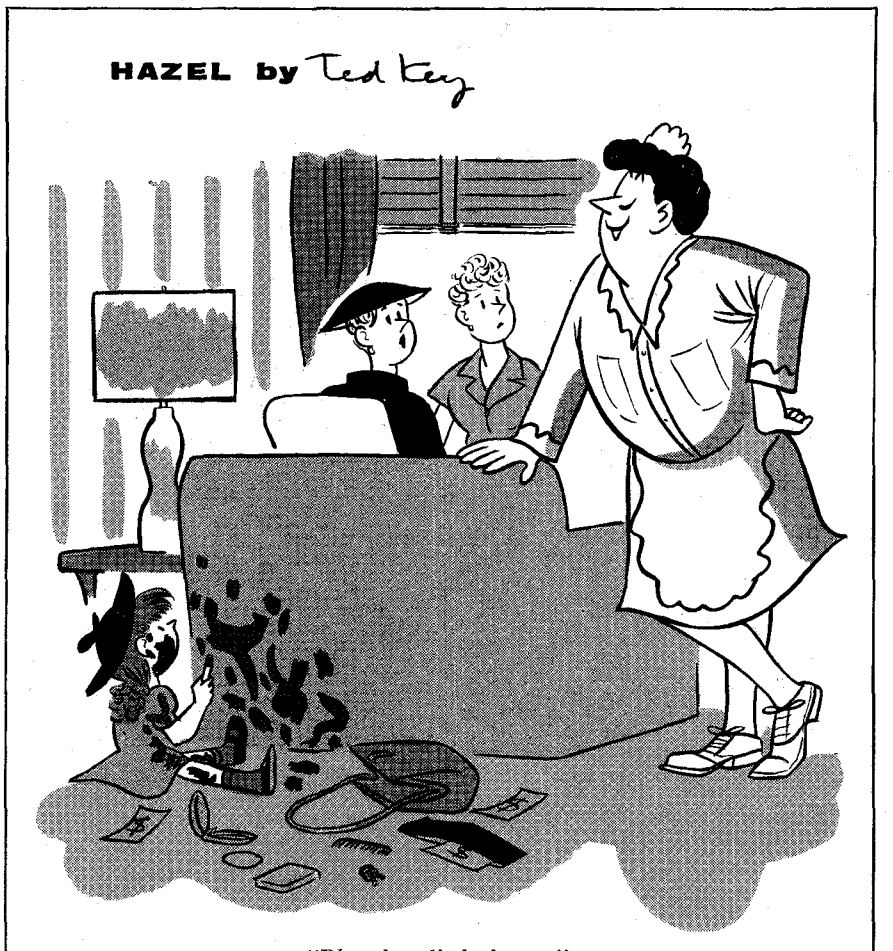
Once when a guard was asked to identify a white girl he had heard verbally abusing a Negro girl, a friend exchanged clothes with the guilty student in an effort to make identification impossible. Some of the white students also took advantage of General Walker's order that the soldiers could not testify as to incidents they witnessed. As a result we frequently knew who was responsible for trouble, but could not use testimony of guards to prove it. This made discipline difficult.

After several incidents, the Negro girl I mentioned earlier as being high-strung was suspended temporarily. When she returned to classes, the harassment was renewed, and a boy called her "a nigger-looking bitch." She was kicked by a boy as she left the school and later hit in the face with a small rock as she walked down a corridor. For several days a small group of white boys and girls followed her at every opportunity and whispered, "Nigger—nigger—nigger."

Finally the Negro girl stopped suddenly in a hall while being tormented, and one of the white girls ran into her. The white girl used strong language and added, "If you do that again, I'll kick you like that boy did."

The Negro girl went on to her classroom, but at the door she turned and said something like: "Stop talking to me, white trash."

The white girl threw her purse and hit the Negro girl in the head.



"Bless her little heart."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

A guard took both girls to the office, where Matthews and his assistant, Mrs. Elizabeth Huckaby, tried to get them to patch things up. The Negro girl agreed and went back to her classroom, but the white girl called her parents and decided to withdraw from school. Some of her friends immediately blamed the Negro girl for the withdrawal, and when she entered the cafeteria for lunch a boy threw a bowl of soup on her. He was detained by a teacher and a soldier as the girl, who had never seen her assailant approach, ran to the principal's office, where Mrs. Huckaby found her trembling and crying.

A few minutes later a soldier brought her assailant to the office, and a crowd of other boys trailed behind them, setting up a great commotion in the halls. A girl began screaming hysterically. Others started scrambling for telephone booths to call their parents. Mrs. Huckaby tried to end the confusion and ordered the students to return to their classrooms, but without much success. She had the Negro girl change her clothes, which were stained with soup, and then began questioning students and teachers to find out just what had happened. The boy who threw the soup was later suspended. Matthews and I were reluctant to expel the Negro girl because we believed such action would tend to make it more difficult for the eight other Negro students—that the harassment would then be turned on them in full force. We decided, however, that the incident and her total pattern of behavior were too serious to ignore, regardless of the provocation, and we did expel her for the rest of the term. Her parents appealed the decision to the school board, but the expulsion was upheld.

Our fears that the expulsion would merely increase segregationist agitation were confirmed the next morning when several white boys and girls surreptitiously began passing out printed cards that read: One Down and Eight to Go!

One of the white girls who distributed these cards was later suspended because the board decided she was "unable to conform to the standards of conduct requisite for high-school pupils." She had been involved in various incidents and at one time had charged—without foundation so far as the faculty could determine—that a Negro boy student had winked at her and made "familiar" remarks. The impression of teachers that she was influenced by adults other than her parents was not lessened when segregationist leaders, including Amis Guthridge, attorney for the Capital Citizens Council, immediately started a campaign to have her reinstated.

A court suit was brought to compel the board to reverse its decision, and the girl, her mother, the Rev. Wesley Pruden, Jr., and Guthridge went on a television program to state their grievances. This stirred up a great deal of public feeling, and the case became so controversial that the judge to whom it was assigned decided to disqualify himself. A decision against the board at that point would have been disastrous, and we were fortunate that a lawyer friendly to the parents worked out a compromise. The girl offered to conform to the rules if reinstated, and the board accepted the offer as in the interest of everybody.

I have mentioned only a few of the many incidents at Central High School during the last months of 1957 and the first months of 1958. In addition about thirty fires were started by students in lockers or in trash cans as part of the resistance campaign, the lockers of Negro students were broken open and their books stolen, long strings of big firecrackers were set off in the corridors, lewd drawings were made on the walls of rest rooms, and vandalism was far, far greater than normal. During the school year we expelled four white students and one Negro student. About 100 white students were temporarily suspended and twenty-five others—some of whom were resistance leaders—withdrew.

Federalized National Guardsmen, who replaced the paratroopers, remained on duty throughout the year, and the school finally settled down into a kind of routine. But for most of the teachers it was a nightmarish routine that made normal conduct of classes extremely difficult and compelled them to spend most of their time wrestling with integration problems. Testifying later in court, Mrs. Huckaby was asked whether the tension and constant threat of violence had any effect on success or failure of the school program.

"It certainly did," she replied. "There was hardly a day when some teacher did not come to me atremble. They had observed for the first time in their lives the violence of one person toward another human being, and it was tremendously upsetting. . . . I would lie awake at night wondering what I could do. . . . I had no social life at all because on weekends I was too tired . . . I would go to the country . . . and just sit and usually by noon Sunday I would begin to revive enough to face the next week."

Even at the end of the spring term we were threatened with another crisis, because there was a strong segregationist outburst against the public presentation of his diploma to the first Negro student to be graduated from Central High School. The school board refused to knuckle under or to accept proposals that the student be given his diploma privately. We also declared that we were not going to have soldiers surrounding the outdoor stadium where graduation ceremonies took place—and we didn't. We gave every student the same number of tickets for guests at the ceremony and, with the aid of police, we admitted only ticket holders. There were plenty of threats that "the nigger" would never graduate, but when the time came some 4500 spectators filed into the stadium—including Negro guests—and the only incident occurred when a white boy spat at an adult Negro.

So we completed the first year of school integration, but not in an optimistic mood. During the winter and spring the segregationists had been hard at work, especially in the legislature. Governor Faubus was now the hero of foes of desegregation all over the South, and his popularity at home and in the South generally was probably greater than had ever accrued to a governor in the history of Arkansas. His election as the first governor in fifty years to serve a third term was assured and there wasn't much doubt that a special session of the legislature would be called to strengthen the state's segregation laws prior to opening of the next school term in September.

Even if one wore rose-colored glasses the outlook for free public education in Arkansas was bleak, and disaster was not long delayed.

Next week, in his concluding article, Mr. Blossom assesses the tragic extent of the damage caused by Little Rock's integration crisis. —THE EDITORS

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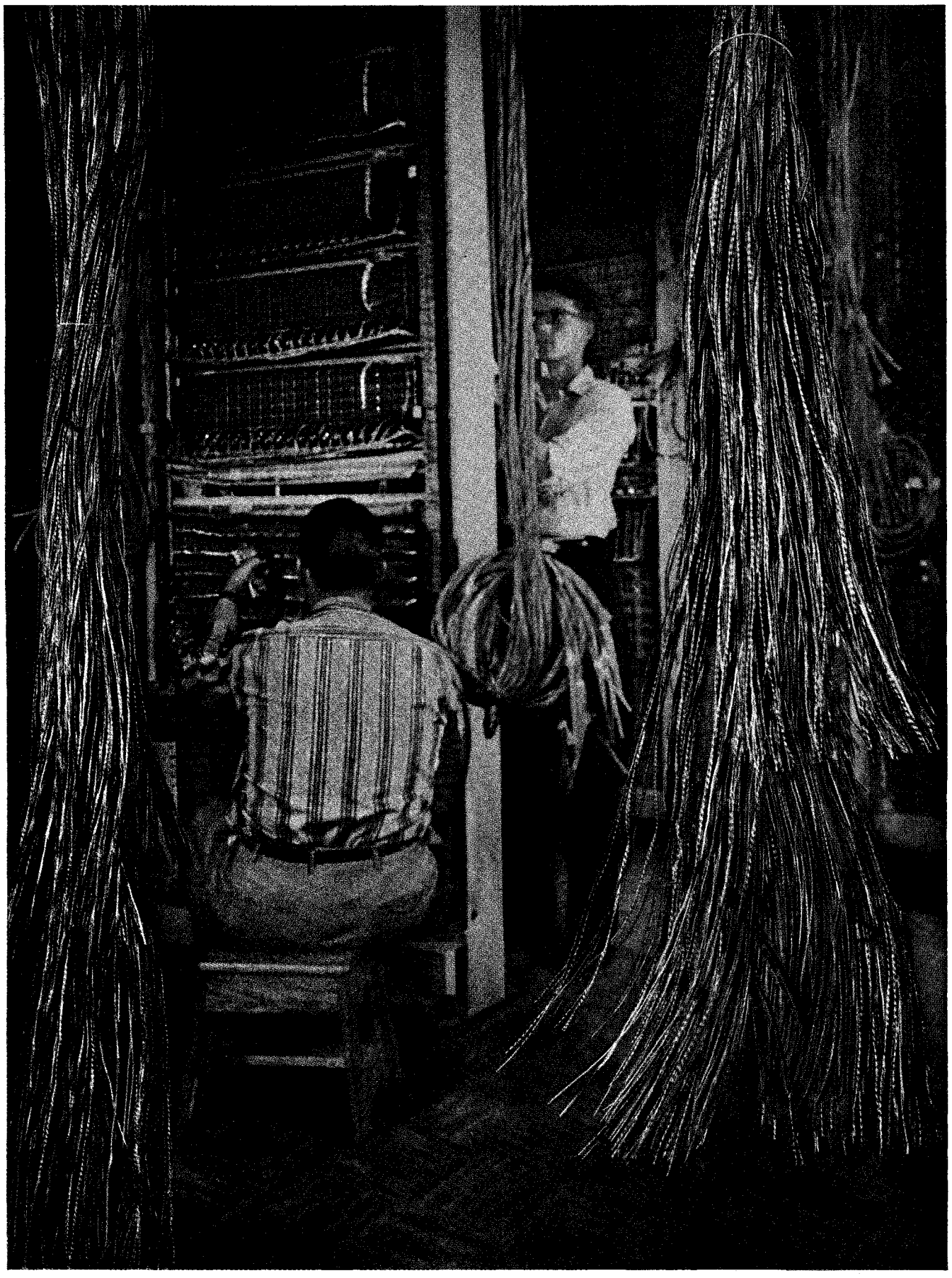

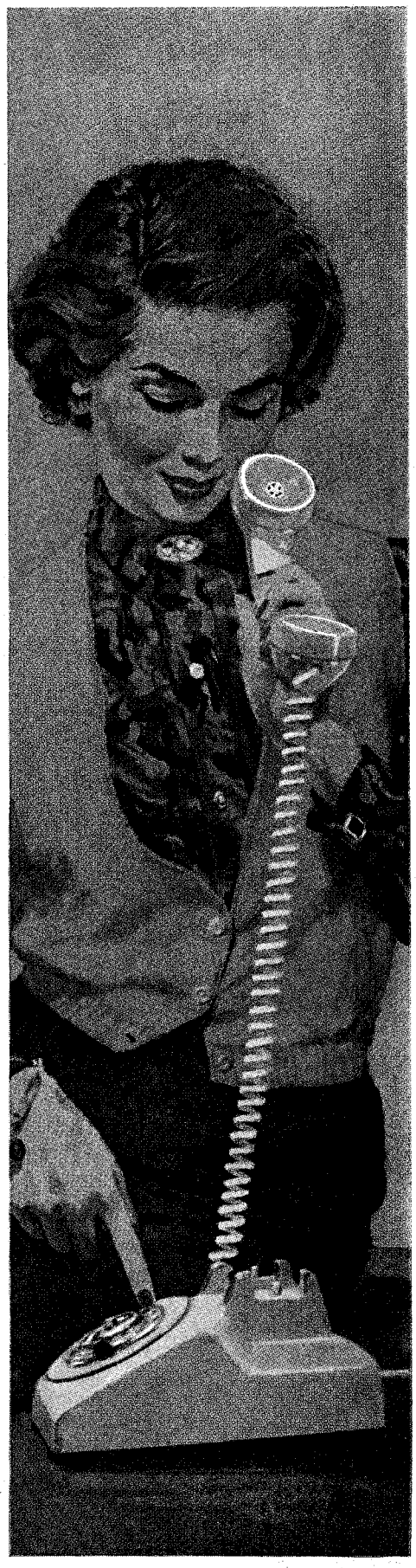

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Keeping Posted

Tales of the Authors

Stewart Alsop's article about his home town on page 19 brought him his first rejection in some thirteen years of writing for the Post. It came from his mother, of all people. "She was my main source of information, and she insisted on a veto right over the manuscript. I have never granted this right to any other source, but mother is a determined woman." The lady, having read the piece, determinedly mailed it back to the author, saying, "I do not think this is very good in any way at all." Stewart rewrote it and he guesses it is better now.

Ward Hawkins suffers a mental choke-up when it comes to writing about himself. He says, "I'm handsome, clever, widely traveled, adept at whist, formidable with a rapier, a steerer for floating crap games, a devil with ladies and much sought after by mothers of marriageable daughters. Yet in all honesty I can't think of anything interesting to report about myself." Turning serious and trying another tack, Ward proved able to write about his brother John. Many readers have become familiar with the by-line of John and Ward Hawkins; working together in one office in Portland, Oregon, they have written nine serials, thirty short stories and eight novelettes for the Post. "Recently," Ward explains, "John decided to go to Hollywood to write television and motion pictures, and I stayed here to mind the store." Maybe television won't keep John too busy to turn out occasional fiction; anyway, now you have the first Post purchase from Ward's store (page 38).

Ward Hawkins, but where's his brother?

Nondelinquent Juveniles

"Inspiring people!" **Milton Golin** (page 32) exclaims about a hundred Phoenix, Arizona, teen-agers who give medically accredited assistance to children suffering from cerebral palsy. Golin says that to listen to tape recordings the teen-agers made for him is to experience fresh hope that this is a good world of tomorrow speaking. "The hope is fresh to me, at least, after spending years with the Chicago city news bureau covering my share of juvenile crime and delinquency." Golin, now a full-time magazine free-lancer, put his article together during long night sessions with the tapes in a structure he had built brick by brick behind his home in Chicago's suburban Park Forest. The brick edifice is primarily a place to write undisturbed "by the blare of TV, the loving voices of my wife and ten-year-old son James, and the sassy chatter of a bird-brained parakeet." Another son, Jeffrey, being a freshman at the University of Illinois, is therefore less audible.

Family scene in Milt Golin's house.

The Post Goes to School

Dutch students (and Posts) during recess in downtown Amsterdam.

Last winter the publishing house of Meulenhoff and Company, of Amsterdam, Holland—which also is a distributing center for periodicals—tried out an idea which promptly had an exciting effect in the fields of education and of Dutch-American relationships. Directors of high schools around the country were asked if a limited number of off-sale copies of the Post could be used by students in English courses. At last report, eighty teachers had applied for this service.

One teacher wrote, "The children rousingly welcome the Posts as a change from textbook work and, though books are necessary, I find the magazines an extremely helpful adjunct." A Post distributor reported, "When I walked into the classroom with an armful of Posts and told the kids that, sure, they could keep them, their pleasure was something to see." Articles, stories, illustrations and advertisements are used for class translation, for subjects of speeches and essays, for study of American life. One class sent to Philadelphia thirty-three student compositions based on something which attracted them in the Post; included was a short story in which a young bear, after being badly "needled" by bees when he tried to eat their honey, decided it would be more comfortable to stay home with his mother and enjoy a sweet cooking syrup described in a Post advertisement.

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"The Struggle to Get Hoffa"

The story of one of the great clashes of our time: labor unionist Jimmy Hoffa versus the man who seeks to destroy him, Bob Kennedy. By the famous reporter John Bartlow Martin.

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